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RELIGION AND SOCIETY: PALEY AND CHANNING.*

The publication of the elegant and compendious French memoir of Dr. Channing, which we have placed at the head of this article, is scarcely likely, we think, to answer satisfactorily what is obviously and pointedly the authoress's immediate purpose. The French people are now permanently living—at least as regards their social and political life—under what, according to Paley's definition, may be termed a high sense of "obligation;" in other words, they are "urged by a violent motive resulting from the command of another."† But to the student and disciple of Dr. Channing "obligation" of this kind appears to be rather a condition

of disease than an element of happiness; and mourning over the choked-up springs of spiritual liberty in France, our authoress obviously desires to bring a profound moral and religious influence to dispel what she no doubt truly regards as a profound moral and religious insensibility. But we greatly doubt whether—notwithstanding the vivid and constant interest in the destinies of France which Dr. Channing's life and writings display—his be the kind of faith and teaching to take a powerful hold even of the most cultivated portion of the French people. There can be no doubt that that clear simplicity of mind and intellect, which seems to some extent an American, and certainly a New-England characteristic, might give him great advantages with a French audience; and there can be no doubt at all that the one central enthusiasm of his life is likely to appeal powerfully at the pre-

* *Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*; avec une Préface par M. Charles de Rémusat. 1857.

Paley's Natural Theology. Edited by Lord Brougham and Sir C. Bell. 3 vols. 1855.

† *Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy*, book ii. chap. ii.

sent moment to the French people. He was *possessed*, we may truly say, by a deeply-meditated and enthusiastic reverence for the moral and spiritual individuality of very human mind; and it was this rooted reverence for the inward freedom of human life which made him resist so stoutly the contagious despotism of Bonaparte's policy, and afterwards sympathize so eagerly with the popular party which the Revolution of 1830 brought forward in France. He held that the "only glory of a state" consisted in promoting "the free and full development of human nature;" and his first intense political impressions were due to the practical mockery of this principle by what was then the greatest nation of Europe. At school he read how the passionate tyranny of a Parisian mob—at college how the calculating tyranny of one man's genius—rode rough-shod over private and individual liberty; and an absolute spiritual horror at all irreverent invasion of the inmost freedom of man entered ever after into the deepest essence both of his political and religious faith. It might not therefore seem unnatural to expect that the life and writings of Dr. Channing—and especially the writings selected by the authoress of this memoir—would produce a profound impression on the unsettled religious thought of France—indeed, on all who believe in the spiritual character of freedom; and just now more especially, when they feel the yoke to which, in weariness of selfish conflict, they willingly submitted themselves, pressing heavier and heavier on their necks.

Nor is it in any way to our purpose in the present paper to explain at length our grounds for fearing that this expectation may not be fulfilled. We have only alluded to the immediate aim of the publication of the French memoir in order to call attention to one marked feature of Dr. Channing's faith, which, while it connects that faith closely with the various religious traditions he inherited, certainly renders it unlikely to satisfy the strongest religious cravings of the French character at the present day. We refer to its moral and spiritual loneliness, to its strict subordination of social life to the life of the individual, to the secondary and subservient position which it assigns to social laws as compared with those regulating the culture and formation of solitary cha-

racter. If there be one deeply-rooted desire in the modern French character which may be said to be either properly religious, or verging very closely on religion, it is the desire for some stronger sense of social unity. Hence the communistic dreams which the most enthusiastic, and perhaps the purest popular, writers of modern France so freely indulge. And hence also the strong hold which the Catholic Church keeps on a community which has intellectually out-grown its tutelage. With this eager yearning for conscious organic unity, for close social cohesion, Dr. Channing's writings evince no sympathy. In his youth, indeed, and even later, he dreamt of a community of goods; but that was due solely to a republican love of strict equality and dread of selfish avarice: indeed, he truly regarded the close mutual dependence which would ensue with thorough aversion, as a great spiritual danger, if not as a necessary evil. But he went further than this: in his estimation, social life was a mere discipline for the nourishment of individual character; and great as was the stress he laid on the culture of social affections, it was rather as adding grace and dignity to a self-sustained character than as lying round the very roots of human individuality. The English religion of the last century conceived the individual life to be quite as distinct and separable from the human society in which it is educated as it is from the world of inferior animals; and even Dr. Channing's faith, which presents the highest form of that religion, uniformly regards social influences as *superinduced* on the individual nature, instead of as having their source and strength in the deepest depths of that nature. We do not think it possible that his mind and writings should deeply rouse the spiritual life of a people who, if they are groping after religious faith at all, are certainly seeking it from the social side. The French touch most nearly on the supernatural world—on the awe of spiritual inspiration—when the power of social sympathy has melted away the sense of individual isolation, and kindled anew the exultation of a common life. Dr. Channing, like even the deepest of the religious thinkers of his time, felt religion to be a solitary life; and though religious faith led him out into society, he would never have felt that society led him involuntarily into a

more vivid religious faith. In short, though one of the most profoundly religious men, not only of his own time, but of all times, his writings are not likely to satisfy the craving of the present day—a craving deeper perhaps relatively among the French than amongst us English, who are the most reserved of the Western nations, but manifestly growing rapidly even amongst us—for a Social Faith; not, indeed, a Faith to reconstitute society from the old ecclesiastical point of view, but a Faith that recognizes, that, so far as it can, explains, and that at least gives free expression to, the infinite or religious side of social life and duty.

We seize the occasion, therefore, of the appearance of this French memoir of Dr. Channing, to trace the two most conspicuous stages in the passage of English religious thought into this its social phase; and we have chosen, therefore, the two writers who, since the comparatively modern date when first any attempt was made to analyze the *human* principles of religious conviction, represent most simply, most tangibly, and within the narrowest compass, the selfish or unsocial, and the disinterested but solitary or non-social, stages of theoretic religion—Paley and Channing. They are writers whom, on many accounts, it is instructive to compare. The tone of their minds at first presents almost more than a contrast—an absolute antagonism; and yet they are quite capable of comparison. They are both singularly lucid and singularly self-consistent, each a perfect specimen of his own characteristic mental type. They are both of them, too, remarkably *considerate* thinkers; for they were neither of them men whose minds were apt to be distracted from the main drift of their thought by any disturbing fertility of intellectual resource; and almost every thing that comes from either of them bears the characteristic stamp of its mental origin. Again, while both rely in great measure for their belief on the Jewish and Christian revelation, both of them—and especially Paley—have the child's faculty of passing tranquilly by all that they find there which is foreign to their type of character. We find in this great simplicity and uniformity of mind, belonging to both Paley and Channing, a great facility for contrasting their forms of faith, which would be wholly wanting

were we to choose most of the other remarkable thinkers of our day. Coleridge, for example, was, in regard to the social side of religious faith, much in advance of Channing; yet it would be impossible to compare profitably a Christian faith of such complexity of form and element as his with one of such bare, and even bleak, uniformity as Paley's. In order to exhibit the gradual transition from an egoistic to a social theory of religion, we must study a life and character like Channing's whose simplicity is scarcely less remarkable than Paley's, so that his far greater depth and intensity are brought into much more conspicuous contrast.

Paley stood in the same relation to the doubts which rose up in men's minds before the great storm of popular feeling at the time of the French Revolution, as Channing stood to the great after-swell of passionate and turbid sentiment which it left behind. The doubts which Paley strove to dispel, were the first surface-symptoms of the stirring passions beneath: but this he did not feel; he assumed the same superficial position as his opponents, and fought against their nominal apologies for skepticism rather than against that skepticism itself. Christianity in no way met the views of that age. The comfortable classes found it inconvenient and unintelligible; the uncomfortable classes found it ill adapted to violent partisanship and predatory tastes. And yet the objections raised to it were much less deep and searching than those of a later date. The skeptics of that day did not grapple with it—they moved "the previous question." A great revelation of selfishness was at hand, threatening a dissolution of society in England, accomplishing it in France; but it was not yet revealed. And as a barrister takes his objections to hostile *evidence* before he argues on the actual innocence or enormity of the act proved by it, Paley's age contented itself with declining to discuss what Theism and Christianity really were, while it was open to argument whether or not there were any *prima facie* reasons for attending to them at all. And Paley accepted the ground thus assigned to him. He admitted virtually that you could prove a religion to be true before you had explained what it was; he contended that you might prove a Creator from the structure of the universe—that you know his revealed will

from the evidence of history: and hence, though assuming a thoroughly selfish principle of human action, by a judicious combination of this principle with his previous results he strove to rob it of its de-socializing tendency. To be selfish with due regard to divine edicts, "worked out" much the same as unselfishness from the first; and had the great advantage over it of being, as he supposed, truer to nature.

But it would not only be unjust to Paley, it would be fatal to the line of thought we have in view, to refer his theory of selfishness to the character of the man. Paley was a thoroughly practical person, and his object was to convince practical persons. Like all practical men, he cared little about the tools he worked with, so long as they did his work effectually. What society at that time seemed inclined to accept as the strongest motive, he eagerly seized, not caring much whether or not it were the strongest in fact, so long as it were the strongest for his purpose, clear and tangible enough, that is, for broad and effective handling. This is important to observe, not only because it is justice to Paley, but because it indicates the wide prevalence of the social disease which was then eating out the heart of religion. Paley adopted the selfish theory mainly because he did not want to encumber himself with the defense of one which would have been at that time more disputable as well as more subtle and refined. He thought that the fewer were the disputable concessions he asked for at the commencement, the more telling and forcible would be his conclusions. He found that the assumption of universal selfishness was almost undisputed, and apparently much the *least* favorable for a moral theory; and accordingly he aspired to build up on it a doctrine of moral and social propriety which he hoped would be proof even against the reasonings of the world. The selfishness itself was in the times; the desire to manufacture that somewhat unpromising raw material into something wearing a respectable likeness to virtue and piety was his own. Except for the extraordinary vigor of his understanding, Paley was no doubt a sufficiently common-place arch-deacon, but probably by no means a cold or selfish person. He was vividly and actively humane; and a humane temper is one of the most characteristic features of

the better feeling of those times. We mean, of course, by a humane temper, pleasure in the happiness, and pain in the misery, of creatures in some way or other beneath ourselves. Paley seems to have been one of those persons—and his class is by no means extinct—who, though heartily benignant and profoundly compassionate, are little capable of giving or receiving any human sympathy. And it was perhaps characteristic of his day. Thus, for instance, it was one of his greatest enjoyments, we are told, to see animals, even shrimps, happy. "Now see," he said on one occasion to his friend, after a fit of musing by the seaside; "only look at the goodness of God! how happy those shrimps are!"* And he has himself recorded, in the most characteristic passage of his "Moral Philosophy," how much more clearly the happiness "of a healthy infant" seemed to speak to him of God's goodness than that of maturer beings. "I seem, for my own part, to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasure of very young children than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring; especially if there has been any industry, or contrivance, or pursuit to come at them; or if they are founded, like music, painting, etc., upon any qualification of their own acquiring.

* The sketch of Paley's habits by his son, who was obviously somewhat grieved not to be able to describe a demeanor of more consistent solemnity, gives a very pleasant notion of his simple, kindly, and elastic, if not very profound nature. "His taste for the objects and works of nature, rather than any skill in natural philosophy, led him still to be fond of gardening, though it now rather became a mere gentlemanly work of superintendence. For an hour after breakfast and dinner he had his regular walks of musing and recollection; with which he let nothing interfere, nor any one share, except his youngest daughter, who with a basket under her arm to pick up any thing that he chose to put into it, followed him *haud equis passibus*. At such times he seldom spoke a word; but now and then he used to surprise his little companion by bursting out into the most immoderate laughter, or mouthing out scraps of poetry or sentences of prose. With the handle of his stick in his mouth, now moving in a short hurried step, now stopping at a butterfly, a flower, a snail; at one instant pausing to consider the subject of his next sermon, at the next carrying the whole weight and intent of his mind to the arraying some pots in his greenhouse, or preparing with the greatest gravity to remove some stick or stand that offended his eye—he presented the most prominent feature of his mind very obviously, but made it perhaps happy for his public character that he chose to be alone."

But the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by *another*, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it." This is most characteristic not only of the writer but of all his writings, and of the age in which it was written. He was not unwilling to conceive any agency as divine that was completely *clear* of man. Directly human elements were introduced, endless doubts were suggested. Was it not the aim of Paley's writings to show by how gradual and artificial a process the moral nature of man is formed? Laws of association, habits, "violent motives resulting from the command of another"—do not these dress up the mind into something quite stiff and monotonous? The simple instinct of pleasure, the vivid throb of untutored enjoyment, was what Paley could alone trust as completely natural and divine; and when he could get back to it, though it were only in a "shrimp" or a "healthy infant," he breathed free again, feeling that he had slipped the strait-waistcoat of his moral system. The belief of that day was not favorable to human nature; if it held that God had revealed himself once in one man, it held still more strongly that he had closely veiled himself again from ordinary men; and in animal happiness and childish inexperience it rejoiced to feel secure against the unintelligible union of complexity and shallowness which it found in human nature.

And Paley was a fair representative of his age; more completely at home with things than with persons, or at least more at home with persons on light superficial subjects than on the deeper principles of character, society, and faith. His son tells us that "it was more consistent with his character to suppress or conceal his feelings. On religious subjects he seldom conversed, and rarely spoke at all on them with any of his family. It is clear from the composition of his later sermons that there was not an attempt made to guide either himself or his hearers by feeling." Nor in his earlier sermons was the attempt made with any success; the empty rhetoric of the age, which distinguished them, shows no trace of real feeling. His strongest human emotion was the genuine benignity to which we have already al-

luded. His sermons are dull in the extreme; moral disquisitions endeavoring to present to his audience "violent motives resulting from the command of another," but actually presenting very weakly ones. Once only he wrote on a social subject, at a most exciting period. It was in 1790, when all England feared that the revolutionary excitement which had broken out in France would extend to this country. There never was a man who had less sympathy with the great passions of multitudes than the Archdeacon of Carlisle. He could, indeed, understand and express with characteristic strength of conception the apparent incongruities of social *arrangements*. The celebrated passage in which he describes the complete inconsistency of our property-laws with the natural instincts of animals, and draws his ludicrous picture of the ninety-nine superior pigeons half starved, and feeding themselves on the chaff and refuse, in order to keep for the weakest and worst pigeon of the flock, not only more than he can eat, but more than he can conveniently spoil and throw away, proves clearly enough that he appreciated the *prima-facie* grotesqueness of some of our human institutions. But he never understood in the least the power of social passion which these institutions can call forth; and the tract he issued to tranquilize excited feeling in 1790 is amusingly characteristic of the man and the education he had received. He called it "Reasons for Contentment," and marked it himself as "the best thing I ever wrote." We are not surprised to hear it was "not very generally read, and by those who read it was not very generally admired." It proves more than any thing he ever wrote that he had not even the conception of the great forces which hold together, and of the great forces which rend asunder, human society. When you read it, and consider at what time it was written, you realize for the first time that he may indeed have supposed his treatise on morals likely to confirm and restore social virtue. The "Reasons for Contentment," are addressed to the poor, and composedly point out that the poor have as many or more pleasures than the rich; and that there is scarce any situation in life equal in enjoyment to that of a peasant, who sits on summer evenings at the door of his cottage, and "with his children amongst his neighbors feels his frame and

his heart at rest; every thing about him pleased and pleasing, and a delight and complacency in his sensations far beyond what either luxury or diversion can afford. The rich want this; and they want what they must never have." Thus, sitting apart in his country parish in Westmoreland, did the frigid-minded divine chant his utilitarian lullaby over a world that was rapidly ceasing to acknowledge its charm, and had altogether defied its power. The love of liberty, which, strange as it may seem, is of all passions the most social, (since no man can be really free without fellowship,) the pulses of national ambition, the vindictive hatred for tottering aristocracies, which through centuries had kept knowledge and power, as well as justice and honor, to themselves—all these "violent motives" were foreign to Paley's nature. The "happy peasant, sitting at the door of his cottage on a summer evening," might have understood them better than the archdeacon. The sense that society has been dull, profitless, evil—a slavery instead of a source of joy and strength; the hope that springs from a people's harmony; the reverence for something higher than man, which comes of watching the mighty workings, whether for good or evil, of a people's will—all this the merest peasants have often deeply felt, and even died to realize. And Paley's name would utterly be forgotten if "the best thing he ever wrote," had had indeed been on a theme which more than any other needed deep insight into social character, a deep sympathy with social temptations, and a deep fear of social sins.

But though a dry-minded man, little open to great social influences, Paley's natural force of nature comes out in the liveliness of his curiosity and the acuteness of his intelligence concerning the world of creatures and things beneath him. He was an elastic-minded man, whose intellect was always at work on what we may call the theory of doing. He would have been the true apostle of the recent gospel for teaching the world "common things;" for he not only delighted in common things, but what is far rarer, he did not learn to understand them in order to deal with them, but he learnt to deal with them for the sake of understanding them. His aim was theoretic, his procedure was practical. Common things were his companions; and even

companions were valued mainly for the sympathy they afforded with regard to common things. Almost the only letter, not on business, that is preserved of Paley's is singularly characteristic. It is written to a friend just going to Constantinople, and is full of eagerness to see the new country through the medium of his friend's observation. Paley evidently feared to have vague or "fine" and general descriptions, when he wished for one close, utilitarian, and adapted to his own Cumberland experience. He fills his letter with eleven rules by which his friend is to observe and describe: He is to compare "every thing with English and Cumberland scenery: for example, rivers with Eden, groves with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw." "Get, if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and bottle." "Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life, as an actual smock, etc." This is not only essentially characteristic of Paley, but of that part of him by which he to some extent realized the ideal of the eighteenth century in England. Society then forgot its aims, and devoted itself to improving its machinery—as if that were possible without keeping its aims in view; and philosophy and religion, catching the same inspiration, smiled, not without reason, at the vague grandeur of idealism, and set itself to understand and rectify human manners and study the divine mechanics. Paley did this in the most effective way. He cultivated a familiarity with the arts—human or animal—at every odd moment. He wrote his books, we hear, in short loose paragraphs; starting away from a page of his *Natural Pheology* to look at something in the garden, or "copy a recipe for cheap broth." And it is easy to discriminate in his writings the traces of these hasty and frequent excursions into the external world. Not only the abrupt divisions, but the exultation of new booty in the way of a reviving illustration just as the idea is beginning a little to fade away, all speak at once of brief but forcible intervals of thought, and of repeated intervals of refreshing communion with the ingenuities of nature and art.

Such was the great exponent of the most popular moral philosophy of the eighteenth century; and Paley's "*Moral Philosophy*" was popular*—probably be-

* He received £1000—in those days a much

cause it was not, strictly speaking, moral. His son, indeed, calls him "a very hero of morality;" but by this he only means a moralizing hero, a devotee of practical sobriety. Even his practical code of ethics, like his thought, was by no means of a fine texture, fitting close to the average life of the day rather than rising above it—practical therefore, but also very mechanical. He respected morals and politics chiefly as divine "contrivances" for preventing fatal collisions between individual happiness-seekers; yet though divine, surely from this point of view, contrivances much less effective than various human contrivances of similar aim. Happiness-seekers might perhaps—had that been the divine purpose—have been more successfully saved from collision, either by ampler supplies of that desideratum, or by far more "violent motives" restricting each seeker to his own peculiar line of happiness, than any with which we have been in fact supplied. Paley's lengthy treatise on morals would scarcely have been either needed or written had the human-happiness-regulating machine answered as well in holding society together as the instincts of the beaver or the bee answer with the settlements of those well-organized communities which he disposes of so succinctly in other works. However, he has the great merit of expressing what almost all other people then thought, and that too in its most bare and uncere- monious form.

If we have dwelt long on the personal character of Paley, it is in the belief that, however well his writings may characterize the age in which he lived, the man himself characterizes it and its social deficiencies more accurately far. But before leaving him, we must briefly examine the great train of thought which he worked out in a book of far more permanent and sterling value than his "Moral Philosophy;" in a line of thought, too, certainly not less strikingly representative of his day and of the mind of his generation. The great acuteness of Paley's intellect was, as we have indicated, chiefly shown in detecting the various *fittings* of the world. It differed from that of other practical men

principally in not needing the stimulus of practical ends. He generalized and rationalized the ingenuities which *they* put into operation. A philosopher of a very different school has laid down as the proper standard of morality, the rather vague test of "conformity to the fitness of things." If you take it, however, in the most literal and physical sense you can imagine, that is exactly what Paley's intellect was so acute to discern. He loved to note how "the universe *pieced together*." He did not search out the deeper meanings and expressions which these "*fittings*" of the world were really intended to convey; he only asked if they were obviously and intentionally the furniture of this world, and of no other—if they were contrived to fit its various niches, and contrived also to correspond and look symmetrical *inter se*. Like a child over its dissected map, he scarcely looked to see whether the whole picture grew in unity of color, depth, and import, as it grew towards completeness; so long as the bits suited, he thought but little of the new hints which might be derived from each successive touch and tint with regard to a solution we will not say but rather a just appreciation of the great problem of creation. It was the one great faculty of his mind to detect coincidence. He carried about with him, as it were, in his mind the shape and measure of all apparently dislocated things and facts; and no sooner saw a trace of some corresponding thing or fact than he descended swiftly upon the phenomenon, and investigated the apparent connection. This is the one great talent displayed in his "*Horæ Paulinæ*;" it afforded him all the best illustrations for his "*Moral Philosophy*;" it was, on a somewhat larger and vaguer scale, the faculty which is remarkable in his "*Evidences*;" and this keen intellectual tact, as we may call it, culminated in the really wonderfully able and ingenious work on "*Natural Theology*."

The exclusive bias towards "*evidences*"—towards the study of means rather than of ends—which Paley's mind thus gave to the religious thought of his day, was, for two principal reasons, remarkably unfavorable to the social side of religion, nay, even dissociating: first, because in persuading men that they knew much more about the *means and machinery* of God than about his final ends, character, and life, it overshadowed the only center of Unity; next, because in representing the

larger sum than now—for his "*Moral and Political Philosophy*," though it was his first work. His son tells us that his father met with a copy of the second edition before he was aware the first was out of the publisher's hands. It would be difficult to get £1000 now for any volume on such a subject.

creation of sensitive existence as a mere machine for producing and accumulating a great sum of happiness, it necessarily suggested—as it in fact suggested to Paley—that God's care for the *individual* was merged in his care for the *species*; and consequently that individual ends and general ends might come into direct collision. On both these tendencies we must dwell with a few illustrations, as they seem to us most characteristic of the religion of the age.

1. There is nothing that tends to do away so quickly and completely with the social power of any religion, as the merging of the divine life and character in what are supposed to be the mere means or instrumentalities of the divine agency. Every sacerdotal corruption, and every dreary mechanical philanthropy, every philosophical dogmatism that has strained faith and dimmed the light of inspiration, has been founded on this false and depressing notion. The priest has never ceased to tell men that the "*means* of grace are mercifully made more distinct to our poor limited human vision than the divine life which it is their purpose to impart; and we must be content to adopt the one, and rest in hope that we shall have the other." The external philanthropist has ever preached "that there is more dependence to be placed on judicious habits formed early in life than on any impulses of devotion or fanciful illuminations of conscience; and that if we will but have sufficient confidence in the educational means, the well-known and providential laws of human growth must result in the moulding of a sober and well-disciplined character as the end." And so, too, we have seldom been without the presence of some "enlightened" philosophy, teaching us "that of the absolute and eternal principles of things we can know nothing; that it is the wisest as well as the most humble course to acquaint ourselves with the processes of creation which we may understand, and to exchange the fruitless study of divine ends for the study of nature's means and man's limitations." In all these cases we believe the very reverse to be the truth; that we know, or may know, through the voluntary self-revelation of God, far more of his real and intimate character than we can ever know of his mere *methods* of action, whether natural or ordained. And we not only may know this, but need

to know it, in order not to misread entirely and cloud with selfish dissociating meanings these subordinate methods. We need to have ever before us the purifying vision of his character, that we may not misinterpret the processes of nature by mistaking the mere ingenuity of the scaffolding for the beauty of the building; in order that we may not misinterpret the institutional side of religion and education into selfish and unintelligible ordinances, which either crush, or stupefy, or corrupt the life of society.

And it can not be denied, that to such misinterpretations the thoughts predominant in Paley's works have not a little contributed, in so far as they severed completely the *reasons* for belief from the *object* of faith; marshaling his arguments, both with regard to nature and revelation, in long array, without ever introducing us to the Being to whom they should lead. The only source of social unity is in God himself. Paley, like the high ecclesiastical school, the high Calvinistic school, and the rationalistic philanthropic school, in their very different ways, exhausted all his strength in pointing out the admirable adaptations of the *approach* to God. There are, no doubt, certain points both of his "Natural Theology" and of his "Evidences" where he allows a single ray of the divine character itself to shine through the crowded indications of mere intelligence and capacity which He displays: where, for instance, he dwells on the solicitude for weakness and helplessness evinced in the parental instincts of animals; still more, perhaps, where he shows the anxiety for symmetry and beauty which is displayed in the animal universe—the most unsymmetrical and unsightly and unexpressive organs being closely "packed" and covered-in in so fair symmetrical and expressive a frame; most of all, perhaps, where he shows that the limitations of human and animal life appear to be provided for in the great system of celestial astronomy itself—sleep implying night as its correlative, so that the periodic exhaustion of bodily and mental powers is closely linked with the arrangements of the planetary system. In all these cases we seem to get a glimpse of foundations of society which lie beyond mere ingenious mechanism—of provision for social disinterestedness—of an external justification for the love of beauty—of the law of alternate growth through labor and

through rest in the life of man. And in all these cases Paley's argument rises above its ordinary level, simply because it allows us to see some deeper aspect of the divine character than mere intelligence: in helping us to see God's care for helplessness, his care for beauty, his care to show us that a creature's energy needs constant renewal—his greatest strength coming out of perfect and unconscious rest—Paley really helps us to see the character of God, and not a mere contriver. But in the main, Paley's argument fixes our attention painfully on the limitations of nature, instead of on the character that shines through. A *means* may be ingenious; but if it expresses nothing in itself—if it be a mere scaffolding or step-ladder to something else—it is rather what we should at first term an indication of a finite mind than of an infinite mind. The most divine of God's works are never mere *means*, they are means and end at once. The eye is useful, and so far only a means; but it is spiritual and expressive, and so far an end. But when you come to be told about the stomach of the camel, the folding poison-tooth of the serpent, the valves of the thoracic duct, the rings of the trachea, the bandage at the ankle, and so forth, you feel that such contrivances, *argued from alone*, would rather impress you with the limited ingenuity of a finite mind than the perfect wisdom of an infinite spirit. These instruments of life, as such, are not adequate revelations of God: all the works of his that we fully understand are like a human society, in which each element lives for the rest, and yet has a life of its own; in which all means are ends, and all ends means. That we can not often discern this in the organic mechanism of the body, is one reason, we believe, why physiological even more than mechanical science has so often had an atheistic influence; it displays intelligence rather than intellect, design rather than purpose, contrivance without character.

And, unhappily, this is just what human nature is too prone to take advantage of. If it may make its own God, it will adopt almost any mode of proving him, or any mode of worshipping him. Liberated from the vision of the divine life, it eagerly accepts the arguments or the institutions commonly reckoned religious, and wrests them to its own selfish purposes. The happiness-theorist recog-

nizes the marvelous contrivances of the universe, sees in it a happiness-manufactory, and infers a doctrine of selfishness. The education-theorist recognizes the same marvelous mechanism, sees in it a repository of fixed habits, and infers a speedy millennium through the moulding influence of classes, tracts, and schools. Each interpolates his own end, accepting at once the divine "method." And so, too, in dealing with Christian teaching, the method of Paley has only been too closely followed out. The "means of salvation," as they are called, absorb all attention from the meaning of the end. When you come to ask what salvation is, you get the most opposite answers, and are even told you are asking an irrelevant question. The "appointed means" are more distinctly revealed, it is said; rather say, they are more pliant to human purposes than the divine end. By the Calvinist we are told that the whole essence of revelation consists in the discovery to man of a new means by which, without any previous eradication of sin, sin may be pardoned. By the Romanist we are told that even repentance, or the putting off of sin, would not avail without adopting penance—the appointed means of absolution. In both cases a contrivance for reaching God, be it acceptance of a doctrine or obedience to an ordinance, is substituted for the end; and the true end itself is left unguarded from the disfigurements of human dogmatism, selfishness, and pride. Only a faith which keeps ever in sight the personal character of God keeps ever in sight the one true bond of human society that can subdue selfish ends, harmonize jarring purposes, unite in one life the members of one body. Any system which, like Paley's, elaborately distracts the attention to the subordinate machinery either of divine agency or human belief, opens a direct way to the interweaving either of such purely selfish ends of action as he himself proposed, or of other ends of more complex nature, with the methods of divine agency, and thus eventually opens the way to the multiplying discords and ultimate disorganization of all social life. That which accounted for the coincidences of the universe, he recognized; that which constituted the coherence of human society, he passed by.

2. But Paley's rationale of the world as a great happiness manufactory held

within it another still more dissociating principle. In regarding sensitive happiness, or pleasure, as the "pulse of the machine"—as the one aim of God in producing it—he measured by a standard that set society and individuals at variance. For if the object of the universe be the production of a certain gross amount of the article "pleasure," it is immediately obvious that the individual creatures which feel it are of no account, except in proportion to the degree in which they swell the total of enjoyment; and individual interests may thus come into immediate conflict with general interests. For instance, to sacrifice one sentient being for every two created, would produce the same gross result, and therefore be as agreeable to the divine method, as the creation of one only; yet, clearly, to the individual sacrificed it would not be the same thing; and thus the selfish principle inevitably introduces a conflict between social principles and individual principles of action. Society can not be held sacred, as grounded on a divine unity, by those who regard social good as the average result to which the sacrifice of their own being might at any time be justly required. Paley, gazing on the mechanical side of the universe, and principally on the lower orders of creation, thought he saw this principle, and did not wholly shrink from it. He saw Nature "so careful of the type, so careless of the single life;" he saw that "of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear;" and he drew the conclusion that it was "general happiness or pleasure" that was the great aim of the universe. When he came to the human world, he was obliged, therefore, to admit that "general happiness" is God's end, private happiness the right end of every individual, and the two by no means identical; extricating himself from his difficulty by the hypothesis that "everlasting" happiness will set the balance right, by more than repaying in another world the sacrifice of private happiness in this. The whole theory of his moral philosophy rests on the importance of keeping "general rules," even when the particular result is evil; and he reconciles us to the sacrifice, only by crediting with an infinity of future happiness those who thus act. Thus his theory of society is, as it were, formed on the observation of the lower world of involuntary animal life, where

the increase of the gross sum of happiness appears to involve the constant sacrifice of hosts of sensitive creatures. There it is involuntary. But men, having a will of their own, might not like to resign in favor of "an average of happiness;" and consequently society which involves that sacrifice is always liable to destruction. Paley, therefore, has to find a new motive for consulting the "general consequence," rather than the "particular;" and he finds it in a promise as to a future life. Here society and individuals would be constantly at issue; until you come to look into the revealed future "general rules," and "general consequences," the regard for which alone opens the way for positive law and impartial justice, would have no claim over us. Nor, indeed, is it as *general* rules that they do establish a claim over us, but simply because their observance is to be rewarded with a perpetuity of private blessing in time to come. The society, therefore, which by this artificial compromise is established as a compact whole here, dissolves again after death into an infinite number of private individuals, enjoying each his own perpetuity of private happiness. The social "compromise" is but temporary, and could not have been binding at all without this divine offer of a high reward in the next life for postponing particular happiness to the general happiness in this. Clearly, then, Paley saw in society only another "contrivance" for securing a larger amount of happiness than could otherwise have existed within the same area—an amount secured frequently at the immediate expense of individuals, and giving, therefore, a clear title to "compensation."

In short, Paley was not a thinker to sound the intellectual depths even of his own age. Creation must indeed have been mechanical, man selfish, and society held together by a thread, had the ingenuities he found in the former, and the motives he discovered in the latter, been as little mixed with finer elements as he supposed. He stretched his arm but a little way into the deep waters; and fancied that the strength of the upper currents which he measured there, disclosed to him the origin of the mighty storm, and the fixed constitution of the still mightier tide. He saw deep enough to discern the ingenuity of the universe, but not deep enough to see its wonder

and its bloom. He saw deep enough to discern the prominent selfishness of man, but not deep enough to see how that selfishness was tempered, regulated, and overpowered. He saw that God had revealed fragments of his will, but did not see that his mere will could never have been obeyed without the purifying revelation of himself. But we must not imagine that the shallowness of his philosophy was a fair measure for the shallowness of his character. The mysteries which seemed to him to vanish beneath the acute gaze of his understanding, really existed for him as for us; but Paley discerned spiritual things, if we may so say, by a sense of touch, more than by a sense of vision; and he could not believe that he saw at all what he could not present tangibly to others. He tells us himself that he once fancied he felt something more in "obligation" than a "violent motive resulting from the command of another;" but on attempting to handle the matter, the mystery disappeared from his view. In truth, his eye was fitted for the outward world, not for the inward. He took society and man without demur at their own low estimate of themselves. He understood the animal creation best; and the homely humor with which he compared the instincts of animals and the "rational" selfishness of man, was probably of permanent benefit to his day. So far as his *theory* went, however, no man could have been further from discerning or teaching that religion is essentially social, and that the deepest root of faith grows out of the purest society. He has absolutely no glimpses of such a truth while dealing with social and political duties; very few come to him even when, in his construction of evidences, he shrewdly analyzes the motives of suffering Christians; and no doubt he had his brightest gleams of light on the constitution of the universe while he walked about his garden marveling at flowers and shells; "laughing immoderately" as he tried the hypothesis of rationality on the instincts of the sparrow and the butterfly; or giving God heart-felt thanks for the enjoyments of "shrimps," and the divinely ordered "pleasures of a healthy infant." Though, according to Paley's conception, the benignity of God shines down complacently even on the selfishness of man, yet he is conscious of a sickly glare in the contrast, which makes him

glad to turn away to the unspoiled happiness of animal life. He is half aware that it is light shining into darkness—the darkness comprehending it not.

It is like passing straight from the market-place to the mountain side, to exchange Paley's broad, rough, and business-like familiarity with the "common things" of the universe for the delicate spiritual freedom, but too arduous and too self-cultured forms of Channing's faith. Paley can not, like Channing, be called an individualist, simply because he left no room in his creed for moral individuality at all; unraveling all characters alike into the one primary and impersonal element of a desire for pleasure. But if Paley's creed were not individualistic, still less was it social; its very first assumption being competitive self-love, the force which soonest rends the union of human society. It attempted, indeed, to assuage these otherwise inevitable conflicts; but this it attempted only by promising a liberal distribution of retiring pensions in "everlasting happiness" to all those who should waive the cravings for immediate enjoyment here. No society that had fully taken to heart Dr. Paley's system would have been able to understand why *one* "kingdom of God" should comprehend all men; indeed, they would have thought it a very unfortunate arrangement, quite certain to reintroduce into the future specially appropriated for recompense those inequalities of position, and those necessities for self-sacrifice, which they had hoped were peculiar to the state of probation. But Channing's faith included the amplest recognition of the sacredness of society; and yet, as a faith, it certainly was not social but individualist. Born a generation later than Paley, the enthusiasm of the war of independence had in part already anticipated for America, and especially for New-England, that mighty social movement which changed the face of Europe during Channing's early youth. He not only inherited that profound love of freedom which—in political and practical life at least—the New-England fathers had ever cherished as the great involuntary blessing bestowed on them by their persecutors, but he inherited it at a time when political life all over Europe and America was reacting upon the most inward life of faith; when dreary conservatism were justifying themselves by ad-

vancing drearier inward skepticisms; when violent socialisms were appealing to vague and turbid "universal sentiments;" and when the stern and jealous lovers of republican freedom necessarily strove to assert for the spiritual will of all men that measured responsibility, that sphere of real but limited and equal self-control, which was most closely analogous to their political faith. Channing's father was a Calvinist; and Channing found in actual possession of the religious world in which he was educated a kind of gradually rationalizing Calvinism, which was not very averse to fortify itself by the aid of the latitudinarian school of the English Establishment, at that time represented by Paley. In both schools of thought, the ends and realities of religion were entirely subordinated to the means: the Calvinistic theologians stopping short of any care for the spiritual life to be desired, in their technical interest about the "means of redemption;" and the latitudinarians, in like manner, ignoring the *objects* of faith, in their anxiety about the means of proof about contrivance, testimony, and "unintentional coincidences." No wonder that Channing found the received divinity a most dreary study. On one side were explanations how to get redeemed, the point being apparently immaterial what the reality of redeemed life would be when the process was over; on another side he was deluged with convincing demonstrations of the existence (elsewhere) of God and Christ, but in no way shown how they did, as actual existences, live and prove themselves in his own life. This was the state of the religious literature of the day when Channing began his studies. Social and political interests were passing into the young republic, and, partly as a consequence, the old religious formulae were dying out. Paley's consecration of "violent motives," and Edwards's predestinarianism, were no doctrines for a young and vigorous nation, rapidly growing in power and activity, and thrilled by the great vibrations of hopeful political change which reached them from the old world.

But if unsocial latitudinarian philosophy and grim tyrannic theology were little suited to that place and time, it was neither the place nor the time for a religion of fully developed social power to spring up. The enthusiasms of the day were, strictly speaking, political rather than social. So far as they touched social

difficulties at all, they touched them on the external side; rather raising, for example, questions as to the formal equality of different classes than as to their inner character and mutual moral dependence. The issues, as to the true relations between employers and employed—as to the relations between the criminal or dangerous classes, and society at large—as to feminine capabilities and duties—and as to all the more intricate problems of social duty and social guilt which occupy us so much now—had not yet been raised or cared for. And accordingly Channing, though he elevated the religion of his day to sustain and guide a noble political faith, never kindled in it that perfect glow which fuses into one temper the deeply channelled class-feelings of a highly civilized society, and which alone ever enabled any man, even for a moment, to live by sympathy the inmost life, and almost to avail himself of the most individual experience, of another. There was an extreme simplicity of constitution in Channing's mind, which gave him a certain advantage in treating political morality, which is almost always simple; but when he touches social problems, this simplicity amounts to tenuity of treatment; you feel that the complex and crossing threads of these questions are not gathered up in his mind. His faith reflected perfectly, and justified from the deepest spiritual sources, the noble New-England passion for freedom; but it never attained, and scarcely even sought for, the religious springs of a deep and spontaneous social unity. It kept even to the last much of the bare moulding, and of the self-tasked and self-contained temper, of the old Presbyterian thought.

Paley lived in the study and admiration of divine means, Channing in the contemplation and pursuit of divine ends; and though this was the characteristic power of his mind, it may be truly said to have been his weakness, that there was no "natural" man to *graft* them into. "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." His spiritual aims were ranged round his will in fair ideal perfection; but there seemed no *mass* of natural tastes, dispositions, and temperament to fill up the intervening space. And consequently he never appreciated that Pauline side of theology which implies and asserts a double nature in man. The noble will, the clear sense of freedom and responsibility, was at the center of his character;

around it only an ethereal atmosphere, in which shone luminous purposes of good. His life reads like one long series of high and free volitions; it has not that close texture of human interests and motives, that spontaneous mingling of high purposes with the commoner impulses and enjoyments of human life, which give them their deepest social power, and possibly even their widest influence. Every thing was an "aim" to Channing, or it was nothing at all. "Great men," he said, "are produced by great ends." This is no doubt true; but the ends must find their way round to the springs of life, so as to be "beginnings," and unconscious beginnings, as well as ends; they must mix freely in states of mind into which they do not enter consciously or predominantly; they must dissolve themselves, so as to defy analysis, into all sorts of insignificant and secular pursuits, if they are to take their most influential and expressive form. They can not remain in the insoluble shape of "great ideas," if they are really to work on men, and color the aspects of social life. Channing's was, no doubt, a mind of more delicate grain than that of even his great English contemporary Dr. Arnold, and certainly of a key quite as noble. But in this respect Arnold was vastly superior; if, as has been truly said, he too was deficient in a solvent humor, by which his overtaking views of children's duty might have been modified, and his sometimes strained "moral thoughtfulness" relaxed, yet he had an eagerness about human arrangements of all sorts which gave his "high principles" a more natural and less formal and didactic vent than they found with Dr. Channing.

"A remarkable person," says his accomplished biographer, "in a state of mystic illumination, once said of Dr. Channing: 'He was kept from the highest good by the love of rectitude.' Very probably he would himself have verified the correctness of this criticism. There certainly had been periods of his life when he restrained himself too stiffly, though every year of maturing virtue rendered him more free. . . . An earnestness, a susceptibility to profound emotion, an exuberance of sanguine cheerfulness, a chivalrous daring, a stern yet smiling heroism, a poetic glow—flashed out at times through his guarded evenness of deportment, giving promise of a higher style of greatness than that which he revealed. And yet when one beheld his composed consistency, his attuned strength—most self-relying when least outwardly sustained

—his presence of mind and foresight, his calm contentment, and above all his steady growth—the question rose whether his energy of will and wisdom were not most displayed in this willingness to wait. . . . Seemingly he had sacrificed impulse to method, fullness of force to order."*

If the illumined critic had said that Dr. Channing was kept from the highest good by his *pursuit* of rectitude rather than by his love of it, we think the criticism would have been just. If there is, and can be, no binding religion while we stop completely short of the aims and objects of life, after the fashion of Paley, yet there is no doubt that the highest good is reached by those who trust rather than strain, who are content to have aims given them rather than to toil arduously after aims of their own. Channing was conscious of this defect in the cast of his own religious character in later days: he felt that he had not attained to the "wise passiveness" of the poet, that he had been too ready to believe that

"Nothing of itself would come,
But we must still be seeking."

Whether it be or be not true, as his biographer hints, that this was not a natural necessity of his mind from the first, but rather a tendency cherished by his deliberate purpose, we have little means of judging. But it seems clear at least, that if his character acted strongly on the type of his faith, his faith reacted strongly upon his character. Let us look briefly at its most striking elements.

Perhaps the central conviction in Channing's faith was the unreserved and intense belief not only in the freedom of the human will, but in the real power of the will to adopt and interweave into human life, or to reject and resist, the divine purposes and influences. This doctrine was preached, at least in his early life, quite beyond the verge of spiritual health, and yet probably never issued in spiritual pride. At all events, the noblest features of his noble character, as well as his weakest points, were due to these "voluntary virtues." There sprang from it that resolute determination to weigh anxiously all that could be urged on a side of thought that was uncongenial to

* Channing's Memoir, edited by his Nephew, vol. iii.

him, and to weigh it the more carefully the more clearly it led to a conclusion which he could not endure. "I owe the little which I am," he says, "to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections springing up in my own mind to what I have inclined, and sometimes thirsted, to believe; and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state." The same high mettle that would face, as a duty, all that is disquieting, appears, though perhaps in a more fanciful form, in a remarkable letter to Mr. Blanco White.

"I have thought, that by analyzing a pain I have been able to find an element of pleasure in it. I have thought, too, that by looking a pain fully in the face, and comprehending it, I have diminished its intensity. Distinct perception, instead of aggravating, decreases evil. This I have found when reading accounts of terrible accidents which have at first made me shudder. By taking them to pieces, and conceiving each part distinctly, I have been able to think of them calmly, and to feel that I too could pass through them. Sympathy increases by the process, but not fear. The sympathy weakens the personal fear; but this is not the whole explanation. The soul, by resisting the first shudder, and by placing itself near the terrible through an act of the will, puts forth energies which reveal it to itself, and make it conscious of something within mightier than suffering. The power of distinct knowledge in giving courage I have never seen insisted on, and yet it is a part of my experience. The unknown, the vague, the dark, what imagination invests with infinity—this terrifies; and the remark applies not to physical evils, but to all others."

And the same characteristic supremacy of *will* shines out in Dr. Channing's whole moral theory. He could not bear to see undeliberate action. He held that the will should be always in court, ready to hear appeal after appeal, rather than to pledge the future to a mere decision of the past.

"There is such a thing as being slaves to our own *past good impressions*. I think perfection lies in a *present power* over ourselves, in a superiority to what is good as well as evil in our past course, in acting from a fresh present energy. Few of us attain this. Most good men turn their benevolent objects into hobby-horses, and ride them most furiously; or rather are hurried on by them passively, unresistingly. Such is the weakness of our nature. Our tendency is to slavery. The difference is, that

some are the slaves of good, others of bad impulses. That blessed freedom in which we govern ourselves according to our ever-improving and daily changing perceptions of right is an eminence to which we slowly rise."

And even in his purely intellectual capacity, the most characteristic touches are those of a mind which has checked itself half way, in order to note the course of an impulse, and record its peculiarity. "I would avoid," he says, in the course of an unhealthy list of regulations as to his inward self-government—"I would avoid the *diffuseness* which characterizes anger." The deliberate respect which he entertained, however, for this conscious self-government, led him into a self-scrutinizing habit of mind that never did any man any good. Like many other theologians, he had, at least in early years, no faith that God could show him his sins unless he went through the most worrying catechetical process to find them out. He tried every test that spiritual chemistry could suggest to discover traces of sin. "Have my thoughts this day been governed, my attention concentrated? what have I learned? what has constituted my chief pleasure? have I been humble? have I had peace?" etc.; painfully showing that he did not then believe that the "word of God was quick and powerful as any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." He did not wait for the secret uneasiness that is the work of God; but thought that, even "if our hearts condemn us not," conscience might be cross-examined till she gave up her secret. Channing was too little of a quietist. He writes at times as if he thought that "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" was wrung forth by human will. "Force of moral purpose," he says, "makes us happy. There is an exhilaration, a hope, a joy, springing up within us when we *will* with power what we see to be good, when we are conscious of treading under foot the low principles and interests which would part us from God and duty." Is not this rather the imaginative will of the ideal conflict, the joyous will of the poet *conceiving* vanquished Satans, than of the practical man sorrowfully beating them? Generally speaking, the Mephistopheles is not very skillful and formidable whom it is an "exhilarating" process to beat. Perhaps the less splash and effort the will makes in these conflicts, the more it does

If it declines to entertain evil, it has done its work; the good that enters and occupies instead is not its own.

It is clear, that neither on its stronger nor on its weaker side is this high doctrine of self-regulation—this horror of any concession of the command of the mind, even for the shortest interval, to any power except deliberate free-will—likely to be an element in a strong social faith. Channing's fear and hatred of "epidemic religion," his fixed belief that "all strong passion has the effect of insanity on the judgment," were not the characteristics of a man who would regard social power and influence as in any way a primary test of truth. Still less was his positive teaching as to minute and constant self-culture, his high estimate of spiritual endeavor even in the least practical sphere of life, his early tendency to inculcate morbid self-regulation, likely to draw a religious society into much closer union. A common life must be the ground of close social union. Channing's teaching tended to make each man conscious of his own individuality—alike in its noblest and its most painful phases—more and more profoundly. He spoke of spiritual life too much as an aspiration, too little as a reality. He sometimes made men feel the infinite distance between themselves and God—the spiritual immensity across which the poor human will must cheerfully work its way—more keenly than the power which, if they would but recognize it, already worked in them. His was often the teaching of want; the aim was distant, the way was long, and for each man solitary. Even the fact of God's help had to be painfully realized by an effort of thought. He is apt rather to tell men what they ought to feel *on the hypothesis of religion*, than to explain to them what they do feel in the light of religious certainties. The "*thought of God*" frequently takes the place in his writings of God. Of course this is often the state of any sincere man's mind. But realities, not thoughts of realities, are the basis of all union; facts, not hopes. And Channing, by the ideal cast which he teaches us to give to every spiritual influence that acts on the mind—keeping it at arm's length till we have weighed and estimated its value—often turns a certainty into an aspiration. We know how easy it is to doubt the existence even of the material universe, if we will not follow our first

instinct to assume it, but begin instead to discuss what value we are to attach to our impressions; and it is certainly not less easy to turn spiritual realities into shadows or mere foretastes of the future, by holding aloof from the influence they bring.

But Channing's high value for individuality not only implied a latent distrust of social influence; he expressly teaches that society is valuable only as subsidiary to the spiritual life it cherishes in individuals.

"Society is chiefly important as it ministers to and calls forth intellectual and moral energy and freedom. Its action on the individual is beneficial in proportion as it awakens in him a power to act on himself, and to control or withstand the social influences to which he is at first subjected. Society serves us, by furnishing objects, occasions, materials, excitements, through which the whole soul may be brought into vigorous exercise, may acquire a consciousness of its free and responsible nature, may become a law to itself, and may rise to the happiness and dignity of framing and improving itself without limit or end. Inward, creative energy is the highest good which accrues to us from our social principles and connections. The mind is enriched, not by what it passively receives from others, but by its own action on what it receives. We would especially affirm of virtue, that it does not consist in what we inherit, or what comes to us from abroad. It is of inward growth, and it grows by nothing so much as by resistance of foreign influences, by acting from our deliberate convictions in opposition to the principles of sympathy and imitation. *According to these views, our social nature and connections are means. Inward power is the end; a power which is to triumph over, and control the influence of society.*"

This doctrine pieces-in with the whole temper of Channing's mind, which, as he himself was aware, was not social. Even the closest ties seem scarcely to penetrate to this inner essence of his spirit, till they had been made the "materials and excitements" of spiritual contemplation. "I sometimes feel," he once said in allusion to his love for his children, "as if the affection which springs from thought were stronger than that of instinct." And all social ties were, in his view, intended rather to mature and refine special fruits in the soul of each—to yield

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That sleeps and broods on its own heart,"

than to answer any end in themselves. A society was, in Channing's mind, never so

perfect as when it exercised no characteristic or controlling influence of its own in swaying or moulding the minds of those who formed it. He held that sympathy, in the deeper concerns of the spirit, must generally be given in the dark, and received in the twilight. And as it never seemed to cross him that a society's faith, if noble at all, is a higher and better, and moreover quite different thing from the sum of the individual faiths it contains, he had no standard by which to try the value of society except that of the effect which it produced on individual character. He would have said with the poet:

"Is it strange

That our diviner impulses, great thoughts,
And all the highest, holiest life of the soul,
Should yearn for mortal sympathy, and not
find it?

It is the exceeding goodness of our God
To bend our love unto his Father's breast,
And press our heads to his bosom. *We are*
greater

As children than as brothers."

And this was Dr. Channing's constant creed; not that he would have held it in any sense depreciative of the moral dignity and independence of human will, but simply in this, that the ultimate and deepest religious life of man can not include any human sympathy and social unity—that it is in a depth below the deepest life of society, and is a direct act of duty or love to the Father of spirits. This faith underlay all Channing's writings. But is it true? Is it given to human spirits to be children at all without being also brothers? The law of society is written on the *individual* conscience; and spiritual life is not possible to individuals at all if you strike out the social conditions under which it is invariably found. Indeed, truth itself, the search for which is usually supposed to isolate the mind, is truth no longer if you erase the conditions of society. We perceive all complete and perfect truth through others more than through ourselves. It is through our union with others, through their life in our minds and ours in theirs, that even the most solitary acts of true spiritual life become possible. The mysterious power of social influence is not merely an *aid* to the perception of truth, but the very condition of holding it. Suppose for a single instant that the mind could be absolutely isolated—no longer drawn towards this

mind for clearer intellectual vision, or able to read its moral experience under the fascination of that—and it would shrink up into absolute individuality—the narrowness of spiritual death. Possibly Dr. Channing's school might reply, that the value of all social influence is only to open to us as it were the character of God; and that, He remaining, all our moral experience would remain, even though every human being were annihilated. Yet is this true? Is not the greater part of our spiritual life as a *matter of fact*, still conditioned by the individual channels of human influence through which we have drawn it? Would "progress"—would *life*, as we understand it—that is, the growth of thoughts and faculties, all of which have immediate and direct concern with the society in which we are placed—be longer possible if the very law of our being, the very condition of our conscience, the very spring of our piety, were annihilated by the annihilation of the other members of that living body of which we are part? It is the condition of human life that we could not be children at all without also being brothers. The social law of our being reaches, we are confident, to the deepest depth of our most solitary life. A man's individual life could not grow, nay, could not be that of a man at all, could he be truly cut off from the community of man; even in solitude and isolation it is the life of a social being so long as it is human.

Channing's difficulty in realizing this truth lay, we believe, in his religious position. He had grasped for himself the truth of moral freedom. Brought up in the gloomy belief that the shadow of predestination hung over the world—that there was nothing for man to do but to live his appointed lot, the truth had suddenly dawned upon him that he had indeed a free creative will, a power of really becoming a "fellow-worker" with God. This conviction inspired him at once with that profoundly "generous view of human nature" so much exaggerated—or at least so little balanced by the belief which is its counterpart—in his school. And yet the sole point on which he rested this constant assertion of the "dignity of human nature" was moral freedom. All the involuntary affections and instincts of man he was inclined to distrust in the comparison; at least he held that they were to be always and in-

variably tamed, ruled, kept in abeyance; our likeness to God consisting in this solitary and lordly will. Hence he became something of a moral idealist, straining the power of the will, both in theory and in practice, beyond its true limits. He held up to himself a conception of duty that necessarily made his religious faith seem one of mere aspiration—a restless striving after an “ideal,” instead of a quiet trust in the mighty arm of God. He wanted, in order to complete his type of faith, an adequate belief in the divine capacity of the *involuntary* side of human nature—an adequate trust in the life and conditions of feeling imposed upon the will, as well as in the freedom which those conditions circle. He needed to believe that God’s life as well as his love runs through these natural channels; that likeness to him does not consist in becoming as near as we may to pure creative wills; that the divine Word unites and inspires not only our human natures, but our human natures on *their human side*. This was Channing’s difficulty in finding a social character for his religion. He thought, in common with his Unitarian school, that religious union came only from the infinite side; that it was the common arch bending over us all, and that alone, which rendered common worship natural. Once take that view, and it is impossible not to deprecate secretly the limitations of humanity; not to think we were meant for something diviner than those limitations; not to strain at an assimilation to God on the free and voluntary side. But those who believe that the Word could really become flesh, and that the same Word does really still perennially penetrate with life and draw together into unity the individual souls of men, are not in danger either of laying too heavy a burden on the individual will, or of deprecating the binding power of social, even though they seem purely human, ties. They believe that the will of man, free as it is, is not meant to guide, but only freely to follow guidance; and that the less it strives to carve out its own path, the more quickly and freely it will ascend.

The defect we have pointed out in Channing’s type of faith shines out especially in his doctrine of humility, which—genuinely humble as the man himself was—is the meagerest and faintest in effect

of any part of his teaching. “Humility,” he said, “is the virtue of an enlightened understanding.” It “has its foundations in a correct estimate of our characters.” It is to be formed not by fixing our thoughts exclusively on the worst parts of our conduct, and ascribing the guilt of these to our whole lives, but by observing our whole lives impartially, surveying the good and the evil in our temper and general deportment, and in this way learning to what degree we are influenced by the various dispositions and principles which enter into our character.” Now had this been the description of the mode of truly estimating what our characters are like—what are our tendencies and dangers—it would be true enough; but pride consists in the desire to reject assistance, to undervalue the assistance we have received, to stand alone where our nature is not capable of standing alone. Humility has nothing to do with “enlightened understanding,” it is a *willingness* to see our need of help—to recognize to the full the reality and amount of the help we have received. The clearest vision is consistent with pride—for we may discern, but discern most reluctantly, how little we are. It is in the *desire* to claim a power we have not, not in the *mistake* of claiming it, that the sin against humility lies. Nor could any question of measuring present dispositions, and weighing out individual temper arise in such a case. It is of course no humility to affect a lower estimate of ourselves than we really have; but it is not a question of estimate at all; it is rather whether we are inclined to *credit ourselves* with powers and dispositions which have been formed in us by no power of our own. Those who feel that right consists in simply *not resisting* the divine life in us—in declining to make a false choice—and that no higher power than this is within the limits of human freedom, must feel that humility has more to do with the willing recognition of the divine life and Word in us, than with any microscopic attention to our own characters. In fact, the duty of estimating our own characters accurately is seldom a duty at all. If we are really eager to recognize the Light that shines into us, we shall have no need to catalogue the dark lines in the spirit on which it falls.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE BONES OF OUR SOVEREIGNS.

IN spite of his firm tramp, brawny arm, and stalwart frame, the Norman conqueror was at length conquered, and retired from the field of battle to succumb to the last enemy in the monastery of St. Gervais at Rouen, the church of which is now reputed to be the oldest structure in the city. The closing scene was a melancholy spectacle. Robert, his first-born, to whom he bequeathed Normandy, was away prosecuting crusading adventures. William, the second son, staid only to hear himself nominated to the crown of England, and then left his father to get through his last agony as he could, galloping off to the coast, eager to secure his prize. Henry, the third son, lingered sulky and grumbling, till his ready-money legacy was declared, when he departed likewise, hurried to the treasury, carefully weighed the silver, and placed it under iron locks and bindings. No sooner did the fatal event occur, about sunrise on a September day, than nobles, knights, and priests decamped, to look after their own interests, while servants set to work to plunder, and the body of the once potent monarch lay stripped and deserted, till the charity of an obscure individual provided for its conveyance to a resting-place at Caen, according to the wish of the deceased. But there was some difficulty in effecting the funeral, as one of the bystanders, a man of low degree, claimed property in the site of the grave; and the service for the dead was not allowed to proceed till sixty sous had been paid down as an installment of his rights. A plain gray marble slab before the high altar in the church of St. Stephen now marks the sepulcher of William the Conqueror; but not an atom of him lies beneath it. In 1542 the tomb was opened by the Bishop of Bayeaux, when the body was found in good preservation, justifying by its appearance the reports of chroniclers respecting his tall stature. But thirty years later it was violated during an insurrection, when the coffin was dug

up and emptied of its contents, which, however, the care of a monk preserved in his chamber. Here they continued till a subsequent insurrection, when the whole abbey was plundered, and the remains were lost, except one of the thigh-bones, which was reinterred, and a monument raised over it in 1642. Even this relic has disappeared, for the revolutionists of 1793 rifled the spot, and disposed of the fragment as if the last vestige of a dog. The furious democrats were not wise in their generation, for the fleshless remnant of the limb might have been preserved as an impressive memorial of the fate of royalty; and a veritable thigh-bone of the dreaded conqueror would now fetch a handsome price in the London market, where all things odd and rare are readily disposed of to collectors who have more cash than brains.

As a hunter gay, William the Red King entered the New Forest on a bright August morning. He had slept the previous night at a lodge within its precincts.

"The Red King lies in Malwood-keep;
To drive the deer o'er lawn and steep;
He's bound him with the morn.
His steeds are swift, his hounds are good;
The like, in covert or high wood,
Were never cheered with horn."

None more rigorously enforced the laws of the chase than he, or more cruelly punished an infringement of them. It was some consolation to the poor Saxons contemptuously to style him "a wood-keeper and no king;" at the same time firmly believing that their oppressors were not always allowed to disport themselves with impunity, the Evil One sometimes interrupting their recreations in the hunting grounds, and marring revelry with sore disaster. The event of the day strengthened this popular superstition, for the lifeless body of the Red King was soon stretched upon the green-sward by the chance arrow of an attendant. Henry,

his brother, left him to his fate, and putting spurs to his horse, rode off to Winchester, to seize the royal treasury. The involuntary author of the deed fled, fearing the consequences; and the barons each departed to his residence, to put it in a posture of defense, as the succession might have to be decided by the sword. Towards evening, a man named Purkiss, on returning home through the forest from his daily occupation of charcoal-burning, found the abandoned corpse lying on the turf, which was saturated with blood. Ignorant of his quality, he placed the slaughtered man in his cart and conveyed him to Winchester. Rufus found a grave in the cathedral, and was interred in the center of the choir with little ceremony, none grieving. The fall of a tower in the following year, which covered his tomb with its ruins, was commonly interpreted as a sign of the displeasure of Heaven that he had received Christian burial. Speed relates that his bones were afterwards taken up, and, being laid in a coffin along with those of Canute, were replaced. A plain monumental stone now marks the spot. It is singular that, after the lapse of eight centuries, cottagers of the name of the charcoal-burner still reside in the New Forest, and that a wheel of the identical cart descended, to a recent date, as an heirloom from father to son, till used for fuel during an inclement winter.

Henry I., like his father the Conqueror, died abroad, on a December midnight, of a disease brought on by his fondness for lampreys. This was at Lions-la-Forêt, now a small town approached through the remains of a forest in the vicinity of Rouen. His remains were interred in the abbey of Reading, Berkshire, one of his foundations, a structure which has passed away, and no man knoweth of his sepulcher. Stephen terminated his troubled reign at Dover, and found a resting-place by the side of his queen and son at the monastery of Faversham, in Kent, which he had founded. There his corpse remained till the dissolution of the abbey, when, for the possession of the leaden coffin, it was exhumed, and its contents thrown into the sea.

The restless and fiery Henry II. breathed his last at the castle of Chinon, the French Windsor of the Plantagenet kings, now an imposing ruin on a commanding height, near the junction of the Vienne

with the Loire. Courtiers who had trembled at his word took a hurried departure, and personal retainers followed the example of their superiors; but not before they had stripped the dead man of every rag, and the apartment of every article of value. After some delay, charity found a winding-sheet for the body, and it was removed for interment to the neighboring abbey of Fontevraud, then one of the wealthiest ecclesiastical establishments in France, situated at the head of a little retired and wooded valley. Here, previous to the funeral, the corpse was laid in the church, when, according to legendary story, it shuddered convulsively at the approach of Richard, an undutiful son, as if condemning and abhorring his unnatural conduct. Richard I., the conqueror of Saladin and hero of a hundred fights, received his death-wound before the castle of Chaluz in the Limousin, the petty fortress of a vassal, and was laid by the side of his father at Fontevraud, where also reposed his mother, Queen Eleanor of Guienne, and afterwards Isabella d'Angoulême, the queen of his brother John. Recumbent effigies of these personages were placed upon the tombs—one of the earliest instances we have of this interesting sepulchral relic of the middle ages. The abbey remains, but it has been converted into a prison—*Maison Centrale de Detention*—one of the largest in France. The church is also entire as to the outside, but the interior is wholly changed. Nor are the royal tombs in their original position. They were torn up and rifled by the Vandals of the Revolution, who signalized their hatred of royalty by scattering the ashes of the dead, and mutilating the statues, which are now stowed away in a dark corner of the south transept. The effigies, though sadly defaced, still retain some of the coloring with which they were ornamented, and are of great interest from the evident marks they bear of being portraits. Both kings are represented in royal robes, without armor. Cœur de Lion's figure is remarkable for its broad forehead and tall stature, six feet and a half. It has been frequently suggested that application should be made to have these monuments of the first Plantagenets transferred to Westminster Abbey as a fitting asylum, now that no fragment of the dead remains in connection with them; a concession which would doubtless be immediately granted by the French

government, in return for having received the body of Napoleon from St. Helena, and his will from Doctors' Commons.

The worthless John was seized with mortal sickness in the fens of Lincolnshire, after seeing the sumpter-horses that carried his money drowned in the marshes, and taking an immoderate quantity of peaches or pears and new cider to console himself under the misfortune. With great difficulty, he successfully reached the castles of Sleaford and Newark, in the last of which he ended a disgraceful career, and was removed at his own desire to be buried in Worcester Cathedral. His tomb there, in the center of the choir, has a full recumbent effigy, the first memorial of the kind executed in England for an English monarch. It was opened in 1796, when the corpse was found nearly entire, after an interment of five hundred and eighty years. His son, the feeble Henry III., died at Westminster, and was the first of our sovereigns interred in its Abbey-church since the Saxon times, an edifice which he rebuilt from the foundation. The Pell Records contain an entry of payment to two chaplains for divine service being performed at the hermitage of Charing on the occasion of his decease, at present one of the busiest sites in the metropolis, forcibly reminding us of the different character of the spot in the thirteenth century. The tomb exhibits his effigy, finely executed in brass, and cast at the same time as the adjoining effigy of Queen Eleanor. Edward I. expired at the village of Burgh-upon-Sands, near Carlisle, within sight of the Scotland which he had vowed to subdue. But although he is said to have left express orders for his bones to be carried at the head of the army till the purpose was accomplished, they were quickly deposited in Westminster Abbey by an unwarlike son, where the body was found comparatively undecayed in 1774. It was arrayed in royal robes, with crown and scepter, and measured six feet two inches; hence the *soubriquet* of Lonkshanks was not inaptly bestowed. The obsequies are said to have been performed with great splendor. In the accounts of his executors we have, among other entries, one of £100 paid "for horses purchased for knights to ride in the king's armor before his body, between the church of the Holy Trinity, London, and Westminster."

The effeminate and deposed Edward II.,

foully murdered in Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, by order of Mortimer, the infamous paramour of his infamous queen, was hurriedly conveyed to a grave in Gloucester Cathedral. Deplorable degradation marked the last hours of Edward III., at Shene Palace, afterwards called Richmond, for the practice of abandoning royalty in the article of death was adopted in his case. Before the old man's breath left him, ministers and courtiers went off to his successor; the vile hag whom he had cherished deserted him likewise, after stealing the ring from his helpless finger; and his other personal attendants quitted the chamber to plunder the house. The ashes of the mighty victor at Crecy repose in the same tomb with those of his wife, in the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, according to her request on her death-bed.

The dethroned Richard II. perished violently in Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire; but a more than usual degree of mystery rests upon the horrid transaction. "How Richard died," says Froissart, "and by what means, I could not tell when I wrote this chronicle." He then, in a naive and touching manner, contrasts his former splendor and miserable fall; for never, says he, had king of England spent so much money in keeping up a stately household. "And I, John Froissart, canon and treasurer of Chimay, saw it and considered it, and I lived in it a quarter of a year, and good cheer did he give me; and when I departed from him, (it was at Windsor,) on my leave-taking he gave me a silver goblet, gilt, and having within one hundred nobles, therefore am I much bound to pray God for him." Richard was most probably dispatched by starvation.

"Close by the regal chair,
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl—
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

The corpse of the unhappy king was brought to London, and exhibited in St. Paul's as a public certificate of death, which was doubted by some, then removed to Langley in Herts for interment, and finally to Westminster Abbey. His supplanter, and perhaps murderer, Henry IV., met a long expected death in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was entombed in Canterbury Cathedral, by the side of his first wife, the only one of our sove-

reigns buried in that city. Henry V. expired at Vincennes, near Paris, and was brought with mournful pomp to his native country for the last rites. Bishops in pontifical attire, mitred abbots, and a vast multitude of all ranks, met the body as it approached the capital. The churchmen chanted the service for the dead as it passed over London Bridge and through the streets of the city; the obsequies were performed at St. Paul's in presence of the whole Parliament, and the remains were interred in state in Westminster Abbey. A headless and otherwise mutilated figure of the king, carved in oak, and originally covered with silver, marks the tomb, above which are the saddle, helmet, and shield, supposed to have been used at Agincourt.

The imbecile Henry VI. died a captive in the Tower, probably by violent means, and was first interred at Chertsey Abbey, Surrey, then removed to Windsor, by order of Richard III. His successor, Edward IV., ended his days of pleasure and profligacy at Westminster, and was exposed on a board after death, naked from the waist upwards, in order that people might see he had not been murdered—an act strikingly illustrative of turbulent times. He was then buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the exquisitely beautiful edifice which he founded. A steel tomb, executed by Quintin Matsys, marks the spot. The body was found undecayed, the dress nearly perfect, as were the lineaments of the face, in 1789, after a period of three hundred and six years. The boy-king, Edward V., and his younger brother, the Duke of York, atrociously murdered in the Tower, were privately buried within its walls by the assassins, at a spot which long remained unknown. But in the reign of Charles II., while some alterations were making near the White Tower, the workmen found, about ten feet in the ground, the remains of two striplings, which, on examination, appeared to be those of two boys of the ages of the princes, thirteen and eleven years. They were in a wooden chest, and were reinterred in a marble urn in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey. A Latin inscription gives the commonly received account of the sad tragedy: "Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of

their perfidious uncle, Richard, the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying one hundred and ninety-one years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered those unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678, and the thirteenth of his reign." Richard III., the author of this foul deed, slain in the battle of Bosworth Field, was unceremoniously thrown across a horse, and conveyed behind a pursuivant-at-arms to Leicester. There the corpse was buried in the church of St. Mary's, belonging to a monastery of the Grey Friars. His conqueror placed over him a tomb adorned with his statue in alabaster, where it remained till the dissolution of the abbey, when the monument was utterly destroyed, the grave rifled, and its human remains ignominiously cast out. The stone coffin was made a drinking-trough for horses, at the White Horse Inn, Leicester.

The first of the Tudors, Henry VII., died at Richmond Palace, and was laid in the magnificent chapel which he had built, and which bears his name, appended to Westminster Abbey. The tomb of black marble stands in the center, inclosed in an admirably executed chantry of cast brass, ornamented with statues. The brutal Henry VIII. went to his account at Westminster, not aware, till the last moment came, of his true condition, none caring to tell him, as several persons had been put to death at various times for saying that the king was dying, or likely to die. He found a grave under the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a leaden coffin was observed, supposed to be his, upon the vault being opened in the year 1813. It measured nearly seven feet in length, and appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle, as there was a considerable opening in that part of it, exposing a mere skeleton of the inmate. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the person, and no exterior inscription. The four next sovereigns—Edward VI., who died at Greenwich Palace, Mary at St. James's, Elizabeth at Richmond, and James I. at Theobalds in Herts—were all committed to the earth in Westminster Abbey. A stately monument marks the grave of Elizabeth, the last of our mon-

archs to whose resting-place such a memorial has been given.

The axe of the executioner terminated the troubled career of Charles I., on the scaffold before Whitehall. A universal groan broke from the multitude assembled upon the sad occasion, at the fatal stroke. A rush was made to dip handkerchiefs in the royal blood as a memento; but the troops put themselves in motion, cleared the streets, and the dismal tragedy ended. This is the testimony of Philip Henry, father of Matthew Henry, the commentator, who was present. The remains were interred at Windsor, in the same vault with those of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. A few devoted cavaliers attended the ceremony, and noticed the coincidence between the coronation and the funeral of their master. On the former occasion the king chose to appear in a white robe, though this was opposed by his friends as contrary to the practice of his predecessors and to popular ideas; for purple was considered the color appropriate to sovereignty. He was superstitiously reminded that, of two exceptions to the rule—Richard II. and Henry VI., who wore white satin at their coronations—both had come to a violent end. But Charles persisted in his purpose; the third "white king" was crowned; and he went to the grave in his favorite color. The snow fell heavily at the time, so as to cover the black velvet pall with a silvery mantle, on the passage of the bier from the Castle to St. George's Chapel. All knowledge of the precise place of interment was afterwards lost, till the year 1813, when, in course of making some repairs, the workmen accidentally opened the vault; and, to clear up a doubtful point in history, its contents were examined in the presence of the Prince Regent, Sir Henry Halford, and others. There was a plain leaden coffin discovered, with two more. The former bore the inscription, in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, "King Charles, 1648." It contained a wooden coffin, very much decayed, in which was the body, carefully wrapped up in eerecloth. Upon disclosing the face, the skin was found dark and discolored; the forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; the left eye was open and full, in the first moment of exposure, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so

characteristic of the period of the reign, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; and its strong resemblance was instantly recognized to the coins, busts, and especially the pictures of Vandyke, by which it has been made familiar to us. When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. It bore evident marks of having been severed by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument. The hair at the back was thick, but short, contrary to the prevailing fashion of the time; and had probably been cut off for the convenience of the executioner, or after death, to furnish friends with relics.

Oliver Cromwell departed this life at Whitehall, on the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, two of his greatest victories. A fearful storm raged in England and over nearly the whole of Europe on the preceding night and morn. The unchained winds disturbed the waters from the Baltic to the Bosphorus; the seas were strewn with wrecks from the coast of Norway to those of Italy and Spain; while towns and forests suffered by the hurricane, from the Grampians to the Apennines. The Protector had a state funeral in Westminster Abbey, the cost of which his representatives were afterwards called upon to pay; and, contrary to the maxim that "English vengeance wars not with the dead," his corpse was disgracefully disinterred, for the purpose of being treated with indignity. Contemporary accounts state that the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exposed on the roof of Westminster Hall, and that the bodies were thrown into a neighboring hole, after being suspended on the gallows at Tyburn; but a tradition formerly existed among the inhabitants of Red Lion Square that they were interred in the center of that particular locality. It is probably true, and not at all at variance with the other relations, for the gallows was frequently erected at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, within a short distance of Red Lion Square. Most likely, therefore, the Protector slumbers his last sleep in the locality mentioned. But though discarded from the mausoleum of royalty and ignominiously treated, his name lives in history with far greater honor than that of his spiteful antagonists; and none of our legitimate sovereigns have, like him, been

panegyriized by four such eminent contemporaries as were Milton, Waller, Dryden, and Locke. Richard Cromwell, his son, and his successor for little more than seven months, after a long expatriation spent his last days, under a feigned name, at Cheshunt, where he died peacefully, in the reign of Queen Anne.

The dissolute life and disgraceful reign of Charles II. ended suddenly at Whitehall, and was justly followed by a neglected funeral. "The King," says Evelyn, chronicling the event, "was this night buried very obscurely in a vault, under Henry VII.'s Chapel, without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten"—an apt commentary upon the wise man's observation: "So I saw the wicked buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done." James II., a king for twelve years after his expatriation only in name, surrendered his nominal sovereignty at St. Germain's, near Paris. Vicissitudes, as strange in death as in life, seem to have attended this misguided man. He left his heart to the Dames de St. Marie, at Challiot. He bequeathed his brains to the old Scotch College in the Rue des Fosses St. Victor, in the chapel of which, now leased to a private school, there is a marble monument to his memory. An urn of bronze-gilt, containing the king's brains, formerly stood on the crown of this monument; but it was smashed, and the contents scattered over the ground during the French Revolution. The body itself was interred in the monastery of English Benedictine Monks, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques. Upon the destruction of this building, it was exhumed, and, after being kept for some years in a temporary tomb in the neighborhood, it was transported to the parish church of St. Germain's, where a monument was placed over it by George IV.

William III. and Anne both died at Kensington Palace, and repose in Westminster Abbey. George I., arrested by the hand of death while traveling abroad,

expired at Osnaburgh, on the very same bed on which he was born, and was laid by the side of his ancestors in a vault beneath the Schlosskirche at Hanover. George II. departed this life at Kensington, and, under circumstances of some interest, was laid in Westminster Abbey. As a proof of his respect for his consort, Queen Caroline, who had preceded him to the grave, he left directions for their remains to be mingled together. The order was obeyed, by the two coffins being placed in a large stone sarcophagus, when the sides of the wooden coffins nearest each other were withdrawn. This was a tradition merely at the Abbey, till confirmed in the year 1837. At that time the vault was opened, under authority of a Secretary of State's warrant, in order to remove a child of the Duke of Cumberland's, late King of Hanover, which had been buried in it, to Windsor. Dr. Milman superintended the disinterment, which took place by night. In the middle of the vault, towards one end, the large stone sarcophagus was seen, with the two sides of the coffins, which had been withdrawn, standing up against the wall.

Windsor was the scene of the death and burial of the three next sovereigns—George III., George IV., and William IV. They lie in the Royal Dormitory, to the east of St. George's Chapel, where all the members of the reigning family, deceased in England, have been placed, since its application to the purpose of a mausoleum, with the exception of the Duke of Sussex, buried by his own desire in Kensal Green Cemetery, and the unhappy wife of George IV., who was removed to Brunswick. Every heart will unite in the wish that long may it be before another crowned head is laid low in that regal sepulcher! and that, whenever the event occurs, a justly-honored and beloved sovereign may come to the grave in peace, as a shock of corn is gathered in its season. These reminiscences of royalty in its ruins emphatically suggest the moral of the poet:

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

From the Quarterly Review.

ORATORY—ELOQUENCE—PUBLIC SPEAKING.*

IN an admirable address to the University of Aberdeen, Lord Stanhope has recently proved to the students, by numerous happy illustrations drawn from the lives of eminent men in the various departments of literature and science, that success is only to be obtained by industry. He repudiated the notion of heaven-born genius, if by that term is meant genius which spontaneously pours forth its stores without labor or study. The greatest talent, like the richest soil, only yields its choicest fruits to persevering tillage. If there is one branch of excellence which more than another has been supposed to be the gift of untutored nature, it is the faculty of verse; if there is one poet more than another who derived his inspiration from the innate passions of his heated mind, and who appeared to possess the power of embodying fervid feelings in glowing rhymes without the smallest effort, it was unquestionably Lord Byron. Yet in a conversation, quoted by Lord Stanhope, he asserted that it was nonsense to talk of extemporizing verse. The prodigious quantity which he wrote during his short life is no less a proof of his diligence than of his fertility. Mr. Trelawny represents him as spending the larger part of his waking hours in meditating his works; and no physician or lawyer in extensive practice ever followed their professions with more dogged perseverance. His friend Moore, whose songs and tales have a far-fetched prettiness which indicates greater elaboration, confesses of

himself that "he had been at all times a slower and more painstaking workman than would ever be guessed from the result." Pope tells us that in his boyhood "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" but if they came unsought, it was a felicity which forsook him as his understanding matured. Though by no means a voluminous writer, considering the many years he worked at his craft, Swift complained that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he "had always some poetical scheme in his head." He was in the habit of jotting down in the night, as he lay in bed, any striking thought or lucky expression which passed through his mind, lest it should be forgotten before morning. He recorded lines or fragments of lines, which he hoped to turn to account at a future period, and allowed not a crumb to fall to the ground. What he composed with care, he corrected with patience. He kept his pieces by him long before consigning them to the press; he read them to his friends, and invited their criticism; and his condensed couplets, which seem "finished more through happiness than pains," really owe their first quality to the last. As we ascend higher the same truth is equally apparent. Milton's studies are revealed in every page of the "Paradise Lost." One of the most original of poets in his conceptions and style, his particular phrases and allusions may be tracked in all the best literature both ancient and modern which existed before his day. He who invoked his muse to raise him to the "height of his great argument" did by that very expression intimate how vast an effort he considered to be necessary to treat worthily so sublime a theme, as in his *Lycidas* he had declared, that "to scorn delights and live laborious days" was the indispensable condition of fame. Of the habits of Shakspeare we know nothing, except that the players boasted that he never blotted a line, which only proves that he must have matured his conceptions before

* *The Speeches of Lord Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, and Fox; with Biographical Memoirs, and Introductions and Explanatory Notes.* Edited by a Barrister. 4th edition, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. London, 1855.

Speeches on Social and Political Subjects, with Historical Introductions. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1857.

An Inaugural Address delivered by Earl Stanhope at his Installation as Lord Rector of Marischal University, Aberdeen. 8vo. London, 1858.

committing them to paper. The knowledge of human nature is a matter of experience and not of intuition; and at least he must have been a diligent reader of men if he had been a careless reader of books. He must, however, have studied these not a little also, for his language in his poetical dialogue is not the language of conversation alone. Nor is there any poet whose effusions bear the impress of more severe thought, which not only impregnates, but sometimes obscures, his "thick-coming fancies." If internal evidence is to be a guide, he, as little as any one, could have dispensed with previous meditation and preliminary discipline.

Wherever prose-writers have been remarkable for some particular quality, it will be equally found that the point in which they have excelled was one upon which they had bestowed commensurate pains. Those, for example, who are distinguished for the beauty of their style have acquired their skill as the artist acquires his power of drawing—not by contenting themselves with the first rude and rapid draught, but by repeated references to better models, by an incessant renewal of their attempts, and by the untiring correction of defects. Every one knows that Pascal wrote each of his "Provincial Letters" many times over. The draught of his "Epoques de la Nature" which Buffon sent to the press was the eleventh. The Benedictine editor of Bossuet's works stated that his manuscripts were bleared over with such numerous interlineations that they were nearly illegible. Burke penned his political pamphlets three times at least before they were put into type, and then he required to have a large margin for his manifold corrections. Sterne was incessantly employed for six months in perfecting one very diminutive volume. "I mention this," says Paley, to whom we owe our knowledge of the fact, "for the sake of those who are not sufficiently apprised that in writing, as in many other things, ease is not the result of negligence, but the perfection of art." The proposition that uncommon excellence arises from the concurrence of great talents with great industry is supported by so many examples that they might be produced by the score. The extraordinary effect, indeed, of sustained application might almost seem to countenance the saying of Buffon, that "genius was patience." The idle may dream over the fancied possession of in-

tuitive powers which they never display. Those who enter the arena and engage in the contest know that strength can not be put forth without strenuous exertion, nor skill be manifested without assiduous practice.

Of all the attainments which Lord Stanhope, in his graceful and attractive speech, showed to depend upon cultivation, none more needed to be dwelt upon before a body of students than that of oratory. There is no accomplishment which even when possessed in a moderate degree raises its possessor to consideration with equal rapidity, none for which there is so constant a demand in the church, in the senate, or at the bar, and none, strange to say, which is so little studied by the majority of aspirants. Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his Own Time," which was written in 1760, complains that the want of a proper power of expression was a universal defect in the English nation. Many admirable scholars whom he had known could not speak with propriety in a common conversation, whereas among the French and Italians he had met with few learned men who did not talk with ease and elegance. The only three persons of his acquaintance among our own countrymen who expressed themselves in a manner which would have been pronounced excellent if every thing they uttered had been committed to writing, were Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Gower,* and Dr. Johnson. That his pupils might acquire the art of speaking with correctness and facility, he used to recommend them to get by heart a page of some English classic every morning, and the method was often attended with complete success. There is still the same disproportion as in his day between the extensive learning of the educated classes and their capability of imparting it. Great pains are taken at our schools and universities to obtain knowledge, but upon the mode of conveying it in a way which shall be pleasing and forcible, no pains are bestowed at all. It is as if years should be spent in collecting materials for the construction of a mighty edifice without any attempt to dispose them in an order which would secure beauty, strength, or convenience. Lord Chesterfield was forever impressing upon his son the necessity, if he wished to be listened to, of acquiring an elegant style

* He was Provost of Worcester College, Oxford.

and a good delivery. He appealed to the instances within his own experience of the applause which followed those who possessed these advantages, and of the uselessness without them of the most solid acquirements. Lord Townshend, he said, who invariably spoke with sound argument and abundant knowledge, was heard with impatience and ridicule, because his diction was always vulgar and frequently ungrammatical, his cadences false, and his voice inharmonious; whereas the Duke of Argyle, whose matter was flimsy, and his reasoning the weakest ever addressed to an intelligent assembly, "charmed, warmed, and ravished his audience," by a noble air, a melodious voice, a just emphasis, and a polished style. Lord Cowper and Sir William Wyndham prevailed chiefly by the same means. By his own account, Lord Chesterfield himself afforded an illustration of the truth of his position when he introduced his bill into the House of Lords for reforming the Calendar. He knew little of the matter, and resolved to supply the deficiency by well-rounded periods, and a careful delivery. "This," he continues, "succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them affirmed that I had made the whole very clear to them when, God knows, I had not even attempted it." Lord Macclesfield, who was a profound astronomer, followed, and with a perfect mastery of the subject, and with as much lucidity as the question permitted, furnished a real explanation of it, but, as his sentences were not so good as those of Lord Chesterfield, "the preference," says the latter, "was most unanimously though most unjustly given to me." Upon every occasion he had found, in like manner, that weight without lustre was lead.

The total inattention to this truth is not, therefore, a matter of inferior moment. Hundreds of ripe scholars are unable in consequence to bring their attainments to bear upon the understandings of those whom it is their business to inform. Unadorned sense, dry reasoning, a hard, flat, and colorless style make no impression except that of weariness. It is not only in Parliament and the pulpit that the faculty is required of rendering knowledge and argument attractive. Those who observe the effects upon the lower orders of bodily toil, must be sensible that their education, from the time they leave

school, will never be conducted in any marked degree through the medium of books. Their chief instruction must be oral, and in many parishes the clergy have adopted the practice of giving secular lectures, which succeed or fail in exact proportion as the lecturer is a proficient in the art of speaking. Tawdry bombast and low humor will, indeed, excite the admiration of unrefined rustics as well as the higher products of the intellect, but no learning, however abundant, ever commands the ears of these audiences, unless it is set off by some extrinsic charm. A gulf is left between the mind of the speaker and that of the hearer, and until this strait can be bridged, the long antecedent journey is more than half in vain. Nor need there be any fear that, if elocution and style were more cultivated, a torrent of tedious declamation would be let loose upon the world. Study, by improving taste, increases fastidiousness; and is rather calculated to check than to encourage an ill-timed loquacity. Clergymen and lawyers, at all events, are obliged by their calling to address public assemblies; and the sole question which remains to them is, whether they will do it well or ill.

The vulgar, said Lord Chesterfield, look upon a fine speaker as a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of heaven. He himself maintained that a good speaker was as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker, and that the two trades were equally to be learned by the same amount of application. In this there was some degree of exaggeration, but he was much nearer the truth than those who are deterred from every attempt to improve by the erroneous idea that unless the power is intuitive it never can be acquired. They might consider by what long repeated efforts a child learns to talk and read, or the years they pored over Greek and Latin before they gained a mastery over these tongues, and they would not infer, because they felt no inherent aptitude for speaking, that, therefore, nature had denied them the capacity. So much is it a matter of industry that, if any school-boy were asked to select the most conspicuous example of defects subdued and excellence attained by indefatigable perseverance, he would certainly name the first of orators. The most eloquent of Romans went through a training as severe as that of the illustri-

ous Greek, and if Demosthenes and Cicero found elaborate preparation essential to success, it is no wonder that lesser men should not be speakers before they have studied how to speak. Lord Chesterfield declares that he succeeded in Parliament simply by resolving to succeed. He early saw the importance of eloquence, and neglected nothing which could assist him to become a proficient in it. He conned carefully all the fine passages he met with in his reading; he translated from various languages into English; he attended to his style in the freest conversations and most familiar letters; he never allowed a word to fall from his lips which was not the best he could command! By these means he arrived at such an habitual accuracy that at last he said the pains would have been necessary to express himself inelegantly. A rapid review of the small band of preëminent speakers who have adorned our senate, which has been the chief school of eloquence, the bar producing far fewer orators than might have been expected, will lead to the conclusion, that however varied in detail may have been the methods by which men learned to clothe ready conceptions in ready language, laborious study has been common to them all. From Demosthenes downwards no one has become an adept in the art without a special adaptation of means to the end. Nothing more is wanting to enable the enlightened part of the community to bring their minds into closer contact with the uninstructed, and thus to elevate the lower orders by a potent influence which hitherto has been imperfectly exerted, than that they should have the self-confidence to believe that the education which formed the Chesterfields will not be thrown away upon themselves. Nature has not destined every one to be a Chatham or a Burke, but there are few persons of fair abilities who might not attain to the power of expressing good sense, and useful knowledge, in clear, flowing, and agreeable language.

The old oratory, unlike the old literature of England, is effete and out of date. It was pedantic in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In the great Rebellion, when the passions were roused to the utmost pitch, and it was employed to move the multitude as well as the senate, it might have been expected to assume a more modern and popular air. But the theological studies of the parliamentary lead-

ers gave the law to their eloquence. They framed their speeches upon the model of sermons, divided them into heads, and deadened inflammatory sentiments by a didactic style. The famous orations of Mr. Pym are read in our day with such intolerable weariness, that we wonder they could ever have been listened to with patience by any assembly, ignorant or educated. They are able no doubt, but cumbersome and dreary, and never before or since did enthusiasm find vent in such inanimate language. Though Lord Strafford spoke at his trial with genuine eloquence, it is almost a solitary specimen, and nobody dreams of reverting to the debates of that exciting time for grand sentiments expressed in burning words, or for maxims stamped in the mint which gives a perpetual currency to ideas. The style of speaking changed at the Restoration. The cavaliers were men of the world, who talked the language of the world. They flung aside that heavy scholastic garb which stifled sentiments instead of adorning them, and made a closer approximation to simplicity and nature. In the reign of Queen Anne parliamentary eloquence took much the same shape that it retains at present, as we can infer from casual specimens, and the descriptions of men in the next generation who had listened to it in their youth. Very little, however, has been preserved, and nearly the whole of that little is garbled and abridged. An imperfect abstract of the discussions in the Lords and Commons was commenced in 1711, in a publication called the "Political State of Great Britain;" but these epitomes merely aim at stating the opinions of the speakers, and make no pretense of preserving their language. Even of the opinions they were an untrustworthy indication, for they were compiled from the information of the door-keepers and subordinate officers of the Houses of Parliament. In 1736 Cave commenced a more elaborate system in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He employed persons to take notes by stealth, which were handed over to some author who used them as raw materials from which to manufacture finished speeches. Guthrie discharged the task till November, 1740, when it passed into the more powerful hands of Johnson. He relinquished it in February, 1743, and was succeeded by Hawkesworth, who carried on the process for near twenty years.

Whatever the debates may have gained by this method in importance, they lost in accuracy. The memoranda were merely used as heads upon which to enlarge, and we must look in the printed reports for the characteristics of Guthrie, Johnson, and Hawkesworth, and not of Pulteney, Pitt, and Chesterfield.

The reason why Cave employed authors to compose debates instead of short-hand writers to report them, was the refusal of the legislature to permit the public to be a party to its proceedings. No notes could be taken openly, and Cave was quickly warned by the Speaker of the House of Commons to desist from printing the discussions at all. He evaded the injunction by inserting them under fictitious names, and by various devices contrived to furnish his readers with a key. The interest which was felt in this portion of his magazine showed that the curiosity of the country was awakened. The debaters on their part were many of them eager for a larger audience, and speeches were often conveyed underhand to Cave by the authors themselves. The growing desire of those without to hear, and of those within to be heard, at last threw open the doors of both houses; the style of reporting became more and more exact, and though it was long in attaining to the habitual completeness which prevails at present, many of the greater efforts of the principal speakers were recorded towards the close of the last century with perfect precision.

The orators of the unreported parliaments were at very little disadvantage. The reputation of a debater is made much more by his hearers than by his readers. The politician who spells the newspaper over his breakfast reaches the conclusion of passages which drew forth "loud cheers" without experiencing the slightest emotion, and sarcasms which elicited "loud laughter" without being lured into the faintest smile. There are instances at this moment, as there always have been instances, of persons who are held in considerable estimation in both Houses, who have scarce any name with the country, and those who only know the efforts even of the most celebrated speakers through the medium of the printing-press are apt to wonder at their fame. If this is the case among contemporaries to whom the topics are matter of absorbing interest, how much more must the orator lose with

posterity when his subjects are obsolete, and appear as cold and repelling as the ashes of a fire which has burnt out. Notwithstanding that Pitt desired to have a speech of Lord Bolingbroke in preference to the most precious lost works of the ancients, we venture to think that after it had been glanced at from curiosity, it would be flung aside from disappointment. Lord Chesterfield, who had been among his auditors, applauds the "force and charm of his eloquence," and says that, "like Belial in Milton, 'he made the worse appear the better cause;'" but then the same authority bestows still stronger praise upon his writings, where we can form an estimate of the degree of justice in the panegyric. He considers that Cicero alone could compete with him in composition; and he asserts of the "Letters on Patriotism" that they are adorned with all the beauties of oratory, and that until he read them he "did not know the extent and powers of the English language." Burke, in the preface to his earliest work, the "Vindication of Natural Society," in which he imitated the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and ironically maintained his principles for the purpose of exposing them, is little less complimentary, and allows that his books were "justly admired for the rich variety of their imagery and the rapid torrent of an impetuous and overbearing eloquence."* It may be doubted whether Burke would have repeated this eulogy in maturer years, when he called him "a presumptuous and superficial writer," and said "that his works had not left any permanent impression on his mind." Nothing at any rate can be less rapid and impetuous than the manner of Lord Bolingbroke, which is in a singular degree slow and fatiguing, nor does any one revert to him now as "a model of eloquence" from which to learn the extent of the English tongue. He tediously unfolds his thinly scattered ideas in a long array of sounding sentences, and, though the diction is pure and harmonious, it is neither pointed nor

* Lord Chatham was another great admirer of Lord Bolingbroke, and said that his "Remarks on the History of England" should "almost be got by heart for the inimitable beauty of the style." Lord Grenville, in commenting upon this opinion, states the common judgment of our day, when he asserts that the style of the "Remarks" is "declamatory, diffusive, and involved, and deficient both in elegance and precision."

brilliant. His treatises have been consigned to a practical oblivion, because they are found to be nearly unreadable, and what Lord Chesterfield considered "the most splendid eloquence," appears in our age to be very little better than empty rhetoric. Since his speeches greatly resembled the productions of his pen, and were not considered to be the least superior by an admirable judge who was familiar with both, we may conclude that their preservation would have contributed little to our pleasure, and added nothing to the reputation of Bolingbroke. Whatever were his merits, he is an example on the side of Lord Stanhope's doctrine, for he told Lord Chesterfield that the whole secret of his style was the constant attention he paid to it in his youth. Declamation less polished than his, language less copious, and metaphors less appropriate, when set forth by a fine figure, voice, and elocution, would be highly imposing in delivery, and would call forth rapturous cheers. But his was the eloquence which is born of the occasion, and dies with the occasion, and this is the ordinary rule. There is not one of the great debaters who reached their zenith in the last century, with the exception of Burke, whose grandest displays appear to the reader of our day to warrant their renown. The politician may revert to the harangues of Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox. The speeches of Burke alone have become incorporated with the literature of our country. There is a system of compensation in fame as in greater things. If the oratory of each generation is neglected by succeeding times, there is no species of intellectual excellence which produces such an immediate return. While the speaker is in the very act of forming his sentences his triumph is reflected from the countenances of the auditors, and is sounded from their lips. He proceeds, animated at every step by the full chorus of applause, which only comes to other men in feeble echoes long delayed, and which are more often lost before they can reach the ear of him who is the subject of the praise.

The causes of the prodigious success of oratory spoken over oratory read are easy to be distinguished. When the contending forces are drawn out face to face in hostile array there is the excitement of a battle, and every blow which tells against the enemy is received with the same sort of exultation that soldiers feel when a

well-aimed shot rips up the ranks of the adversary, or blows up the magazine. The effect under these circumstances of a damaging reply arises as much from the state of mind of the auditors, as from the vigor of the retort. It is because the powder lights upon a heated surface that an explosion is produced, though, unless the powder was itself inflammable, the result could not ensue, and therefore the dust which is thrown by minor speakers falls feeble and harmless. The mere presence of numbers aids the impression even where the assembly is not split into parties, and no especial interest has been roused in advance on the question discussed. The speech which would be listened to calmly by half a dozen people will stir a multitude, and an observation will raise a laugh in public, which would not pass for a joke in private. But perhaps the most influential element of all is the delight which is derived from the real or apparently spontaneous production of appropriate thoughts in well-chosen language—in the exhibition of the feat of pouring out off-hand elaborate composition, and a connected series of apt ideas. The art is so remote from the common practice of mankind, that however often repeated it always excites the pleasure which arises from the manifestation of unusual power. Every great orator writes passages which he commits to memory, but it is a part of his science to blend the extemporaneous and the prepared portions into an indistinguishable whole, and were he by his clumsiness to betray the joints he would destroy the charm. The readers of a debate are no longer under the spell of this seeming facility. The language does not flow living to them from the lips of the speaker, and they judge it exactly as they would estimate the same quantity of printed matter by whatever means produced. In many cases in addition to the figure, the voice, the manner of the man contribute largely to give force and animation to his words. The famous saying of Demosthenes that action, which includes delivery, was the first, second, and third great requisite of an orator, is repeated and confirmed by Cicero, who calls it the principal accomplishment in speaking. He affirms that the highest excellence is nothing without it, and that with it mediocrity can often surpass the most gifted. In modern times preëminent powers have enabled a few to

dispense with it. The assertion that it sets off feeble matter is as true as ever. In every age there are speakers who owe nearly the whole of their success to their delivery.

Another predominant cause of the different impression which a speech produces in the closet from what it does when heard is to be found in the nature of the oratorical style. When Dr. Johnson furnished Boswell with materials for an address to a Committee of the House of Commons on an election petition he added: "This you must enlarge on. You must not argue there, as if you were arguing in the schools. You must say the same thing over and over again, in different words. If you say it but once, they miss it in a moment of inattention." The masters of eloquence have enforced the rule. Fox advised Sir Samuel Romilly, when about to sum up the evidence in Lord Melville's trial, "not to be afraid of repeating observations which were material, since it were better that some of the audience should observe it than that any should not understand." Though he himself was censured for the practice, he declared it to be his conviction, from long experience, that the system was right. Pitt urged a similar defense for the amplification which was thought by some to be a defect in his style. "Every person," he said, "who addressed a public assembly, and was anxious to make an impression upon particular points, must either be copious upon those points or repeat them, and that he preferred copiousness to repetition." Lord Brougham gives his testimony on the same side. The orator, he remarks, often feels that he could add strength to his composition by compression, but his hearers would then be unable to keep pace with him, and he is compelled to sacrifice conciseness to clearness. The Greeks appeared to shun every species of prolixity, which Lord Brougham justly considers to be an indication that they condensed their harangues when they committed them to writing. Burke shared the conviction that not even an Athenian audience could have followed the orations of Demosthenes, if he had uttered them in the concentrated form in which they have come down to us, and Cicero objects to the Greeks that they sometimes carried brevity to the point of obscurity. The expansion which is a merit at the moment

of delivery is turned to a defect when a speech is printed. What before was impressive seems now to be verbose, and the effect is diminished in much the same proportion that it was originally increased. It was for some such reason that Fox asserted that if a speech read well it was not a good speech.

Though the force and splendor of oratory is only limited by the powers of the human mind, and though some of its displays rival any thing which exists under any other form, less intrinsic excellence is required upon the whole to secure fame than in the productions of the pen. The balance is made up by the difficulty of pouring forth composition off-hand, which shall at least impose or sparkle at the moment. This facility is therefore the first requisite of the speaker, and in whatever qualities he is deficient, a want of readiness must not be one of them. Essays written and learnt by heart, however brilliant, have never of themselves procured much reputation for any debater in modern times. Until he has proved that he is equal to extempore efforts he is rather sneered at than applauded. The first Mr. Pitt, the earliest, since the time of Queen Anne, of the great orators of whom we have specimens sufficient to enable us to judge of his style, had been at small pains to qualify himself for his part in other particulars, but a perennial flow of parliamentary eloquence can no more exist without prompt language than without a tongue, and he had taken especial care to furnish his memory with a copious vocabulary. Lord Chesterfield asserts that he had very little political knowledge, that his matter was generally flimsy, and his arguments often weak. This is confirmed by Dr. King, who states that he was devoid of learning, unless it was a slight acquaintance with the Latin classics, and his sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, used to declare sarcastically—for being of the same haughty temperament they agreed, as Horace Walpole says, like two drops of fire—that the only book he had read was Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which drew from Burke the remark that whoever was master of Spenser "had a strong hold of the English language." But he had not trusted to the bright and romantic fancy of Spenser alone to supply him with the materials for contests so unlike the source from whence he fetched his aid. He studied the famous divines of

our Church, and especially Barrow, with the same view. Not only did he attain to a readiness which never failed him, and in the consciousness of power delighted to avail himself of any opportunity to reply, but according to Lord Chesterfield every word he employed was the most expressive that could be used. What remains of his eloquence would not bear out this last eulogium, but the reports are meager, and can not be trusted for more than an occasional fragment of which the vigor proves the accuracy. Nevertheless it is certain from contemporary accounts that, like all men who speak much, and trust to the inspiration of the hour, he sometimes made bad speeches, and would often interpose between his brighter sallies long passages of common-place rhetoric. A bold, brief, and pointed mode of expressing daring truths, sometimes by metaphor and sometimes by antithesis, is the characteristic of his most stirring appeals. He put what he had to say into the strongest words the English tongue would afford, and, possessing a spirit as dauntless as his language, the attempt to check him invariably drew from him an indignant and defiant repetition of the offense. Hence he was a terrible antagonist, who awed his opponents by the fierceness and courage of his invectives, and on popular questions roused enthusiasm by the short and vehement sentences in which he embodied the feverish passions of his hearers. It required the utmost energy of style to sustain the commanding tone he assumed, and he would have been ridiculous if he had not been sublime. Of his manner we can with difficulty form an idea from the descriptions which have come down to us, but all are agreed that every art of elocution and action aided his imposing figure and his eagle eye. So consummate was his gesture and delivery, that Horace Walpole often calls him "Old Garrick." This, as much as his command of language must have been the result of study, and well deserved it for the effect which it produced.

In 1766 Johnson announced to Langton that Burke, who had recently obtained a seat in Parliament, "had made two speeches in the House for repealing the Stamp Act, which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt, and had filled the town with wonder." This was the appropriate start of a man who, whether as a

statesman, a thinker, or an orator, was without an equal. Pitt and Fox were great, but Burke belongs to another order of beings, and ranks with the Shakespeares, the Bacons, and the Newtons. He was what he called Charles Townshend—"a prodigy"—and the conclusion of Moore, after reading the debates of the time, that his speeches, when compared with those of his ablest contemporaries, were "almost superhuman," must be shared by every one who adopts the same means of forming a judgment. Johnson said "he did not grudge his being the first man in the House of Commons, for he was the first man every where;" but the House of Commons was not composed of Johnsons, and when the novelty had worn off, they grew tired of his magnificent harangues. His manner was against him. Grattan, who heard him shortly after he had entered Parliament, and while he was yet listened to "with profound attention," and received the homage due to "acknowledged superiority," states that there was a total want of energy in his delivery, and of grace in his action. Later he was noted for frequent outbreaks of impetuosity bordering upon passion, but they rather conveyed the idea of irritability of temper than earnestness of feeling, and were thought no improvement upon the frigid tone of his early displays. His voice, which he never attempted to discipline, was harsh when he was calm, and when he was excited he often became so hoarse as to be hardly intelligible. But the main cause of the weariness he produced arose from his mode of treating his subject. Every man who has any opinions derived from deliberate investigation, unfolds them in the manner in which he himself arrived at them, and enforces the arguments which have carried conviction to his own understanding. Burke drew his conclusions from a wide survey of history and human nature—from enlarged principles, which looked far beyond the petty expedients and fitful passions of the hour. Upon this grand basis he founded his views of present policy. His hearers, on the contrary, were absorbed in the business of the moment, and were impatient of a process so circuitous, and so out of harmony with their own habits of thought. Whatever had not an immediate and obvious bearing upon the question before them, seemed foreign to the matter, and

carried the mind away from points on which it was fixed with eager interest to topics on which it felt no interest at all. His manner of expressing himself partook of the philosophic turn of his thoughts. However eloquent or imaginative, he never laid aside his didactic air; and not only tired his audience by his elaborate lessons in politics, but often seemed to them as if he was arrogating the authority of a master over his pupils. To such a degree was his method of expounding his ideas unsuited to the feelings which prevailed in the House of Commons, that Erskine crept under the benches to escape a speech which, when published, he thumbed to rags; and Pitt and Lord Grenville once consulted whether it was worth while to answer another of his famous harangues, and decided in the negative, though Lord Grenville read it afterwards with extreme admiration and delight, and held it to be one of his noblest efforts. The very circumstance which diminished the interest of his oratory when it was delivered adds to it now. The less it was confined to temporary topics, and the more it dealt in permanent principles, the greater its value to posterity. Those whose own horizon was bounded by party prejudices could not even perceive how vast was the reach of his vision in comparison with their own. The profligate Wilkes, who, in his popular time, was at best an ape mimicking the fierceness of the tiger, said, in the days when the pretended patriot had subsided into the sleek and docile placeman, that Burke had drawn his own character in that of Rousseau—"much splendid, brilliant eloquence, little solid wisdom." In our age the wisdom and the eloquence would be pronounced to be upon a par. They are both transcendent, and the world has never afforded a second example of their union in any thing like the same degree. His language was nervous, his sentences polished, his abundant metaphors grand and original. Though his style is never stilted, it has a rare majesty both in thought and expression. Occasionally he descends to phrases and images which are too homely for the general strain of his discourse; but these blots are not frequent. His commonest fault is rather a monotony of dignity, which wants the relief of passages dressed in a more familiar garb. He has the further defect of moving too slowly over

his ground. There is no repetition in his language, nor much tautology in his sentences. But he dwells long upon one idea, and reiterates it as a whole or in its parts under manifold forms. That speeches so finished and elaborate, and abounding in eloquence of unrivaled magnificence, should have been the product of infinite pains, requires no other proof than is supplied by the speeches themselves. But the immense labor which he bestowed upon all he did was his constant boast. He disclaimed superior talent, and always appealed to his superior industry. Gibbon testifies that he published his great orations as he delivered them, which is only another mode of saying that he prepared his addresses to the House of Commons with no less care than he prepared his pamphlets for the printer. By this incessant labor he could at last soar at any moment to his highest elevation, as though it had been his natural level. "His very answers," says Horace Walpole, "that had sprung from what had fallen from others, were so pointed and artfully arranged that they wore the appearance of study." His innate genius was undoubtedly wonderful, but he improved it to the uttermost. By reading and observation he fed his rich imagination; to books he owed his vast and varied knowledge; from his extensive acquaintance with literature he derived his inexhaustible command of words; through his habits of severe thought he was enabled to draw the inferences which have won for him the renown of being the most sagacious of politicians; and by the incessant practice of composition he learnt to embody his conclusions in a style more grandly beautiful than has ever been reached by any other Englishman with either the tongue or the pen.

Conversation Sharpe relates to Mr. Fox that he sometimes put the arguments of his adversaries in such an advantageous light that his friends were alarmed lest he should fail to answer them. To state one by one the arguments of the opposition, and one by one to reply to them, was the characteristic of his speaking, and without the aid of this text upon which to hang his comments he could make little progress. His opening speeches were almost always bad. Until he got warmed with his subject he hesitated and stammered, and he often continued for long together in a tame and common-place strain. Even

in his highest flights he indulged in incessant repetitions, was negligent in his language, and was neither polished nor exact in his style. Notwithstanding these defects he exercised a prodigious influence over his hearers. "He forgot himself," says Sir James Mackintosh, "and every thing around him. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and convictions." There is nothing in his finest passages which would seem to answer to this description, for to the calm eye of the reader they are marred by the want of condensation and finish, and their faults are perhaps more conspicuous than their beauties. But if his speeches are considered with reference to the influence they might exert when delivered with vehemence to partisans who were excited upon the topics of which they treat, and who would only slightly remark during the rapidity of utterance the negligence which reigns throughout his best declamation, it is easy to understand the impression they made. There is a rough vigor and animation in his phraseology, a force or plausibility in his reasoning, and a fertility in his counter arguments which would be highly effective whilst the contest raged. Of all the celebrated orators of his generation he was the one who composed the least, and it is precisely on this account that he is the one whose speeches betray the greatest carelessness. His arguments, on the contrary, must have been carefully meditated, and as in reflecting on them the manner in which they could be rendered most telling must have constituted part of the process, even the expressions themselves must have been in some respects prepared. Far from being an instance to encourage indolence, his example confirms the proposition that no powers can enable men to dispense with industry, since the particular in which he took less pains than his compeers was also the point in which he was most defective. He had not the teeming knowledge, the enlarged views, the prophetic vision, the exuberant imagination, or the lofty eloquence of Burke; but he surpassed him as a party leader, or at least as a party debater, chiefly because he kept to the topics of the hour. His were not the grand strategic movements of which few had the patience to await the issue. They were close hand-to-hand fights with the adver-

saries in his front, and hence much of the interest which attended them then, and the faint impression they produce by comparison at present.

The late Lord Stanhope asked Pitt by what method he acquired his readiness of speech, and Pitt replied that it was very much due to a practice, enjoined on him by his father, of reading a book in some foreign language, turning it into English as he went along, and pausing when he was at a loss for a fitting word until the right expression came. He had often to stop at first, but grew fluent by degrees, and in consequence had never to stop when he afterwards entered into public life. This is the example adduced by Lord Stanhope to show the students of the Aberdeen University the necessity of training, and the means by which success is obtained. Lord Chatham brought up his son to be an orator, and the reason he came forth a consummate speaker in his youth was that he had been learning the lesson from boyhood. None of the negligence of Fox was apparent in him. His sentences, which fell from him as easily as if he had been talking, were as finished as if they had been penned. They were stately, flowing, and harmonious, kept up throughout to the same level, and set off by a fine voice and a dignified bearing. But it must be confessed that there is a large measure of truth in the criticism that he spoke "a state-paper style." Though the language is sonorous, pure, and perspicuous, and though it perfectly defines the ideas he intended to convey, it is wanting in fire, and those peculiar felicities which arrest attention, and call forth admiration. In our opinion he was greater as a minister than as an orator, if his speeches are to be judged as literary compositions, and not solely for their adaptation to a temporary purpose, which they most effectually served. His father was less equal, and his manner indeed entirely different from that of his son, but in the energy and picturesqueness of his brightest flashes Lord Chatham was superior to Mr. Pitt as Mr. Pitt was superior to Lord Chatham in argument and the knowledge of politics and finance.

Sheridan as an orator was very inferior to the persons with whom his name is usually associated. His taste was radically vicious. His favorite sentiments were claptrap, his favorite phraseology tinsel. The florid rhetoric, the apostro-

phes, and the invocations which imposed upon his listeners, appear now to be only fit to be addressed to the galleries by some hero of a melo-drama. Burke said of his speech on the Begums in Westminster Hall, at the impeachment of Warren Hastings: "That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either." Moore had the short-hand writer's report, and though his own taste at that time was sufficiently Oriental, he pronounced it to "be trashy bombast." There is occasionally in Sheridan a fine image or a splendid sentence, but his most highly-wrought passages belong in general to the class of the false sublime. Such as he was, however, he became entirely by unremitting exertion. He never, Moore says, made a speech of any moment of which a sketch was not found in his papers, with the showy parts written two or three times over. The minutest points had been carefully considered, and he marked the precise place in which what he meant to seem the involuntary exclamation, "Good God, Mr. Speaker," was to be introduced. This preparation he continued to the last. He never, in truth, acquired readiness by practice. Both Sir Samuel Romilly and Dugald Stewart said that his transitions from his learnt declamation to his extempore statements were perceptible to every body. From his inability to keep for an instant on the wing there was no gradation, and he suddenly dropped from tropes and rhetoric into a style that was singularly bald and lax. His wit, which was his chief excellence, was equally known to have been studied in the closet even before Moore printed from his papers the several forms through which many of his sarcastic pleasantries had passed from their first germ to the last edition which he produced in public. Pitt in replying to him spoke of his "hoarded repartees and matured jests." Every person who has been upon the stage remains more or less an actor when he is off it. Sheridan, the son of a player, and himself a dramatist and the manager of a theater, had contracted this habit, and carried to charlatantry his vain attempts to conceal his labored preparation. In one of his speeches on the trial of Warren Hastings, when Mr. M. A. Taylor, who was to read the minutes referred to in the argument, asked him for the papers, he said he had omitted to bring them. "But he would abuse Ned Law, ridicule Plumer's

long orations, make the court laugh, please the women, and get triumphantly through the whole." The Lord Chancellor, as he proceeded, insisted that the minutes should be read. A general cry of inquiry was raised for Mr. Sheridan's bag. Fox, alarmed lest the want of it should be the ruin of the speech, eagerly demanded of Mr. Taylor the cause of the mistake, and Taylor whispered to him: "The man has no bag." The whole scene according to Moore was a contrivance of Sheridan to raise surprise at the readiness of his resources, notwithstanding that he had shut himself up at Wanstead to elaborate this very oration, and wrote and read so hard that he complained at evenings that he had moles before his eyes. The fate which attended the attempt was just what might have been foreseen. The man who could feel it necessary upon such a point to contrive an elaborate piece of dramatic deception could never personate his part with sufficient perfection to deceive.

Sir James Mackintosh remarked, "that the true light in which to consider speaking in the House of Commons was as an animated conversation on public business, and that it was rare for any speech to succeed which was raised on any other basis." Canning joined in this opinion. He said that the House was a business assembly, and that the debates must conform to its predominant character; that it was particularly jealous of ornament and declamation, and that if they were employed at all, must seem to spring naturally out of the subject. This preponderance of the business element had been of gradual growth. In the time of Lord Chatham the discussions turned much upon personalities and abstract sentiments, and were compared by Burke to the loose discussions of a vestry meeting or a debating-club. A more extensive knowledge of the minutiae of a question was required during the reign of Pitt and Fox, but far less than was demanded in the time of Canning and Brougham. Canning is an evidence that wit and eloquence may find a full exercise in the exposition of facts, and in reasoning upon details, as well as in vague and superficial generalities. His style was lighter than that of Pitt, and his language more elegant, disclosing in its greater felicity his more intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature. His graceful composition would have enlivened any

topic even if his satirical pleasantry had been less bright and abundant. The point in which he fell below the highest orators was in his declamatory passages, which are somewhat deficient in that robustness and power, that grandeur and magnificence, which thrill through the mind. The effect of his speaking was even diminished by the excess to which he carried his painstaking, by the evident elaboration of every word he uttered, by the over-fastidiousness which prevented his forgetting in his subject his care for the garb in which he clothed it. He needed a little more of that last art by which art is concealed; but what intense application did not enable him to reach would certainly not have been gained through indolence, except by the sacrifice of all the merits which have rendered him famous.

Lord Brougham, who comes next in this line of illustrious orators, whom we have named in a chronological series, has, like Cicero, discoursed largely upon his art; and not Cicero himself has insisted more strenuously upon the absolute necessity of incessant study of the best models, and the diligent use of the pen. His speeches, a selection from which, in two volumes, has been recently published, are an evidence that he has done both in his own person. His familiarity with Demosthenes is attested by his imitation of some of his noblest passages; and he is generally understood to have written several of his celebrated perorations again and again. No man has spoken more frequently off-hand, or has had a more inexhaustible supply of language, knowledge, and sarcasm at command. He, if any one, might have been supposed capable of dispensing with the preparation he has practiced and enforced; and we could desire no stronger illustration of the eternal truth, that excellence and labor are never disjoined. In the speeches of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Canning, we seek in vain for specimens of oratory which, when separated from the context, would give an adequate idea of their powers, and do justice to their renown. Their most perfect pages would disappoint those whose opinion of their genius is chiefly derived from traditional fame. In the case of Lord Brougham, the best panegyric of his highest eloquence is to transcribe it. It is thus that he winds up his speech on Law Reform in 1828 :

"You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him condemn the fickleness of Fortune, while in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast: 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand!' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a law-giver whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the Reign. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler will be the Sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!"

Nobody needs to be told that this conclusion must have been labored, in advance, because it is not within the compass of human intellect to have sustained the antithesis in language so felicitous and condensed by any extempore effort. An ordinary speaker may approach the greatest in his middle strain. The test of genius is in flights like this, which, as with the fine parts of Milton, soar to a height that lesser masters can not approach. To an example of a prepared peroration we add one which must have been inspired at the moment, since it was in answer to an argument used in the course of the debate, and which was hardly of a nature to have been foreseen. The subject was the Eastern Slave Trade, and the date of the discussion was 1838 :

"But I am told to be of good courage, and not to despond. I am bid to look at the influence of public opinion—the watchfulness of the press—the unceasing efforts of all the societies—the jealous vigilance of Parliament. Trust, say the friends of this abominable measure, trust to the force which gained the former triumph. Expect some Clarkson to arise, mighty in the powers of persevering philanthropy, with the piety of a saint, and the courage of a martyr—hope for some second Wilberforce who shall cast away all ambition but that of doing good, scorn all power but that of relieving his fellow-creatures, and reserving for mankind what others give up to party, know no vocation but that blessed work of furthering justice and free-

ing the slave—reckon upon once more seeing a government like that of 1806—alas! how different from any we now witness!—formed of men who deemed no work of humanity below their care or alien to their nature, and resolved to fulfill their high destiny, beard the Court, confront the Peers, condemn the Planters, and in despite of planter and peer and prince, crush the foreign traffic with one hand, while they gave up the staff of power with the other, rather than be patrons of intolerance at home. I make for answer, if it please you—No. I will not suffer the upas-tree to be transplanted on the chance of its not thriving in an ungenial soil, and in the hope that, after it shall be found to blight with death all beneath its shade, my arm may be found strong enough to wield the axe which shall lay it low."

Cicero says that, as a boat, when the rowers rest upon their oars, continues to move by the previous impulse in the same direction, so in a speech which has been in part composed, the extemporaneous portion proceeds in the same strain from the influence of the high-wrought declamation which has gone before. This extract from Lord Brougham is both an example of the truth of Cicero's observation, and of the pitch to which unprepared eloquence may rise. Marvelous under any circumstances, it would be absolutely miraculous if extraordinary industry did not conspire with extraordinary talent to produce the result. Orators are not made by the talk of the nurse, and it would indeed be strange if passages which are surpassed by nothing in the English language could have been conceived without the study and practice of that composition of which they are such noble specimens.

Lord Brougham states, in his "Discourse on Natural Theology," that though the body begins to decline after thirty, the mind improves rapidly from thirty to fifty, and suffers no decay till past seventy in the generality of men, while in some it continues unimpaired till eighty or ninety. Of such persons there have been more than

an ordinary number in the present day; and Lord Brougham, who himself is one of them, may thus be said to have flourished in two generations. Of the speakers who belong exclusively to a later period than that of Canning, we shall not touch here; but we venture to express our belief that, when the circumstances which have formed Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone are known, it will be found that these two orators, confessedly without a rival among the men of their own standing, have attained to excellence by the same methods as their predecessors. If they have not surpassed their forerunners by doing without effort what their precursors could only effect with diligence, as little can we admit that they fall behind them. Persons who have been thrilled and charmed by their oratory, and who are loud in its praise, yet share the notion, which is founded upon nothing, that the exhibitions of Pitt and Fox were finer still. Burke, in conformity with this hereditary delusion, spoke of that very age as of an age of mediocrity; we speak of it as of an age of giants. Every era is thus unduly depressed while it is passing, and is sometimes unduly elevated when it is past. Nearly all mankind, in this respect, adopt the language of Nestor, or even believe, with the old Count in "Gil Blas," that the peaches were much larger in their youth. But let those who are not imposed on by names read a speech or two of Pitt and Fox, and when fresh from the task, listen to an oration, upon an equal occasion, of Lord Derby in the House of Lords, or of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and they will, we are confident, be ready to confess that eloquence in England is not yet upon the decline. The real improvement required is, that the men who have entirely neglected the art should endeavor to repair a deficiency which deprives their knowledge of its utility by destroying its charm.

From Titan.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

ALL the world worships Beauty.

The infant exhibits unmistakable, though inarticulate delight, on perceiving certain motions or sounds, and is attracted by any bright color or dazzling glitter, be it of the costly jewel or gew-gaw, the painted daub, or the marvel of art, flower, or star.

The young man, when "she comes whom God sends," finds the whole face of things more lovely, nay, glorified for *her* sake—beauty, "amid all beauty beautiful," having made for itself a silence in his heart.

The old man, after gazing in silent wonder on the setting sun, speaks kindly to those merry children who have been gathering buttercups and daisies. His thoughts wander away and dwell with a lingering fondness on "the days that are no more;" and, as he gives the little ones his blessing, the subdued sweetness which beams from his face tells that a chastened heart is filled with the "beauty of holiness."

As the education of heart and head advances—every object, person, book, experience, environment, or influence to which we are subjected, being an education of the truest kind—our sympathies with Nature widen and deepen; while we become more eclectic and fastidious in matters which relate to Art. The sum of our admiration for artistic creations, however, is increased; for, what before was vague and spread over a wide surface, is concentrated and intensified on the few works in each department found truly worthy, till these become well-springs of beauty to the soul.

Education, truly speaking, is the work of a lifetime. Exposed to every diversity of influence, the mind can not remain stationary; if we do not advance, we re-

trograde. The school or university ought to furnish us with a method of study—how best to lead out, or evolve, whatever is noblest or highest in our nature. Self-culture is but the continuation—the legitimate application and use of the method acquired. Our whole life is a training—it ought to be a perfecting—for "spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues." Self-education neglected, man wrongs that which is peculiarly *HIMSELF*.

Many talk and think of an education being completed, or "finished," when certain preliminary courses have been gone through. It is not the term to which we object, but a prevalent misconception in some minds as to the thing itself.

Others there are, who, duly appreciating its importance, and attracted by

"Nature's loveliest looks,
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,"

on surveying the vastness of the field of inquiry, and the infinite variety of processes and influences which go to the formation of a richly-stored mind, a cultivated taste, and a well-balanced intellect, feel for a time bewildered and disheartened, and are at a loss where or how to begin. Between these two extremes there is also every variety of mind.

Recognizing Christianity, in an unsectarian sense, as the basis and completion, the alpha and the omega, of all social order and progress, and of all successful intellectual effort, we shall endeavor, in the following pages, to throw out hints which may be suggestive and useful in such cases as those we have indicated, for the attainment of a higher moral and intellectual sphere.

Love, Truth, and Beauty preëminently possessing

"A metropolitan temple in the hearts
Of mightiest poets"—

we believe, that by the study of the Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life, aided, in our perception, by the insight—the

* *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life*. By Andrew James Symington. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 446 and 322 pp. London. Longman & Co.

"faculty divine" of the great in all ages, "with exquisite regard for common things," ever seeing

"The parts
As parts, but with a feeling of the whole,"
many, as Spenser sings, may

"Lift themselves up hyer,
And learn to love with zealous humble duty
The eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty."

Few subjects have possessed a like fascination, or called forth more varied theories and opinions from thinkers of all ages, than the investigation of those laws which relate to the nature of Absolute Beauty. Involving, as it does, metaphysics and physics, the cosmos without and the cosmos within, their mutual action and reaction on each other, and the intimate relation of all to God, it is not to be wondered that many widely different speculations should be hazarded in such a field. Hence errors and truth are often found strangely jumbled together: errors similar to those exhibited in some curious old picture-maps of the fifteenth century, wherein islands and continents change places, and outlines of countries undergo modifications which, save for their printed names, render them almost beyond recognition; and truth, only wrong, it may be, in making that which is predicable of a part, apply to the whole.

John Howe, in his "Epistle Dedicatory" to "Thoughtfulness for the Morrow," finely says, "That is not philosophy which is professed by this or that sect, but that which is true of all sects; so, nor do I take that to be religion which is peculiar to this or that party of Christians, (many of whom are too apt to say, here is Christ and there is Christ, as if he were divided,) but that which is according to the mind of God among them all."

Aiming at catholicity, *in our sphere*, we are too catholic to suppose we have attained it, or that it is attainable; and, for this reason, we can bear with the frequent idiosyncrasies of those who imagine they have most of it.

Beauty has been viewed in so many varied lights, that the saying, "There are no rules for taste," has become a common mode of accounting for all æsthetic differences. It is, however, true that, if a given number of educated men be called upon to decide, a large proportion of them will agree in pronouncing certain objects

beautiful: though perhaps no two individuals have arrived at this conclusion by exactly the same process—be it analysis or synthesis—conducted laboriously, or precipitated at the moment, so as to resemble intuition; for, as Shakspeare hath it "Grace is grace, spite of all controversy!"

We have here, as it were, the converse of the story of Cinderella: she is present with us in all her enchanting loveliness; but her glass slipper is not yet found. Countless others are vainly tried; but all are either so clumsy that she shakes them off, or so small—belonging to children—that she can only thrust her toes into them and smile. Meanwhile, she patiently waits for her own; knowing, from the good fairy, that the missing one is safe, and already on the way.

To define what Absolute Beauty *is*, would, as Plato affirms of the soul, "in every way require a divine and lengthened exposition to tell;" though we are delighted to recognize its manifestations, and much may be lovingly affirmed of it. We would apply the words of the same great thinker—in which Socrates answers Phædrus regarding his belief in the fabulous monsters—to those systems which have attempted to do so *without any positive basis*; first premising that we mean no disparagement to

"The noble living and the noble dead,"

nor to their admirable efforts, failing only where failure is incident to humanity, and consequently not inglorious. "But I," says he, "for my part, Phædrus, consider such things as pretty enough, but as the province of a very curious, painstaking, and not very happy man; and for no other reason than this, that after this he must set us right as to the form of Hippocentaurs, and then as to that of the Chimæra; besides, there pours in upon him a crowd of similar monsters, Gorgons and Pegasus, and other monstrous creatures, incredible in number and absurdity, which, if any one were to disbelieve and endeavor to reconcile each with probability, employing for this purpose a kind of vulgar cleverness, he will stand in need of abundant leisure. But I have not leisure at all for such matters; and the cause of it, my friend, is this; I am not yet able, according to the Delphic precept, to know myself."

A spirit of inquiry into the phenomena of Nature—a tendency to generalize—to-

gether with unsatisfactory yet ever renewed attempts to solve those deeper all-perplexing mysteries of the soul—characterize humanity, and have manifested themselves under various phases in every age of the world.

Ever desiring to enlarge his horizon, man seeks to pass from the known to the unknown; would fain lift the veil from the future, court intercourse with the spirit-world, and eagerly engage in the pursuit of knowledge solely to increase his power. Hence the Sphinx riddle, the veiled statue of Sais, charms, omens, divinations, and in later times, the alchymic lore of the middle ages.

The moon, we are told, always presents the same side to us, and the other must remain concealed from our view, excepting the small portion of its edge revealed now and again by its libration. "So," it has been beautifully observed by Humboldt, "in the intellectual world, where, in the domain of deep research into the mysteries and primeval creative forces of nature, there are regions similarly turned away from us, and apparently unattainable, of which only a narrow margin has revealed itself for thousands of years to the human mind, appearing from time to time, either glimmering in true or delusive light."

In such researches, more has often been gained by the way, than the devoted student, in his most sanguine moods, ever imagined he would attain, even at the purposed phantom goal. For that which hitherto was vague assumes definite form; facts and data accumulate, affording a surer basis for scientific theory. Hence, in our age, Humboldt has been enabled, in a physical point of view, to construct in broad outlines, by bold and striking generalizations, a Mercator's Projection of the Universe, from his knowledge of minute detail. The field is ever widening under the searchings of the telescope and microscope; nor is there any reason to believe that its wonders will ever be exhausted.

In metaphysical studies, if we earnestly advance far enough, we complete a circle, yet bring much along with us, and ought to be "wiser and better." Intellectual gymnastics are useful in their way, and afterwards enable us to value all the more child-like simplicity, and listen more readily to the voice of the heart. Progress is in the nature of things, and truly sings the poet:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

From auguries, we have physiology; from astrology, astronomy; and from alchemy, chemistry. "It is curious," says Professor Longfellow, "to note the old sea-margins of human thought; each subsiding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves."

Strange to find chemistry, after being long separated, again, in the present day, coming to the aid of astronomy, telling us whether yon distant orb shines by its own or borrowed light, and also revealing the character of its atmosphere.* This novel and interesting application of the prism recalls that fine description of Newton's statue at Cambridge, in "The Prelude;" we see the great philosopher standing,

"With his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone."

The direction in which great discoveries will be made during the next half-century seems to be already indicated. Extensive observations are being made on the magnetic currents of the earth. The researches of Baron Reichenbach lead us to inquire how far we ourselves are influenced by these. It is known that electric fluids course the nerves and brain; that the double fibers of the nervous system are positive and negative; and Humboldt attests to the fact of the magnetic needle being deflected at will, first in one direction, and then in another, by the life-forces of the human body—a copper wire being employed as the conducting medium.

Mesmerism has ever and anon made its appearance from the times of the Egyptian priests† to the present day, in

* Arago's experiments on the polarization of light, and later, those by Sir David Brewster, exhibiting the modification of the spectrum when a ray of light is passed through a gaseous medium. See Professor Graham's "Elements of Chemistry," 2d edition, p. 106.

† According to Ovid, Mercury mesmerized Argus before cutting off his head, the process of putting him to sleep by passes being minutely described. The passage will be found in the first book of the "Metamorphosis," and in this connection is worthy of being examined.

spite of the imposture and clap-trap often mixed up with it. Lunatics are so called from the supposed influence of the moon on the tides of the soul.

"There are errors," said Coleridge, "which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon."

From these remarks it will be seen that the connection of mind with matter is a subject upon which very little is at present known, though the relation between them is close and intimate.* We speak only of the *modus operandi*, for, of essences or *noumena*, things in and for themselves, we are entirely ignorant; the name of a *simple*, sealed with a "hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther," being a mere word—a mask for our ignorance; nor can we ever be certain that we have even got thus far.

From such investigations the horizon ever recedes, till, weary with the idea of infinitude, we take refuge in a child-like faith, willing to apprehend much that we can not comprehend, and believing that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

It is a clear day in early spring. As we write, we listen to Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor, rendered on the piano-forte in an adjoining chamber. What earnest tenderness, passionate grace, simple loveliness! How elaborately rich in strange beautiful combinations, wild surprises, and bold, gorgeous, massive harmonies! The bright sunlight, too, is now streaming into the room, and the lively shadows of little birds, perched on the elder-tree at our window, unconsciously fall, dark and distinct, curiously fluttering on the book ranges of our library. How they indiscriminately hover, crowd and flit, as if denizens of all ages and climes! From Plato to Ruskin—from Humboldt to Bacon and Aristotle—now resting lovingly on Chaucer, Cowper, and Wordsworth—then visiting Nineveh, Egypt, Petra, or the Indies. Now the shadows light upon Homer, Dante, and Milton, and back again to Shakspeare, who in his Stratford edition is ranged above them all. How wantonly they pass over the tomes of

Sir Thomas Browne, Marco Polo, the loving and exuberant Jean Paul, and sundry collections of old ballads, "Cock Robin" being of the number! The songsters seek not to know aught of Mozart, though he knew much of them; and they display like interest in the Knight of La Mancha, or Lane's "Thousand and One Nights," in its bright scarlet binding, with Arabic characters and golden blazonry of shields and spears! They are not spelled by Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, or the immortal "Pilgrim;" nor have first editions any attractions for them. Euclid, Euler, Newton, or La Place, are blank as the others, and suggest simply—nothing. They seem capriciously gay with "The Dance of Death;" and ere the whole of a sudden take flight, for fresher woods and new prospects, amorously con the white-labeled title of his "Jest Book!"

Happy birds! "Sweet joy befall you!" The magnetic needle of the soul, in its dip and inclination, indicates that in like manner there may be regions of mystery, ever on before—potent influences and worlds of wonder within ourselves, and around us on every side, of which we are as utterly unconscious as ye are of the rules of counterpoint, without which ye warble so sweetly; or of the fact, or import, of that lore upon which your shadows so transiently rested, while we are almost as ignorant of yours!

In forming hypotheses, the mind first projects theories, and then refers to Nature for corroboration of their truth. Some of them she confirms, others she allows to fall; while again, from the evidence of her facts, new theories are constructed, which in like manner bide their time—stand, fall, are corrected or adjusted—as they happen to be in accordance with her all-truthfulness.

But nature has many voices and languages, many of which, as yet, we only imperfectly understand; and many more of which we are entirely ignorant. In reply to our questionings, her answers are often as dark and unintelligible as Nimrod's words in that lost and unknown tongue which Dante, in the misty twilight, heard resounding through the Inferno. Ever from time to time we continue to question her, and wait till the interpreters shall arise.

Though theories thus shift and oscillate, we do not therefore set aside Law; on the contrary, we believe that it admits

* See Sir Henry Holland's Chapters on "Mental Physiology," Sir Benjamin Brodie's "Psychological Inquiries," and Laycock's "Functions of the Brain," particularly the first of these.

of—nay, includes in its essence—the greatest and only true freedom, that

“Liberty is duty,
Not license. Every pulse that beats
At the glad summons of imperious beauty
Obeys a law; the very cloud that floats
Along the dead green surface of the hill
Is ruled and scattered by a God-like will.”

The many mysteries, and even the seeming irregularities which surround us on every side, and which we can neither fathom nor explain, are yet, we are bound to believe, perfect and delicate adjustments, completing the universal harmony, and, no doubt, appear such to higher intelligences. As in the case of Uranus and the planet Neptune, these very perturbations may lead to discoveries of new truths in the orbit of thought. With other instruments and appliances at command—advanced knowledge in regard to the conditions of mind and matter, and, above all, with the outpouring and indwelling of God's Holy Spirit—we may look for the consequent advancement of all science, and attain to a more perfect knowledge of this beautiful cosmos; viewing Nature, by the aids of the arts and sciences, as one harmonious whole, and assigning to each its relative value and position. “I had rather believe,” says Lord Bacon, “all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion—that is the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus: for it is a thousand times more creditable that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal.”

Unaided reason can never yield satis-

factory results to the soul. Its fairest apples become dust and ashes in the mouth. It ever moves, as it were, in circles which widen rather than progress; and metaphysics *per se* might not inadequately be symbolized by an antique gem, which we remember somewhere to have seen, representing the tortures of Sisyphus, Ixion, and Tantalus!

But based on positive science and illuminated by revelation, which is the perfection, and as it were the continuation, of reason—nay, the very lenses of the telescope—man may, even in time, hope so far to resolve the nebule into starry truths, and to take cognizance of harmonies, correspondences, and unities—

“Of whose being tidings never yet
Have reached this nether world.”

In the beautiful and significant words of George Herbert, “Man,” created in the image of God, “is every thing and more—he is in little all the sphere;”—in a sense, not figurative but literally true, he is a microcosm; an important fact, of which science is ever, from day to day, obtaining fresh corroborations and clearer views. Recognized as such, and deciphered accordingly, humanity itself may yet prove the rosetta-stone of the universe, its trilingual inscription opening up to us other and wider fields of the Beautiful; enabling us to feel its influence for good with greater intensity, and, at the same time, elevating all our perceptions to a higher and nobler range—higher both in kind and in degree. Truly, O Lord! “with thee is the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light!”

Herbert's lines are:

“Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother:
For head with foot hath private amity;
And both, with moons and tides.
* * * * *

“For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains
flow.

Nothing we see but means our good:
As our delight, or as our treasure.
The whole is either our cupboard of food,
Or cabinet of pleasure.

“The stars have us to bed;
Night draws the curtain; which the sun with-
draws.

Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind,
In their descent and being; to our mind,
In their ascent and cause.

* * * * *
"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of: In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend
him,
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

"Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built; oh! dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then, afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve
thee,
And both thy servants be."

(AUTHOR'S) CONCLUSION.

We have now, however imperfectly,
accomplished the task which we pre-
scribed to ourselves in undertaking this
work.

We have endeavored to show *seriatim*,
as well as throughout the various divi-
sions:

God the grand Primal Source of all
Beauty or Perfection;

The Mind of man, and outward Na-

ture, both governed by *positive* laws, the
free operation of which results in Beauty;

That man, in accordance with these
all-pervading laws, appropriates and sub-
ordinates the outward for the expression
of the inward, the material for the spirit-
ual, in the creation of beauty; this being
the very highest function of Art, as means
to an end; for

"Art is much, but love is more;
Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God,
And makes heaven."

And in the last portion—newly sum-
med up—we have shown that man, ori-
ginally made upright, fell from his high
estate, sin marring the fair music, and
thereby dimming his perceptions of the
Beautiful; that harmony has again been
restored by the atoning death of our
Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; he, who
is thus the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
being verily God manifest in the flesh, the
great Teacher and Example, "full of wis-
dom and perfect in beauty."

Life therefore can only be beautiful as
it approaches the Christ-like or God-like;
for LOVE is LIGHT: Truth, Beauty, and
Goodness being the three primitive col-
ors of the million-colored bow which sur-
rounds the Throne of the ETERNAL.

From the Critic.

THE RETURN.

Coming home! coming home!

She I love is coming home!
Surges round your purple islands
Gently murmur this glad saying;
Foam-white breakers wildly playing
With the dark rocks, bear this saying;
From each glistening cape and summit
Echoed on and echoed ever,
Passed from loch and ocean,
Passed to gleaming river—
Thence through weary leagues of land,
Rolled from crags to crags that stand
Muffled in their heathery hoods,
Girt with golden autumn hoods;
Ever on through sea and land,
Ever on, till here it rings,
And this loving heart is shaken

With a joying, wild pulsation—
With a mighty, glad pulsation.

She I love is coming home!

Let the clouds old winter storeth
Closer cling and darker frown;
Higher let the white foam dash
On the crags so bare and brown;
Over waste and wold and heath,
With a wild tumultuous hurry
Let the tempest drive and skurry,
Till the casements creak and rattle,
And the naked woodlands shiver—
Here, this long-lone heart is calm,
Sunshine here forever!

J. J. BRITTON.

* "Aurora Leigh," p. 392.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.*

It is more than ten years since Signor Giudici published his valuable "History of Italian Literature." The present edition has been, however, so carefully revised and enlarged, that it may almost be considered as an original publication. The work is divided into two portions, the first of which comprehends all the writers to whom the framing of the Italian language is due. This period closes with the death of Lorenzo de' Medici; the second period embraces what Signor Giudici styles the literature of perfection, and comprises all those names which have worthily illustrated Italian literature down to the present century. By far the larger portion of the work is devoted to the first division of the subject, on which Signor Giudici has brought to bear a large amount of sound judgment and clear insight. The field over which his researches extend is, however, so vast that it will be impossible within the limits of a review to do more than attempt some exposition of the author's theory respecting the origin and development of the Italian language down to the period when the seal of perfection was impressed upon it by the great father of the Etruscan verse.

The opening chapters of Signor Giudici's history are of so philosophic a character, that not a little patient attention and reflection are required to enable the reader to master them. Should he, however, be inclined to escape the task, we would remind him that the history of the literature of modern Europe can not be rightly understood without a full comprehension of the questions of which these chapters treat. Signor Giudici commences by observing that it is a mistake to suppose that the irruption of the barbarians was the sole, or indeed the principal, cause of the overthrow of Roman civilization, or of the miserable decay of literature, which resulted in great degree from internal and

external causes, originating in the moral and political condition of the conquered people. Although liberty had seemed to be trodden under foot by Augustus and his successors, it was weakened and modified rather than utterly extinguished. For a long period the emperors made a feint of obeying the laws of which they professed to be the administrators; and it was the gradual introduction by them of Asiatic manners, habits, and modes of thought, which really paved the way for the destruction of the earlier and sterner form of civilization. This evil work, begun by Diocletian, was completed by Constantine, who brought Italy into a condition which rendered her an easy prey to the barbarian hordes. The change of the seat of empire from the West to the East was a blow from which she never recovered, and from which not only her commerce, trade, and agriculture, but her spiritual life, deeply suffered. It was then that science, philosophy, and the arts spread their wings, and casting a melancholy glance on the city which had fostered them during so many years, took their flight, and alighted at Constantino-ple, there to succumb to the enervating influences by which they were surrounded; while Italy, left to herself, was like a ship which, having lost her helm and anchor, is abandoned to the mercy of the waves, and at last driven upon the rocks a helpless, shattered wreck. The horizon which had been gradually darkening in the East, was soon completely overclouded by Greek skepticism, and all hope for humanity would have been extinguished if Christianity had not already dawned upon the world, and thrown light upon the benighted intellect.

The want of what may be styled a literary system in the new doctrines at first, however, repelled philosophers, and it was not until after Christianity had passed through the phase of Platonic monotheism that a conciliation was effected by which Christianity was regarded as but the development of the older sys-

* *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* di Paolo Emilio Giudici. Seconda Edizione. Firenze: Le Monnier. London: Williams and Norgate.

tem of doctrine. Now began the golden age of ecclesiastical literature, properly so called—a literature from which the muse of Poetry turned away her head in aversion, having yet to learn how to attune her spirit to the reception of ideas utterly foreign to those from which she had hitherto been accustomed to draw inspiration.

While such was the progress of the human mind in the East, a struggle was taking place in the West of an opposite character. There anathemas were being ceaselessly pronounced against the old classical systems of philosophy, Christianity and Paganism being considered as such completely antagonistic forces that a compromise between them was looked upon as simply absurd and impossible. Accordingly when Christianity at last gained the victory, she trampled her vanquished enemy under foot, and in the fury of her iconoclastic zeal defaced every heathen temple, and dashed in pieces every monument of pagan worship.

Years passed on, and with their progress rapidly increased the influence exercised by the clergy. In secluded retreats and amidst the solemn repose of the monastery, companies of pious and learned men guarded the lamp of human knowledge, whose light was destined thenceforth never to be extinguished. In those sanctuaries of literature, as well as of religion, the monks were obliged, by the rules of their order, to spend a portion of every day in the copying of manuscripts, and thus innumerable inestimable works were preserved and transmitted to posterity.

The era had now arrived in which Signor Giudici conceives that the Italian language had its origin. As regards the question which has been often raised, why its creation was so long retarded, it may be answered that the Latin language never having become entirely extinct, the Italian was thereby hindered from freely developing itself; the autonomous nature of the various Italian States being of itself antagonistic to the speedy formation of a national language. Signor Giudici wisely desists from any attempt to determine the precise period when the new epoch commenced, and contents himself with assigning the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries as the time when the destruction of the ancient order of things was being consummated, and the ninth, tenth,

and eleventh centuries as the period during which the intellect was employed in gathering up the fragments of anterior systems, and moulding them into the form which they were thenceforth to maintain. This social synthesis was completed by Pope Gregory VII., under whose pontificate began the struggle between the powers of Church and State which has been going on ever since. With this period also begins the true history of Italian literature, which in its origin is closely connected with the growing energy manifested in the study of theology and of the speculative sciences. But although a general impulse was given at this era to the human mind, the sole literature of the people consisted in nothing beyond a stock of wonderful legends and childish myths. The spirit of chivalry was, however, gradually extending the domain of poetry, on which the influence exerted by the Provençals and the Saracens was much smaller than is generally supposed. The Italian language had been meantime undergoing a process of disorganization and reconstruction, the result of which was shown in a "cantilena" written by Ciullo, a native of Alcamo, a city about thirty miles distant from Palermo. This poem appeared in the reign of Frederick II., of whom Dante, in his treatise, "*Della Volgare Eloquenza*," speaks in terms of the highest commendation, as also of his son Manfred, who was, equally with his father, a patron of letters. "On account of their seats of government being in Sicily," says Dante, "every thing which was composed by our predecessors at that time was styled Sicilian." Petrarch, in his "*Familiar Epistles*," also states that the art of versifying—or, more properly speaking, of writing poetry in the vulgar tongue—had its birth among the Sicilians, and in a very short time spread over the whole of Italy.

In accounting for the phenomenon of Sicily being the birthplace of the Italian language, Signor Giudici observes that from the time of the conquest of the island by the Greeks, a great number of the aborigines, who derived from the same parentage as the people of Latium, had continued to inhabit it. Moreover, it is well known that even after the Saracens had taken possession of Sicily, a dialect was in existence among the people which was neither Greek, Saracenic, nor Latin. The Latin element, however, gradually

diffused itself over the island; and when the Normans conquered it they found the inhabitants speaking a dialect so nearly akin to their own, that instead of imposing their language upon the vanquished people, they adopted the Sicilian dialect, which being thus made use of by the higher classes, received a fresh impulse at the hands of the troubadours, who sang their love-ditties in the dialect of the country. And in this way, and without any presentiment of the future destinies of the language, Italian poetry had its existence, but it was not until the reign of Frederick II. that the vulgar tongue possessed a grammar of its own. Before his time the dialects of Italy had consisted of a great mass, various as to its parts, but homogeneous as to its substance; and circumstances having moulded the Sicilian dialect into a form which harmonized with the general mass of dialects, it was embraced by all the Italian people, and received its complete development at the hands of the Tuscans.

Among the most noted of the early Italian poets is Guido Guinicelli of Bologna, who taught poetry to assume new forms, and to adorn herself with more varied and richer colors. While Ciullo d'Alcamo and his successors had sung only of the pleasures and torments of love, its doubts and certainties, its hopes and fears, Guinicelli introduced the historic element into his treatment of the passion, and widened the field in which poetry had loved to expatiate. To Guinicelli succeeded Guido Cavalcanti, whose birth-place was Florence, then, as still, a fitting and beautiful home for a poet. Cavalcanti was a scion of one of the noblest and wealthiest of the Florentine families, and inherited his love of letters from his father, who had written a commentary on the Epicurean philosophy. All his contemporaries speak of the youthful Guido in a strain of the greatest enthusiasm, as one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his day. Of noble manners, dignified deportment, and energetic, earnest speech, he was also an acute and ingenious philosopher. Majestic in stature, handsome in feature, ardent in his affections, and endowed with a brilliant imagination, he loved to sing of love in passionate strains which captivated the souls of all who read or listened to his voice, and caused him to be regarded as the prince of Erotic poetry. Amongst his contemporaries was

Cino da Pistoia, who perhaps, of all the writers of that period, was least addicted to make poetry a vehicle for syllogisms; and while his compositions have a slight odor of Platonism about them, they are not trammelled by the scientific forms to which his predecessors, and even Guido Cavalcanti, had considered it necessary to adhere.

Hitherto it had been the practice of Italian poets to make love their only subject, but now that the general intellect was being gradually emancipated, and the light of knowledge burning ever brighter, they set themselves other aims, and extended the range of their subjects. As on the extinction of Pagan literature the doctrines of Christianity had been promulgated under the form of visions, in which virtue was held up as an object of admiration, and vice of abhorrence—so now, when the enlightened intellect demanded that the religious element should be introduced into poetry, the poets of the time availed themselves of a form which had already become familiar to the minds of the people. Among those who after this fashion introduced religious doctrines and sentiments into their compositions, Brunetto Latini is the most distinguished; some have even thought that it was to his poem of the *Tesoretto* that Dante was indebted for the idea of the *Commedia*—an opinion for which there is, however, no foundation. Another of the writers who flourished at that time was a certain Fra Jacopone da Podi, who seems to have been little else than a madman, and with whom the religious sentiment had become a kind of monomania. It appears that he was blessed with a wife not less lovely than pure and holy in life. On the occasion of some high festivity, it chanced that she was standing upon a platform which suddenly gave way and precipitated her to the ground. In a few hours afterwards she breathed her last. When her disconsolate husband was removing her raiment, which was saturated with blood, he discovered that she had been accustomed to torture her delicate limbs by wearing a hair shirt. The unexpected sight deprived him of reason. Instantly he burnt his books, girded himself with the coarse garments of a Franciscan monk, and made it his whole aim to provoke the scorn and anger of the world. To place the things of this life in a contemptible point of view became the great object of

his thoughts; madness, and the power of expressing his fancies in verse, visited him at one and the same moment; and while in his lucid intervals he wrote verses touching in their melancholy and heart-felt sincerity, he would at other times pour forth such wild effusions as the following:

"Oh Signor, per cortesia
Mandami la malsania;
A me la febbre quartana,
La continua, e la terzana,
La doglia cotidiana,
Colle grande idropisia.
A me venga mal di dente,
Mal di capo e mal di ventre,
Allo stomaco dolor pungente,
In canna la squinanzia,
Mal di occhi, e doglia di fianco
La postema la lato manco,
Ed ogni tempo la frenesia."

A more original composition was certainly never penned; but it is a comfort to think that some of the diseases for which the pious brother prays are so antagonistic in character that they could not have afflicted the patient simultaneously. In his own time, Fra Jacopone does not appear to have been considered enough of a madman to be irresponsible; for on the occasion of his writing a poetical satire on Boniface VIII., and addressing an epistle to him in which he presumed to reprove the Pope, he was thrown into prison, where he languished until Boniface was himself made prisoner. There have been writers senseless enough to assert that Tasso was indebted to Fra Jacopone for many of the most beautiful passages in his *Gierusalemme*, and that even Dante himself drew inspiration from the same source! "May God pardon such calumniators!" exclaims Signor Giudici—"at any rate, those amongst them who are least to blame; and may he shed light upon their darkened intellects, and make them ashamed of the crime which they have committed against our great poets."

As yet our attention has been occupied with those who first made the Italian language a vehicle for poetry; who it was that first wrote Italian prose it would be difficult to say. A collection of stories has, however, come down to us which may safely be assigned to the reign of Frederick II.; but the first Italian prose writer of any note is Rìcordano Malespini, a native of Florence, and author of a history of that republic. A more distin-

guished name than his is that of Dino Compagni, who also wrote a history of Florence, beginning the narration where Malespini had concluded his, and carrying it down to the year 1312. Of him Signor Giudici thus writes:

"Descended from one of the most distinguished families of Florence, Dino had been appointed in his earliest youth to the highest offices in the State. Self-reliant and composed in manner, a finished, profound, earnest, and impetuous speaker, he exercised such an influence over the minds of his fellow-citizens, that in the most important crises of the affairs of the republic they were constantly guided by his advice. Notwithstanding, however, the intrepidity of his character, his courage, prudence, and longanimity, and the energy with which he was accustomed to defend a good cause when others had abandoned it in despair, he was of opinion that it would be impossible for him to put an end to the dissensions which agitated Florence, and there were times when his beloved and beautiful city seemed to him like a very hell.

"Living in and for the place of his nativity, it may be that he did not feel any desire to pierce the mists which hid the future from him, and to delight himself in the noble idea of an Italy one and undivided; a sublime illusion, which if it had become general might have been transformed into a reality, and decided the fate of the nation. For Dino, Florence was the universe; the profound interest with which he addressed himself to the affairs of the republic concentrated in a single focus all the affections of his heart. Who can tell whether a difference in political opinions may not have led him to make little account of Dante who had preceded him in the *Priorate*? Whatever may be the reason, certain it is that he scarcely names him. There is no one among his contemporaries, however, who has painted the state of Florence so graphically as Dino, or whose pictures harmonize so entirely with those drawn by Dante himself. In both there is the same zeal, the same fire, the same generous desire to further the welfare of their country, the same noble disdain of all dissensions, and though the necessities of the times forced them to side with a party, they were both inspired with the same horror of evil-doers, of whatever sect they might be."

Given a man of Dino's character and intellect, it will not be difficult to form some idea of the kind of historian he would make; working from the life, as it were, he proceeds, with rapid, firm, and bold touches, to paint the picture of his times; and his volumes, severely historical though they be in their style, exercise upon all who read them, says Signor Giudici, so great an influence, and so enchain the attention, that after having once

taken them up, it becomes impossible to lay them down until the last page has been reached.

The time had now arrived when the era of Italian literature which had already dawned was about to reach its glorious culmination. Great had been the progress which the country had made during the preceding century; great as to its moral condition, great also as to its advancement in knowledge and general enlightenment. In that same city of Florence, the seat of a vigorous democracy such as ancient and modern days have never seen surpassed, amidst the stirring times which marked the latter half of the thirteenth century, the sublime intellect which was destined to create the national thought and to bring Italian literature to perfection, Dante Alighieri, "the heir of all the ages," was born, in the month of May, A.D. 1265.

In common with many of the poets and historians of Italy, he was descended from a long line of noble ancestors, of whom none were more illustrious than the valiant Caccia-Guida, who, fighting in the Crusades, under the Emperor Conrado, met with a hero's death in the Holy Land. Dante was still a child of tender years when his father died, but he was blest in a mother who not only early perceived the genius of the boy, but did her utmost to bring it to perfection. Under her judicious training, his love of learning was fostered and directed aright, his innate reverence for all that was good, and his aversion for every thing that was mean and false, encouraged and strengthened. While he was thus happily living under the care of his mother, he accompanied her, being then little more than nine years of age, to a festive reünion at the house of her friend, Folco Portinari, one of the most distinguished citizens of Florence. At his house the young boy's eyes rested for the first time on the lovely child with the bright curling hair and sun eyes, on whose brow he was destined to place the crown of a pure, immortal fame. It was in the springtide of the year—fit season for the soul-betrothal of those child-lovers—that the two, singling out one another from the festive crowd, wandered together, hand-in-hand, through the gardens of the Portinari Palace. There the young Dante's heart, which had hitherto responded only to a mother's love, first began to palpitate with a new and as yet undefined emotion. Thenceforward, as

years passed on, his love for his Beatrice grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. "Whenever she drew nigh," he says, "and I was waiting her gracious welcome, I felt as if I had no longer a single enemy—a flame of divine charity towards all mankind was kindled in my breast: none who had offended me but had been forgiven then; and if at that moment any one had asked me a question, my only answer would have been 'Amore!'" From the canzoni which he addressed to her, it is easy to picture to ourselves the graceful and dignified lady who in her earliest childhood had gained possession of the poet's heart. Her hair, which in her childhood was fair and flowing, had later assumed a golden hue; her eyes shone with light vivid and dazzling as the rays of the sun; her lips were rosy and beautifully curved, her mouth most eloquent, her smile surpassed all loveliest things in sweetness, her chin was small and dimpled, her forehead wide and ample; the eye-brows dark and finely arched; the nose straight, pure, and refined in outline; her neck, fair and round, sprang gracefully from a finely-developed bust; her arms were beautifully formed, her hands white and small, the tapering fingers circled with jewels. In stature she was tall and majestic; in complexion, *color angelico di perla*. In all her gestures she was true to her own noble nature, *graziosa e disdegnosa*, sweet or lofty, as occasion required. Most gentle and modest was she in demeanor, and with such entire repose about her, such dignity in her air, such self-control in her manner, that she impressed all who approached her with reverence as well as love. Crowned with gentleness and clothed with humility she moved along, all unconscious of the feelings she excited, and which made many exclaim as soon as she had passed by: "This is no mortal maid, but one of the most divinely beautiful of the angels." So meekly did she wear her beauty and her virtue, that none ever thought of envying her; love, honor, and reverence ever followed in her train; all who gazed on her angel-face were raised and elevated by the contemplation; nothing evil or base, no pride or anger, could live in the light of her presence. When she spoke, the sound of her gentle voice awoke within the heart all pure thoughts and gentle feelings, and when the shadow of a smile passed over her face—

"Quel ch' ella par, quando un poco sorride
Non si può dicer nè tener a mente,
Sì è nuovo miracolo e gentile."

Such, then was Beatrice as she appears in her lover's sonnets and canzoni. What Dante was at the same period it is more difficult to picture to ourselves, for in thinking of his personal appearance our minds involuntary revert to that grand face which for so many centuries has glorified the white walls of the Church of Santa Maria del Fiore. But very different from his cold stern aspect there, must have been the expression of his countenance at the time when he was writing the poems which tell the story of his love. The large melancholy eyes, which still retain within their depths a world of tender pity, and which have that fixed, solemn look in them as if they had gazed on unutterable things, were during that only happy and most blessed season of his life lit up with love, and joy, and hope. That mouth which tells such a tale of sorrow borne unflinchingly and silently—those lips so sternly compressed, and which seem as if they had never parted except to give expression to accents of scorn and indignation, were then wreathed about with sunny smiles, and were ever ready to utter the sweet word "Amore;" that lofty brow, encircled by the deathless laurel, which but half conceals the marks impressed by the crown of thorns that lay there during many a year of suffering and painful thought, and hopelessness of good, was free from furrows then; nothing was there about him of that awful aspect which in after years made the women shudder as they pointed out to one another the swarthy-complexioned man, with sparse raven hair hanging about his face, and grizzled beard scorched as by the fires of the Inferno, who paced the street with such majestic steps, awing them to speak in whispers as they said: "Guarda colui che va in Inferno e ne porta novelli de' dannati."

The love with which Dante was so early inspired did not lend him to neglect his studies. Under Brunetto Latini he went through a course of the sciences, while Guido Cavalcanti, at once his tutor and his friend, cultivated his taste, and instructed him in the liberal arts. Being of a naturally melancholy disposition, he was accustomed to solace himself with song and music, taking great delight in

the society of all the celebrated musicians who lived at Florence; and forming an intimate friendship with Casella, under whom it is said that he studied music. It is not certain when he became a member of the University at Bologna, but while there it is more than probable that he frequented the school of Cimabue, and became acquainted with Giotto, whom ever afterwards he tenderly loved. He was also careful in cultivating the whole man, and to this end perfected himself in the art of horsemanship, and became accomplished in all feats of arms.

There is enough internal evidence in Dante's *Vita Nuova* to show that he very early began to give expression to his love for Beatrice, but it was not until he had reached his nineteenth year that he published his first sonnet, and even then his modesty prevented him from announcing himself as the author. It was, however, received so favorably, that he was encouraged to write another, and from that time he continued to pour forth in rapid succession sonnets and canzoni. Burning to become not only famous with his pen, but glorious by his sword, he took part in a battle waged by the Florentines against the Ghibellines of Arezzo, fighting in the foremost ranks of the cavalry, and by his prowess contributing to the victory gained by his party. He was now in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and the period was quickly approaching which was destined to cast a funeral pall over all the bright dreams and the happiness of his life. In 1296 he fought against the Pisani at Caprona, and then with his fellow-citizens returned to Florence to offer in the Church of San Giovanni the arms with which they had vanquished the enemies of the republic. Soon afterwards, when he was in the midst of writing a sonnet in praise of Beatrice, tidings came to him that "it had pleased the Lord of justice to call to himself this most lovely being, and to place her in his kingdom near that blessed Queen Mary whose name had ever been had in the greatest reverence by this blessed Beatrice." So overwhelmed was Dante by the terrible blow, that for a long time he refused all consolation; his whole aspect becoming so changed that his most intimate friends found it difficult to recognize him. "Nature," he says, "which had hitherto seemed but to reflect the smiles of Beatrice, was changed now into a barren and arid desert;" but

after a time, "when his eyes had wept many tears," and he was so "exhausted with sorrow that he wearied for some consolation," he endeavored to alleviate his grief by making his lost Beatrice once more the subject of his verse. Then it was he addressed to all the "tender and sympathizing souls her companions in this life," that touching and beautiful canzone, *In Morte di Beatrice*, wherein he speaks of her as having gone "into highest heaven, into the kingdom where the angels have peace." Perhaps one of the most exquisitely pathetic passages in this canzone is that in which says, that often while meditating upon her death, her image became so vividly present to him that he writhed under the intensity of his anguish; then bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Beatrice, art thou dead indeed?" and even whilst calling upon her, received comfort in the sense of her spiritual presence. The anniversary of her death he always devoted to meditation upon her; and once, while thus engaged, his hand had, half unconsciously to himself, traced the figure of an angel upon his tablets. What his state was during this terrible year we farther learn from his own lips:

"When my delight (*mia diletta* he says) was taken from me, I was so overpowered by sorrow that nothing and no one could comfort me. However, after some time I began to seek consolation from the same sources as those which had brought relief to others who had been afflicted in like manner. And as it sometimes happens that when a man is looking for silver he finds gold, owing doubtless to the guidance of a Divine Providence, so I, whilst seeking after consolation, found not only solace for my tears, but so many other things besides in the authors which I studied, that after meditating long upon them, I was constrained to believe that Philosophy, who was the mistress of all these writers, was indeed a supreme and sublime science. Then I began to picture her to myself as a lovely lady, nor could I imagine her engaged in aught which was not holy and beneficent; and my sense of truth so willingly admired her, that I could hardly tear myself from the contemplation of her. After having thus conceived her image in my mind, I began to frequent the places where she most truly reveals herself—that is to say, in the schools of theology, and in the debates of philosophers—and in a short time—it may have been in the course of thirty months—I began so to delight in her beauty that the love of her vanquished and destroyed every other thought."

Thus it came to pass that the lady who henceforth was to reign, or rather to share

with Beatrice the empire of his heart, and often in his imagination to be indistinguishable from her whom he had lost, was none other than "the lovely and honorable daughter of the Ruler of the universe, to whom Pythagoras has given the name of Philosophy."

It was about this period that Dante espoused Gemma Donati, of whose house Corso Donati, the poet's most inveterate enemy, was the head. It has been apparently on very slight foundation that Dante's biographers have maligned the character of this poor lady. Certain it is that differences did occur between them, and we can easily imagine that Dante and his wife could have felt but little sympathy with each other. Great minds such as his ever dwell apart in an awful solitude, thrown back upon themselves and God; their weakness and strength, their joys and griefs, alike unfathomable by their fellows. But there is no evidence to show that Dante was not a kind husband, or that Gemma was not all that a wife could be to such a man. She bore him five sons, and a daughter whom he named after the beloved Beatrice.

Allusion is often made in the *Vita Nuova* to a *secondo amore* awakened in Dante's heart while still suffering under the first anguish of his loss. This love was excited in his breast by his suddenly perceiving a lady gazing upon him with pitying looks from a window, when he fancied that no one could see him indulging in his grief. The compassion expressed in her eyes reminded him of his lost Beatrice, on whose face he had often seen the like gentle look, and by little and little he began to take delight in her presence, until his heart bitterly reproached him for allowing himself to seek consolation from such a source, and for permitting his thoughts to stray for an instant from Beatrice. However, the feeling that was thus kindled in his heart for the beautiful Gentucca seems to have increased in spite of his endeavors to extinguish it, and during a long season she was the object of his affection. One of the most graceful of his *ballata* is that in which she is represented as speaking in her own person, exclaiming in joyous and triumphant strains:

"Io mi son pargoletta bella e nuova
E son venuta per mostrarvi a vui
Delle bellezze e loco, dond'io fui."

Her name also occurs in canto twenty-four of the *Purgatorio*.

"Ei mormorava, e non so che Gentucca
Sentiva io là v'el sentia la piaga."

It has, moreover, been thought that it is she to whom Beatrice alludes with sorrowful reproach in the thirty-first canto of the *Purgatorio*, when she says:

"Non ti dovea gravar le penne in guiso
Ad aspettar più colpi o pargoletta."

It was somewhere about his twenty-ninth year that Dante collected together the sonnets and canzoni to which we have made such frequent reference, and inserted them in a prose work, which he entitled the *Vita Nuova*, and sent to Brunetto Latini, with a sonnet. The *Vita Nuova* concludes with the mysterious words which by some have been supposed to contain the germ of the *Commedia*, though Signor Guidici sees in them only the expression of a fervent desire to raise to Beatrice a monument worthy of her.

We are now approaching that phase of Dante's life when he was constrained to quit his peaceful studies, and engage in the affairs of the republic. The fame he had already gained by his learning, the reputation he had acquired by his holy and virtuous life, the high opinion which had been formed of his judgment, all combined to fix the eyes of his fellow-citizens upon him. He is said to have been sent on no less than fourteen embassies, but respecting these matters we have no certainty. In the year 1300 his name occurs amongst the Priors of Florence, as having held the office from the 5th of June until the 15th of August, and that period he ever afterwards assigned as the beginning of the misfortunes which henceforth relentlessly pursued him. Just before he had been elected to the priorate, the city, which had long been distracted and torn to pieces by contending factions, seemed about to enjoy a period of repose. But suddenly the flames of discord again burst forth, and the unhappy Florence was once more divided into the two rival parties of the Bianchi and the Neri. On this occasion Dante sided with the Bianchi, many of whom were subsequently sent into exile. One of these exiles, Guido Cavalcanti, suffering greatly from the pestilential climate of Sarzana, was permitted to return to Florence—a circumstance which

caused the citizens to tax Dante with partiality. Already hated and feared for the inflexibility of his character, the voice of calumny was no sooner raised than every day it waxed louder and louder. The Neri had been greatly exasperated by his strenuous endeavors to prevent them from introducing Charles de Valois into the city in the character of pacificator, and uniting with some among the Bianchi, who, while they considered Dante a good citizen, were anxious to get him out of the way as a factious person, they plotted to send him on an embassy to the Pope. Dante, seeing that he had been over-reached by his enemies, fearing that Florence would be lost if he quitted it—uncertain, also, whether his presence might not be required at Rome, was placed in a position of extreme perplexity. "If I go," he exclaimed, "who remains; and if I stay, who goes?" At last he decided to set off, and had scarcely quitted Florence ere Charles de Valois was admitted: a reign of terror followed; the most honorable among the citizens were betrayed, and the Ghibellines abandoned to the fury of the Guelphs. Dante did not escape their vengeance. He received a command to present himself before the Count Gabrielli d'Agubbio, on whom Charles had conferred the title of Podestà, in order to render to him an account of his conduct during his priorate, being threatened with heavy penalties if he did not make his appearance within a given time. Trembling with indignation, he hastily prepared to return to his beloved and ungrateful Florence, but he had scarcely reached Siena before he received tidings that the iniquitous sentence had been passed upon him by which he was mulcted in a sum of eight thousand lire, failing the payment of which his property was to be confiscated and his house destroyed. Separated thus from his family, without a roof to shelter his head or bread to eat, he united with his fellow-exiles, and in their company made an unsuccessful attempt to overcome the Neri, who, still thirsting for vengeance, passed a new sentence upon the exiles, by which Dante and fourteen others were condemned to be burnt alive. Nothing daunted, however, the exiles again began to concoct new schemes for returning to Florence; while Dante, seeing that but too many of them were influenced by the blind spirit of party, and scorning to share in

their intrigues, sorrowfully took his leave of them.

As time went on, he passed from court to court of Italy, ever preserving the imperturbability of his character, and meeting with dignity all the adverse shocks of fortune, whilst inwardly feeling how bitter it was to eat the bread doled out by another's hand. Making his appearance in those "dens of turpitude," as in his *Commedia* he styles the courts of Italy, his dignified and solemn presence must have produced something of the same kind of effect as the apparition so finely described in Schiller's *Macht des Gesanges*:

"As if into the round of pleasure,
All suddenly with giant stride,
In mystic garb and ghostly measure,
Some dark mysterious Fate should glide.
Earth's potentates would pale before
The stranger from the world unknown;
Wild jubilee's insatiate roar
Be mute, and every mask fall down;
And by the Truth forever vanquished,
Falsehood and all her works be banished."

Fated thus to dwell among such men and amidst such scenes, Dante sought refuge in books, to the study of which he betook himself with ever fresh ardor. In his anxiety to convince the people by his writings what they had lost in losing him, he wrote his work entitled the *Convito*, which consists of a commentary on fourteen of his best canzoni. Convinced as he was of the growing power of the Italian language, he resolved to write this commentary in the vulgar tongue, the triumphs of which he predicted in strains of glowing eloquence. The *Convito* may thus be regarded as the first severe prose work of which the Italian language can boast, and the first which treats it philosophically. It is probable that Dante began it during the period which elapsed between the commencement of his exile and the election of Arrigo, Count of Luxemburgh, to be King of the Romans—a period when political affairs had taken such a turn as to revive in his heart hopes of a recall to Florence. He had trusted that the dignity and prudence of his conduct, and his having abstained from taking any part in the intrigues of the exiles, would have recommended him to the favorable opinion of the Florentines; and his hopes were raised still higher when he saw Arrigo proceeding to the holy work of conciliation. Joy once more entered

his soul, and forgetting his poverty and troubled life, he addressed a letter "to the princes, the tyrants, the people, the happy and unhappy of Italy," announcing to them that the day of redemption had arrived, in words of impassioned eloquence. In Arrigo, Dante beheld the saviour of Italy who should free her from all tyranny, and in his advent he bids all the people of Italy to rejoice:

"Rejoice, O Italy!" he cries, "soon thou shalt become the envy of the world. For thy spouse, who is the joy of the people and the glory of the nation, the illustrious Arrigo, Caesar Augustus, is hastening to espouse thee. Dry then, O lovely one! thy tears; put off the emblems of thy sorrow, for he is at hand who shall deliver thee."

Then calling on Arrigo to hasten speedily to Florence, he exclaims, "Cura Pinferma Firenze e l'Italia fia salva;" and rebukes him for delaying so long at the siege of Brescia. But Arrigo had scarcely reached Siena ere he died; the Italian horizon once more became overcast, and Dante beheld fresh disasters gathering over his beloved country.

Whilst Arrigo had been endeavoring by his arms to restore the nation, Dante had been striving to bring about the same result by his treatise *De Monarchia*, in which he makes it his endeavor to prove that the Empire is necessary to man, and that its authority is derived directly from God, and not from the Pope; whilst Church and State are mutually dependent, and have their several duties to perform towards one another. Then he develops his views as to the system by which Italy was to become one, and concludes with rejoicing over the regeneration of his country which would thereby be effected. But it was impossible for him always to turn away his eyes from the present condition of Italy—a slave and the servant of slaves; and thus his soul was a prey alternately to joy and sorrow, to hope and despair. Immediately after Arrigo's death he repaired to Guido da Polenta at Ravenna; and there, it is most probable, he set himself diligently to finish the great work of his life—that for which all his adversities and trials, his happy youth and his bitter manhood, had been preparing him. Sustained by the consciousness of the greatness of his task, his soul found comparative peace. Though still compelled to "eat the bread of carefulness," he had at last learned the hard

lesson to submit with resignation, if not with humility, to his lot. Thus time passed on; and when his fiftieth year drew near, hope, which had so long been banished from his heart, returned; and in the restoration of the Ghibellines to power he saw once more a prospect of being recalled to Florence. So, indeed, he might have been, but under conditions which he could consider only in the light of an insult; for he was required to present himself on his arrival in the city in the church of San Giovanni—the same church where, so many years before, he had appeared amidst the applause of the citizens, to give thanks for victory over their enemies—and there to implore pardon in the sight of all the people. To those who exhorted him to return, he wrote in a strain which did not fail to reanimate the hatred of the Guelphs towards him, and his exile was confirmed. Deprived at last of all prospect of return to Florence, he looked forward to the publication of his poem as the only means of enlightening the Italian people with regard to him.

While diligently engaged in the completion of the *Commedia* he found time to write a treatise, *Della Volgare Eloquenza*, the title of which sufficiently explains itself. This, the last of his works, was produced during his residence in Ravenna. The closing act of his life was not more fortunate than those which had preceded it. Sent by his host, Guido da Polenta, the nephew of that Francesca da Rimini to whom the poet had already given in his *Inferno* so divine an apotheosis, on a mission to Venice, he was unable to bring the affairs he had been sent to negotiate to a successful result; and so overcome was he by this apparent implacability of fortune, that he fell into a state of profound and painful depression, and in the September of 1321, on the day of the Santa Croce, and the fifty-sixth year of his age, laid down the heavy burden of his life. He was sumptuously interred at the cost of Guido, under whose roof he had for so long found a home.

Thus, in the full maturity of his powers, this great man passed away, God alone knows under what anguish of soul, what yearning love and sorrow for the country which had treated him so ungratefully and cruelly. But he, being dead, was destined yet to speak, and with a voice which should resound throughout all ages.

That the appearance of the *Commedia* should have been heralded by extraordinary circumstances seems but appropriate. In quaint and simple language, Giovanni Boccaccio thus relates the story:

"A few months after Dante's death, his sons and other of his disciples searched oftentimes among his papers, in order to see if they could find the conclusion of his great work, but were unable to discover the remaining cantos. Thereupon his friends became almost angry that God should have seen fit to remove him from the world before he had accomplished the little that remained to be done in order to bring his poem to a conclusion. After having at last given up the search in despair, Jacopo and Piero, the sons of Dante, who were both of them poets, were just beginning to entertain the intention of finishing their father's work, in as far as it might be in their power to do so, when Jacopo, who was much more anxious and earnest about the matter than his brother, had a wonderful vision, which not only put an end to the presumptuous idea he had indulged, but revealed to him where the remaining thirteen cantos were concealed. A worthy man, whose name was Piero Giardino, and who for a long time previously had been one of Dante's most ardent disciples, relates that in the eighth month after the day of his master's death, Jacopo went to his house one night at the hour which we call *mattutino*, and told him that that very night, a little before the above-mentioned hour, Dante, his father, had appeared to him in his sleep, clothed in glistening raiment, white as snow, his face shining with unaccustomed and glorious light; and that on his asking him whether he still lived, it had seemed to him that he had replied yes, but with the true life, not with ours. That moreover, it had seemed to him that he had inquired whether he had finished his work before passing away to the true life, and if so, where the cantos which were wanting, and which they had so long sought for in vain, might be found. To which questions it had seemed to him that he heard his father's voice a second time in reply, and that his answer was: 'Yes, I will furnish them.' And then it had seemed to him that he had taken him by the hand, and led him into the chamber where it had been his wont to sleep when he lived in this life; and that taking out a panel in the wall, he had said: 'It is here—that which you have been searching for so diligently.' And having said these words, it had seemed to him that at one and the same moment both Dante and sleep had departed from him. That these things having happened he had felt as if he could not help immediately coming to Piero to tell him of them, and to ask him to go with him to seek the place which had been revealed to him, and which he well remembered, and then they should see whether it was a true spirit or a lying vision which had appeared to him. On which, the night having not yet passed, Piero arose, and they went to-

gether to the house in which Dante had lived at the time of his death; and having roused him who lived there, and being received into the dwelling, they went to the place which had been pointed out to Jacopo, and there they found a piece of tapestry nailed against the wall, and gently raising it they saw in the wall a window which until then had never been seen by any of them, neither had they ever known that there was one in that place; and there they found some manuscripts, all of which, owing to the dampness of the place in which they lay, were covered with mould, and would have become illegible had they remained there much longer. And clearing away the mould which clung to the paper, they found that it contained the thirteen cantos they had so long been seeking for in vain."

Of course it was said by those who denied the truth of Jacopo's vision, that it was a mere invention, intended to have the effect of giving weight to the words of the *Commedia*, and forcing the people to listen to them, as to one speaking with divine authority. If indeed any such idea had been entertained by Dante or his disciples, the effect it had been their desire to produce must have more than equalled their expectations. Scarcely fifty years had elapsed after Dante had passed to the "true life," ere the very same Guelphic party which had exiled him from Florence, deprived him of his property, and sentenced him to be burnt alive, decreed that his poem should be publicly read in all the churches, and commented upon in the same manner as the Bible. His portrait, the work of Domenico di Michelino, a disciple of Angelico da Fiesole, had a place assigned to it forever in the cathedral of his beloved Florence; throughout Italy the poem was read as a devotional exercise on holy-days; and the simple title of *Commedia*, the only one given to it by Dante, received the addition of *Divina*. No sooner had it appeared than a crowd of commentators were at work upon it, settling on its pages as did the plague of locusts on the plains of Egypt. It was treated as though it had been a second Apocalypse; all sorts of different meanings were attached to it; even the most obvious allusions to cotemporary events were imagined to contain some secondary and mysterious signification; and thus counsel was darkened by words without knowledge. Even the most intimate friends and disciples of Dante gave it out that the poem was above human comprehension, and that the author intended that so it should be.

Meanwhile, all who had any pretensions to intelligence studied it assiduously, and he who had not read it was accounted a man of no understanding, *Huomo senza ragione e bestiale*. How is it, then, it will be asked, that notwithstanding the deep and wonderful impression produced by Dante's work, notwithstanding its popularity and the triumph which it achieved throughout Italy, none of the results followed which it had been the aim of the poet to bring about? Signor Giudici replies to the inquiry by reminding us that almost immediately after Dante's death the Guelphic principle struck root deeper than ever amongst the Italian people. And though the idea contained in the poem could not but enlighten the minds of the Ghibellines, still the effect was but as that of a flash of lightning, which only serves to render more palpable the darkness which for one moment it illumines. While, however, the poem was sterile as to its effects, the extraordinary genius of the poet conquered the course of events, and rendered him the favorite author of both Guelphs and Ghibellines, and the pride of the whole nation; but the worship which was paid him slackened when Italy fell into the profound stupor which not only deprived her of her glorious dreams but almost extinguished her life. Then it was that, all political studies being interdicted, the *Divina Commedia* was studied merely for its rhetoric and its grammatical elegancies, and as a subject of debate for a circle of *savants*. But hardly had the nation again begun to give signs of life, when the poet was once more regarded as the regenerator of the Italian people. Perhaps, says Signor Giudici, the time is not far distant, unless hope deceives me, when the great idea contained in this poem will be the means of restoring Italy, and here, in Florence, in this beautiful city, a grateful people will raise to him a temple to which, from every part of the Peninsula, his worshippers will flock to offer vows to their regenerator.

Into Signor Giudici's commentary upon the *Commedia* we have not space to enter at any great length. The principle he has followed is to read it by the light of Dante's life, by the history of the times, and the love which the poet bore towards his country. All fanciful explanations he puts on one side, and where the primary signification is plain, does not seek to give

it another and a mysterious meaning. Throughout his comments he ever seeks to bear in mind Dante's explanation of the subject and plan, as given in his letter to Can Grando. Keeping this clue firmly in his hand, he proceeds through the labyrinth of the poem. His theory is, that the Dante of the *Commedia* typifies humanity redeemed by the blood of Christ, believing in the revelation, and obedient to the laws of Christ. Looking at the poem from another point of view, he considers that Dante is intended to be the symbol of the Italian race, which has strayed from the right path, and is wandering in a wood of barbarism—or, in other words, of a corrupt democracy—whence it is attempting to free itself, and to attain to a state of rest and peace, by means of two guides—Virgil, who represents human reason; and Beatrice, who typifies Divine revelation, and by whom it is at last awakened to a knowledge of its true condition, and of the remedy whereby it may become regenerate. Moreover, the poem contains a picture of the vicissitudes through which the Church had passed, and the state to which she had been reduced by the machinations of wicked men. After having dwelt upon her miseries and sin, the poet, bursting forth in inspired strains, announces the advent of a Messiah who shall destroy all her enemies, make her blush over her degradation, raise her from her servitude, purify her by penitence, and restore her again to her Lord. Such then, in Signor Giudici's opinion, is the scope of Dante's poem—such the mission with which he had been charged by the Apostle in those solemn words:

"E tu figliuol, cher per lo mortal pondo
Ancor giù tornerai, apri la bocca,
E non asconder quel ch'io non ascondo."

But there are yet other meanings contained in this wonderful poem. It is the spirit of the times incarnated—the learning, the philosophy of ages united in one divine song of sublimest harmony. In it we see the progress of the world up to the period at which it was written. With his eagle eye, and through the divine intuition of genius, Dante pierced the meaning of the "open secret" which was hidden from all around him. He fixed his gaze on but one thing, indeed—the contest between good and evil; but that one thing comprehends all others. In the ec-

clesiastical idea he saw that the germ of all good and evil lies; on it depends the fate of Christianity. In the imperial and Papal power he beheld two active principles; in the democratic, a passive principle, which, being without a full and exact consciousness of its own nature and duties, is always in a position to receive an impulse from whichever side is strongest; and therefore it becomes by turns the instrument and the victim of evil. And as the religious element is stronger than either of the other for good or for evil, Dante was led to conclude that if it could be purified, peace would be restored to Italy, and the people placed in the right way to become once more a nation.

As regards the form which Dante gave to his poem, we need scarcely say that he chose it as being in accordance with the Italian mind; a form which had become sanctified in a certain degree on account of its being so frequently used by the fathers of the Church. During the poet's lifetime the Florentines had assisted at a representation of the *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, and the *Paradiso*; thus, Dante not only selected the form as the one most in harmony with the spirit of the time, but he chose the subject from materials which lay close at hand; and it being just at that period that hosts of pilgrims were flocking to Rome for the jubilee, Dante in like manner undertook a pilgrimage to the unseen world, in order to make known to men the past, present, and future destinies of the human race.

After having explained his views as to the scope and meaning of the whole poem, Signor Giudici gives us some admirable observations on its several portions, and we greatly regret that we have not space for an example of his criticism.

We have now fulfilled our promise, and carried our readers to the era at which the Italian language received its full development. Henceforth a crowd of distinguished names arise to illustrate its literature, names which are too familiar to render it necessary that we should recount them here. But before taking leave of our subject altogether, we would once again cast a glance upon Dante's birth-place, and on the efforts which have been made of late by its citizens to do him honor. Even in the time of Boccaccio, great had been the desire of the Florentines to have the remains of Dante transferred to Florence, and in the time of Leo

X. they repeated the request; whilst Michael Angelo wrote a letter to the Pope in which he besought him to permit him to raise a monument worthy of the Divine Poet in the place of his birth. But it seemed good to his Holiness that Dante should ever rest on Ravenna, that city already so rich in the relics of martyrs, and the sepulcher of so many emperors and illustrious men. Once more, after the lapse of so many years, the citizens of Florence have been busying themselves to do honor to him who is the glory of their nation, not only by raising a monument to his memory, but by reestablishing the chair founded for the study of his poem. Looking forward to the results which an enlightened study of the *Commedia* may produce, Signor Giudici says:

"Here in this glorious land, where every thing recalls a remembrance, every monument testifies of some deed of greatness; here, in this city, the center of letters throughout the Peninsula; where from the most remote regions of the world, thousands of strangers have congregated to admire her magnificence and beauty—the institution of a school where a knowledge of the times in which the poet lived, illustrated by his poem, would be dispensed, would be an event which would form an era in the annals of the literature of the nineteenth century to be

only equaled by the triumph won by science in the creation of a chair to the illustrious Galileo."

The feelings of love and reverence for Dante which still exist in the breast of some of his countrymen, have never found, however, more noble and fitting expression than in the verses written by Giacomo Leopardi—on whose lips, it has been said, have died the accents of Dante—when it was contemplated to raise the monument to which we have referred. With Leopardi closes an epoch glorious in the annals of Italian literature; and with his name, Signor Giudici concludes his history. In his last lecture the author tells us why he has not brought down his work to the period in which we live, and gives a *résumé* of the opinions he has endeavored to advocate. Whilst mourning over the wretched state in which his country has been so long plunged, he expresses his hope and belief that the time will come when it will please God again to bid Italy arise. Then art, regenerated with her, will once more spread her wings, and taking a higher flight than she has ever done before, will build up glorious monuments equal to, if not surpassing, any that were raised in days gone by.

ROMAN WEALTH.—The wealth of the Romans was immense, as may be inferred from some historical incidents. When Caesar was killed on the Ides of March Anthony owed £320,000, which he paid before the Kalends of April out of the public money, and squandered (according to Adams) more than £5,600,000. Caesar himself, before he set out for Spain, was in debt to the extent of £2,018,000. Lentulus possessed £3,229,166. Claudius, a freedman, saved £2,500,000. Augustus obtained from the testamentary dispositions of his friends (some people *will* leave their fortunes to their sovereigns) no less than £32,291,666 sterling. Tiberius left at his death the enormous sum of £21,796,875, which Caligula is said to have squandered in a single year. Vespasian estimated at his accession that the money which the maintenance of the Commonwealth required was £352,916,000.

Up to the time of Augustus, the wealth of the world appeared to flow into the treasuries of Rome, when the production of gold from the Roman mines in Illyria and Spain suddenly ceased, and for a long period the world received no new accession of metallic wealth. Jacob, in his "History of the Precious Metals," has computed the quantity of gold and silver in the Roman Empire for several years, and shows the rate of diminution to which the enormous wealth of the Augustan period was subject. The highest amounts are as follows:

A.D.	Amount.
14	£358,000,000
50	832,200,000
122	259,182,000
194	209,987,420
266	163,749,304
410	107,435,924

The decline had reached, in the year 806, to the sum of £33,674,256.

From Titan.

MANY THOUGHTS ON MANY THINGS.*

MARRIAGE has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity; and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

The marriage-life is always an *insipid*, a *vezatious*, or a *happy* condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them.

The *vezatious* life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well

known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone. When they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behavior; when alone, they revile each other's person and conduct. In company, they are in purgatory; when only together, in a hell.

The *happy* marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness: the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very make.

There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and muir around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when brothers and sisters grew, from merry playmates, to loving, trustful friends; from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future away from all that, and yet, unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers: "Dear heart! I can not see, but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—*with thee!*"

When a young wife leaves the society of her own kindred, and goes to reside among those of her husband, she passes under a new set of influences, favorable or unfavorable, to her character and wishes. If she finds their sentiments harmonious with her own, and if both are

* *Many Thoughts on Many Things*: being a Treasury of Reference, consisting of Selections from the Writings of the Known Great and the Great Unknown. Compiled and Analytically Arranged by Henry Southgate. 4to, 656 pp. London: George Routledge & Co.

elevated and refined, then the union is the augmented flow of a bright and tranquil stream. More happy still for her, if superior worth or social standing on their part affords a welcome influence to light her to their level. But often she becomes allied to those whose views and ways are quite diverse from hers. The two families, or races, have been trained on different systems, trained to different habits, prejudices, and aims. Then, supposing their standard to be inferior to hers, it will usually and almost necessarily happen, either that she will elevate them or they will depress her.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries, and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwelling. It is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.

ORIGIN OF PENNY POSTAGE.

A traveler, sauntering through the Lake districts of England some years ago, arrived at a small public-house just as the postman stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she took it in her hand, turned it over and over, and asked the charge: it was a large sum—no less than a shilling. Sighing heavily, she observed that it came from her brother, but that she was too poor to take it in, and she returned it to the postman accordingly. The traveler was a man of kindness as well as of observation; he offered to pay the postage himself, and, in spite of more reluctance on the girl's part than he could well understand, he did pay it, and gave her the letter. No sooner, however, was the postman's back turned, than she confessed

that the proceeding had been concerted between her brother and herself; that the letter was empty; that certain signs on the direction conveyed all that she wanted to know; and that, as they could neither of them afford to pay postage, they had devised this method of franking the intelligence desired. The traveler pursued his journey, and as he plodded over the Cumberland Fells, he mused upon the badness of a system which drove people to such straits for means of correspondence, and defeated its own objects all the time. With most men such musings would have ended before the close of the hour; but this man's name was Rowland Hill; and it was from this incident, and these reflections, that the whole scheme of penny-postage was derived.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT.

The American merchant is a type of a restless, adventurous, onward-going race of people. He sends his merchandise all over the earth; stocks every market; makes wants, that he may supply them; covers the New-Zealander with southern cotton woven in northern looms; builds blocks of stores in the Sandwich Islands; swaps with the Feejee cannibal; sends the whale-ship among the icebergs of the poles, or to wander in solitary seas, till the log-book tells the tedious sameness of years, and boys become men; gives the ice of the Northern winter to the torrid zone; piles up Fresh Pond on the banks of the Hooghly; gladdens the sunny savannahs of the dreamy South, and makes life tolerable in the bungalow of an India jungle. The lakes of New-England awake to life by the rivers of the sultry East, and the antipodes of the earth come in contact at this "meeting of the waters." The white canvas of the American ship glances in every nook of every ocean. Scarcely has the slightest intimation come of some unknown, obscure corner of a remote sea, when the captain is consulting his charts, in full career for the *terra incognita*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

RECENT HISTORICAL REVELATIONS.

HISTORY, of all the productions of the intellect, is that which presents the most varied forms. Independently of the philosophies of history, whose object is to lead the reader to some arbitrary conclusion, we have chronicles, memoirs, narratives of battles, and the lives of kings, in which the personality of the narrator is more or less apparent. Then comes that numerous class of historians, whose long practical knowledge of men and human affairs induces them, irresistibly, to refer the effects to the causes, in connecting human events with the motives which explain them, and the consequences that have ensued. Those historians, therefore, become judges upon the events which they relate; and, although they place themselves, as it were, in presence of the public and of posterity, they inevitably invest their productions with a portion of their convictions, of their sympathies and antipathies—often of their passions. Hence the incredulity sometimes professed about the reality and efficiency of history. We conceive this incredulity to be only admissible and justifiable with reference to the details which, in the eyes of the superficial student, are the whole of history. But the preëminent, vital traits of nations, namely, the laws, literature, institutions, the economical state of societies, or those changes which affect the augmentation and distribution of wealth and property, all are glaring, irrefragable facts which baffle the arguments of skeptics and opponents. It may be observed, that such are more especially the domains of the generalizing historian. Such generalizations, however, offer alone a rich field for moral, political, and social studies.

With reference to the details of history, although they certainly must be accepted with great caution—seldom, if ever, to be credited, if received from one channel only—accuracy, nevertheless, is to be obtained, if not by the generality of compilers, assuredly by the honest investigator,

whose diligent researches will enable him to discern truth in the midst of the sectarian, political, and egotistical clouds by which it may be enveloped. With these conditions, history becomes in reality what Schiller calls it—"The Tribunal of the World." It may then be considered as the great earthly judge, generally, and often invisibly, reprobating the iniquities of the past, and regulating the movements of the human mind and of societies.

Despite the difficulties of obtaining a strict accuracy of details, in the contentions of parties and factions—in the motives of men—in many of the secret springs that have led to revolutions, transformations, and calamitous events—history can not be divested of its dignity. It is the study of the advance of principles, affections, and intellectual powers; it marks out the mode in which individuals and nations shall unfold themselves, so that they may grow up what God designs them to be.

The paramount usefulness of history, with all its ramifications, has, of late years, been generally admitted; and the deplorable deficiency or total absence of historical studies in British education is awakening the promoters of education and enlightenment to a sense of the existence of a chasm. Goethe says somewhere, that to write is an abuse of words—that the impression of a solitary reading replaces but sadly the vivid energy of spoken language—that it is by his personality that man exercises an action upon man, whilst thus, at the same time, the impressions are the strongest and the purest. Goethe's idea is the clearest expression of tuition rightly understood; and in history especially the professorial duties and its advantages can not find an equivalent by mere reading, the latter being more especially an auxiliary to the former by judicious references. The conscientious professor of history, after seeking for truth in all parties and sects—after weighing testimonies—after having pondered documents

and the labors of others, the whole being subject to a rigid method—relates, in a few hours the *résumé* of labors of whole months; and, moreover, the personal influence mentioned by Goethe—the human sympathy along with the vividness of the narrative—convey, in a facile and impressive manner, a mass of accurate knowledge, abundant sources of meditations and generous emotions, unattainable otherwise.

But the doubts and incredulity we have alluded to, respecting many historical facts and details will ere long be inadmissible. There is a tendency in our time, daily on the ascendant, to open to the public all original correspondences and documents on civil and military transactions. Such publications, which have already had an extensive development within these last ten years, will gradually become a necessity of civilized nations. They lay bare the sources of history; they are the life-blood of historical science; they unravel the true nature of men and their deeds; they greatly facilitate the future labors of the historian, whilst they satisfy the doubts and hesitations of the public. Such productions have already revealed many truths respecting events and characters which had been hitherto misappreciated. The French historians and statesmen, for instance, never believed that William Pitt was sincere when treating with the French Republic, until his correspondence with Lord Malmesbury was given to the public. The lofty integrity of the Duke of Wellington, along with the incredible difficulties of every description he had to encounter, are indelibly portrayed in his Dispatches. If the whole mass of Napoleon's letters and orders amounting to something like thirty thousand, are published by the French Government, (as announced,) we will then behold the real Napoleon. The heartless, unscrupulous ferocity of the great man, is already abundantly displayed in the correspondence with his brother, Joseph, published by M. Du Casse. The recent publication of the original letters of Henry IV. of France, reveals the originality and powers of conception of the first Bourbon, whom Napoleon contemptuously and unjustly called, a captain of cavalry. They restore to the greatest of French monarchs all that had been traditionally attributed to Sully.

By the recent publication of original documents, several portions of the history

of the sixteenth century that had been obscure or misrepresented have received a new and purer light. The correspondence of Granvelle, the letters of the French and Venetian ambassadors in the East, published by Charrière, explain the Eastern affairs during that period. With the correspondence of Charles V., edited by Lanz, and the publications of Gachard; with the ordinances of this Emperor, the trials given by Llorente, along with Granvelle's letters, the political Charles V. of Schiller, and other historians, vanishes. We no longer behold the prudent, profound statesman and warrior, so unjustifiably overrated even in our own time, but the crafty sovereign, the heartless fanatic. In the above documents, abundantly and skilfully *exploited* by Ranke, Prescott, and Mignet, the transformation of that celebrated character may be clearly followed. With reference to his retirement in the convent of Estramadure, the details of it, found in the inexhaustible Royal Archives of Simancas, have been rapidly popularized by MM. Stirling, Mignet, Gachard, and Pichot; and such a sudden popularity is explained by the romanticism of the Emperor's supposed seclusion from worldly affairs; by his ordering his own funeral—a faint but favorite speck of history in schools and drawing-rooms. To M. Gachard especially, Archivist-General of Belgium, the world is indebted for, perhaps, the largest amount of original documents recently published. His Correspondence of Philip II., of the Duke of Alva, of Alexander Farnese, is invaluable. In his four volumes of the Correspondence, etc., of Guillaume *le Taciturne*, may be contemplated that lofty figure, who was king of all the friends of toleration, the head of the party of humanity in an age of reckless cruelty—in short, the pure, gentle, impartial hero, many traits of whose character the English student finds inherited by his descendant William III., and so graphically delineated by Lord Macaulay, and to which he beholds Miss Strickland's heart unfemininely callous.

Although nothing can be more satisfactory than original documents, still they require discernment. Great attention is demanded as to their origin and authors. They must be, in some instances, controlled by others—for instance, whenever they consist of family chronicles, written by the servants of great princely houses, and exclusively in their praise. These are

not to be rejected, but must, of necessity, occupy a secondary place. On the other hand, many characters branded, and justly so, by history, offer at times redeeming points—some acts decidedly meritorious. The tragic muse has left a fearful cloud over the memory of Richard III. of England, and several of his creditable acts are ignored. The figure of the French king, Philip, *le Bel*, the forgerer, is justly repulsive and odious; still, several of his enactments and institutions were advantageous to the country. The domain of thought, as well as the history of men, seems, at times, to consist of reactions. An attempt has even been made to rehabilitate the Borgias. Henry VIII. of England, in skillful hands, may soon become the darling pet of English ladies.

There is a recent instance of that tendency to rehabilitate royal criminals which illustrates our observation on the necessity of great discernment, even with original documents. Who can be so ignorant of history as not to have read something about the dark deeds of Catherine of Medicis? In our time there has appeared most powerful evidence presenting this good queen to the public in her immaculate nature. No one could read her life, published at Florence by M. Alberj, without conceiving a most favorable opinion of this Florentine importation at the court of France—a life, it must not be omitted, written from the authentic acts and documents existing in the Tuscan archives. Nothing could be more unanswerable. But if you investigate the nature of those manuscripts and authentic documents, you find that they are nothing more than family documents, letters written from Paris by servants, menials, admirers of Catherine, and envoys of the Grand Duke. We believe that a more satisfactory document to be consulted on Catherine de Medicis is herself—namely, her own letters, which contradict, in every thing the Florentine historian. One volume only of these letters has yet been published, and it is hoped that what remains will also be given to the public. The originals and copies are at the French Archives and the Imperial Library.

Some of the most popular and dramatic events in the history of Italy have recently been restored to their true character. The first among them in point of date, and, perhaps, also in point of importance and

influence, is the far-famed episode of the Sicilian Vespers.

Poor Italy has ever been a pendulum betwixt slavery and anarchy. It has ever been prolific in conspiracies and ignoble tyrants. It has ever been the classical land of conspirators. In its mediæval history alone we find Porcario, the Pazzi, Olgiati, and others. It is undeniable that the traditional episode of the Sicilian Vespers, preceded by a vast conspiracy, inoculated in the vivid imaginations of the Italians a taste for conspiracies; a tendency to secret, subterranean agitation, followed by a sudden dramatic explosion; and it is evident that such a remedy as partial conspiracies has aggravated the odious and iniquitous tyrannies that trample under foot the fair peninsula. The Sicilian Vespers have been for ages a favorite theme for enthusiastic commentaries. Sismondi, and all the Italian historians, have more or less dwelt on the conspiracy. It has been universally popularized, and has inflamed the imagination of all civilized nations through the dreams and embellishments of the novelist and the dramatist. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm created by the tragedy of Casimir Delavigne. And now, after such an extraordinary influence; after the statements of historians; after such a fabulous *prestige*, it is positive that there has never been a conspiracy at all; that the Sicilian Vespers were the result of a sudden, unexpected popular explosion. The documents recently produced by M. Amari, the learned and skillful Sicilian historian, leave not a shadow of doubt on the subject. John of Procida is no longer the hero of the conspiracy, but a man who, like so many others in history, comes up when all is over, and makes the best of every thing.

The conquest of Naples and Sicily by the Normans, far from having been followed by the same cruelty and rapacity which the same race of conquerors displayed in England, on the contrary, proved one of the happiest periods of that unfortunate country. Long after, when evil days had fallen on the Sicilians, they sighed after the times of the Norman king, William the Good—a very rare testimony paid to the memory of kings. Subsequently Sicily became annexed to the Germanic Empire, and the House of Hohenstauffen, by a matrimonial alliance,

and thus became mixed up with all the sanguinary struggles of the House of Swabia. The Sicilians were fascinated by the hero-poet, Frederic II., and his oriental habits, and manifested afterwards a sincere attachment to his bastard, Manfred. The latter was reigning over the fair island but nominally, till the majority and arrival of the legitimate and sole heir of the Hohenstauffens, when Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, armed with a Papal Bull, after the most extensive preparations, in his Provençal cities, bathed by the Mediterranean Sea, sailed, in 1267, at the head of a formidable armament for the conquest of Naples and Sicily. Charles of Anjou — that tall stern man, always clothed in black, and who never smiled, says Villani — was brooding over ambitious designs that extended to the sovereignty of Constantinople, and, perhaps, further. His army fell on Naples and Sicily like a destructive swarm. Manfred being defeated and slain at the Battle of Beneventum, Charles gave a free vent to his vindictive, bloodthirsty nature and his rapacity. All who were only suspected of adherence to the fallen dynasty were butchered with their children, and their property confiscated. The little city of Agousto, having offered some resistance, every inhabitant, without regard to sex or age, was slaughtered in cold blood. Palermo, the industrious, active, elegant city of former days, soon fell into a death-like torpor. A most oppressive feudalism was organized among the dispossessed nobility of the island. The rich Sicilian heiresses were forced to wed the French courtiers, while marriage was interdicted to the sons of the Sicilian vassals. Charles' object was to extinguish the race of his enemies. The poor Sicilian peasant became oppressed by his own Sicilian nobles, who had hitherto been paternal in their relations with the people, but who now, either to please the new king, or satisfy the fiscal exigencies, became as reckless in their tyranny as the feudal nobles of the rest of Europe. Every object of the first necessity and utility became subject to heavy taxation. The Sicilians were cruelly obliged to exchange their pure gold coins of the time of Frederic, for the new corrupt French money. Woe to those who dared to evade or resist the decree! The rack awaited them! The Sicilian chronicles of the period can alone give an idea of the abominable oppression

of every day and every moment. The noblest of families were reduced to mendicity; their daughters a prey to the coarsest soldiery. All able-bodied men were pressed for the army and the fleet. If any fled, father, mother, and sisters met with certain death, after tortures and outrages. When these horrors became known at Rome, the Pontiff did not spare his remonstrances to Charles of Anjou. They were of no avail. The Sicilians then turned their hearts and hopes towards the Queen of Arragon, Constance, daughter of Manfred. Many refugees were kindly received by her; but the king, her husband's policy did not permit him to manifest any sympathy.

As to Procida, who has so long been transformed into the hero of a supposed conspiracy, he was already in an advanced age; he was not a Sicilian, and by his conduct had become an object of distrust, if not of hatred, to the oppressed people. He certainly had been faithful to Manfred; but when the disaster was complete, his property confiscated, and himself exiled, he did not persevere in his fidelity to the vanquished. There is a letter existing, from Pope Clement IV., imploring, in his behalf, the pardon of the conqueror, in terms damaging the dignity of the so long-supposed author of conspiracy. The popular imagination, and the historical novelists, so fatal at all times to a pure notion of history, both have established that Procida's wife, Landolfina, had fallen a victim to French violence, and that he had sworn to avenge her, and free his country. Authentic documents now prove that Landolfina possessed immense wealth, which was restored to her, as she proved that she had taken no share in what she called the *malice* of her husband. It is well ascertained, also, that she became notorious among the French for her galling and prodigalities. There is no doubt, however, that Procida, whose great experience must have been valuable, became the confident of the ambitious views of Don Pedro, the King of Arragon, and that he evidently undertook some diplomatic missions in his service, to secure, if possible, the sympathies of Rome, and the assistance of the Byzantine Emperor, who dreaded the ambition of the formidable brother of Saint Louis. Perhaps Procida penetrated into the new dominions of Charles of Anjou, but merely to sustain the courage of some of the Sicilian

nobles, and foreshadow to them the possibility of an invasion on the part of Don Pedro. If so, he must have been exposed to great dangers. The tradition says—and it is probable—that, once, he only escaped suspicion by feigning madness. In the mean time, the somber despair of the Sicilians was on the ascendant. Their rage was concentrated, but fermenting. Charles' fury, on the other hand, was boundless, as he was approaching the time he thought favorable for his undertaking into the East. He did not know where to turn, or upon whom he could vent his fierce yearning for blood and victims. He threatened to exterminate the whole race of Sicilians. A reign of terror commenced. No Sicilian was permitted to have any arms of whatever kind in his possession. The searching for them became another vexatious outrage of every moment.

A lovely valley fills the distance between Palermo and Monreale. It formerly extended considerably towards the wild declivity of the Monte Pellegrino. Shaded luxuriantly with orange trees, jasmines, and mulberries, and interspersed with exquisite grassy slopes, it was the most favorite resort of the Palermitans. On Easter Monday, (30th March, 1282,) the Palermitan population crowded on that beautiful spot, as usual every year, after the religious ceremonies of the morning. A bright sun, myriads of flowers bursting through the thick grass, the blossoms of orange trees that perfumed the atmosphere, all the splendors of an eastern spring, seemed to invite the multitude to breathe and smile. The general gloom soon appeared as if dispelled. But the French came also: they mixed freely with the groups, unconscious of the hatred they inspired wherever they appeared. Their presence was like gall, or some infernal apparition, among the Sicilians. It seems that some of these unwelcome strangers outstepped the limits of gallantry with the women, and were repelled with vivacity by the young men. The French, easily incensed, began to search for arms. A threatening, general silence succeeded to the partial merriness that had preceded. All hearts were beating. A Provençal, named Drouet, not content with searching the men to find whether any arms were concealed, assailed a female in the same manner. Drouet fell down, struck dead with a poniard.

At this very moment, most fortuitously, the vesper bells were ringing, and thus the massacre that followed, although without the slightest premeditation, has ever been known by the name of Sicilian Vespers.

The moment of Drouet's death became the commencement of a frightful confusion. The Palermitans, maddened by a long relentless oppression, carried on the massacre of the French with a rapid fury. The Sicilian women who had married Frenchmen, were butchered, because they had been sullied by the abhorred foe, and in order to avenge a national treason. But when the vengeance was glutted, and the slaughter over, the people cooled, awoke to a sense of what they had done, and began to fear the consequences of this terrible explosion. An assembly was convoked. The word Republic was pronounced by a majority, and a *happy* Republic was installed under the protection of the Pope and of the Holy Church. But this insurrection did not spread rapidly in the island. Messina was a month before joining the movement. At last, on the 28th of April, the cry of "Death to the French!" resounded in the city, and was followed by the massacre of the French. Messina also declared itself a Republic under the protection of the Church. The news of these events fell like a thunderbolt on Charles of Anjou. His frenzy verged on insanity. He collected all his forces against Messina, intending to make of this city a terrible and memorable example. But the defense of the Messinians was heroic. The women fought by the side of the men. It was a struggle for life and death. The assaults of Charles' army were all repulsed with immense slaughter on both sides. The issue might, nevertheless, have been fatal to Messina, but Charles, hearing of the movements and approach of the Arragonese fleet, hesitated some time, sent conditions of submission to the city, which were rejected, and after having relaxed, resumed the siege. In the mean time, Don Pedro received deputations from the Sicilian cities, inviting him to accept the Sicilian crown. He accepted, landed at Trapani, and his entrance in Palermo was a scene of delirious rejoicings. Succors were immediately sent to Messina, and the heroic city was delivered. Charles d'Anjou withdrew, inwardly burning with his baffled blood-

thirsty fury. A new dynasty and a new domination now commenced for Sicily and the Sicilians.

Another episode of Italian history, affected by the research and publication of original documents, is that which refers to Rienzi. The German historian, Papen-cordt—thanks to his recent researches made in Rome—has been the first to restore to Rienzi his real mystical character. We have seen in Rome a variety of records, chronicles of that period, speeches of the Tribune, many of which were then and have since been published, and all tend to exhibit in him the mystic as well as the antiquary. No former historians have ever perceived, known, or understood the mysticism of Rienzi. Colà Rienzi was the son of an innkeeper. His mother was a washerwoman. Petrarch says that he was handsome, elegant in his demeanor, of a delicate complexion, with something fantastical in his eyes and smile; that he was endowed with remarkable powers of persuasive eloquence and an exquisitely harmonious voice. Educated by an uncle, who was a priest at Anagni, Rienzi evinced a prodigious facility in his studies of Latin, rhetoric, grammar, theology. His education was semi-profane, semi-sacred. He was deeply versed in all the Latin writers, nevertheless, his letters and speeches abound in quotations from the Bible and the Fathers. When he returned to his parents, his humble dwelling was at the foot of the Capitol. His enthusiastic imagination became daily more impressed with the marvelous ruins of Pagan Rome and the wonders of Christian Rome. He was surrounded by the contrast of the profane blended every where and in every thing with the sacred. The Eternal City was then without the Pope or any regular government. The nobles and barons, well quartered in their castles, were the masters of the city; but what masters! Petrarch describes them to have been a band of coarse, profligate highway robbers. Rome was becoming relatively deserted; and, in order to revive the city, to dazzle and amuse the multitude, several of the noble senators imagined to have recourse to a literary pageantry. The poetical triumph of Petrarch, at Rome, on Easter Sunday, (8th April, 1341,) is well known. This triumph was the expression, we may say, of the literary and intellectual revival of the

fourteenth century. On that day the Roman people, roused from their former torpor, lived a new life. Their souls awoke; and to the deafening cries of "Long live the poet," were soon mingled those of "The Capitol forever." This last cry, offspring of a momentary enthusiasm, was treasured up by Rienzi. It kindled his dreamy, mystical spirit. Thus, political revolutions are oftener than imagined the effects of intellectual revolutions.

It is not our object to relate the history of Rienzi. It is romantic enough in reality without the fictions of the novelist, however elegantly wrought. Rienzi soon became celebrated for his knowledge of antiquarian lore. Crowds followed him either to the tombs of the Christian martyrs or to every ruin and vestige of Pagan Rome. Many of his discourses on those occasions have been recovered, and they are all as mystical as archæological. He preached on the history of Rome, on justice, on faith, to a breathless multitude. The popular emotion grew deeper every day, and shed on its author a new and dignified lustre. The Roman people, after a movement of hostility against the nobles, appointed new magistrates and resolved to send ambassadors to pray for the Pontiff's return to Rome. Rienzi formed part of the embassy, and Petrarch united with him, in the hope of persuading the Pope. But their efforts were useless, and on this occasion Rienzi addressed to the Romans a most enthusiastic, mystical letter, which is one of the mediæval curiosities. On his return to Rome, Rienzi was appointed apostolic notary in the municipal council. His system of attacks on the nobles and of defense of the people led to his being struck down by one of the Colonnas. That filled the measure of his hatred. It is at this period that he commenced to address the people with the aid of theatrical representations of his oratory. They were frescoes hastily sketched on a wall, representing great allegorical pictures, the details of which initiate faithfully to the mystical imagination and eloquence of the Tribune. In one of these scenes he stated solemnly his having been—he, frail creature—selected by the Holy Ghost, at the intercession of St. Peter and St. Paul, to restore justice in Rome. Finally, on the 20th of May, 1347, day of the Pentecost, Rienzi convoked the people at the

Capitol. He had heard thirty masses during the preceding night. He appeared armed, bare-headed, and proposed with majestic solemnity the new regulations of his new government, *il buono stato*, which he read aloud. The *buono stato* was proclaimed with vociferous acclamations by the multitude. The barons and nobles fled from the city. Rienzi remained master of Rome, and the details of his government are most curious and deeply interesting. The whole of Europe was astounded. A general belief arose in the resurrection of a new formidable republican Rome. The Pope acknowledged the new Tribune, who, at the same time, received from Petrarch the most eloquent congratulations. The other Italian cities forwarded to him the warmest felicitations, with pecuniary succors. But such a triumph inflamed the imagination of Rienzi. He became delirious. The people shared his aberrations. Insane and mystical ceremonies, abounding in symbols, now took place daily. Finally the Pope sent a legate to put an end to the follies of the Tribune and excommunicated him. The barons assembled an army, marched on Rome, but failed in a first attempt to surprise the city; the people remained faithful, and might have repelled the enemy, had not the mystic, the enthusiast, with his generous ideas, succumbed under a simple question of food. Rome was threatened with a famine; the people immediately cooled towards the excommunicated Tribune; they remained deaf to his voice and insensible to his tears. Rienzi disappeared.

Subsequently he sought a refuge in the convent of Mayella, after having wandered in the solitudes of the Abbruzzi. It appears that during his sojourn in the convent, he fell into constant ecstasies and the most mystical, ambitious reveries. In 1350 Rienzi proceeded to Prague, threw himself at the feet of the Emperor, and addressed him in a mystical, incoherent harangue. He excited the curiosity of Charles IV., who, nevertheless, gave orders to deliver up the excommunicated rebel to the Pontiff. Fortunately for Rienzi, the Archbishop of Prague took him under his protection in a true Christian spirit, kept him nominally a prisoner, and endeavored to soothe his ardent and feeble imagination. The mass of letters and memoirs which the prisoner

addressed to the good Archbishop form the strangest combination of genius with mystical aberrations, interspersed with beautiful effusions of a noble and tender soul. In 1351, however, the Archbishop was obliged to send his prisoner to Rome, where Rienzi underwent a trial at the Pontifical Court, and was condemned to death; but this court was at Avignon, the Land of Poetry and of the Troubadours—the center of European Literature. The Avignoneses could not permit a scholar and a poet to be executed. They protested, not without menace. The Pope graciously pardoned Rienzi, who remained in custody, receiving every testimony of munificent interest. Two years after, Roman anarchy and disorder having attained a scandalous extent, Rienzi became, in the Pontifical hands, an instrument of reform. His exaltation was boundless when sent to Rome with the title of *Senator*; but he soon found that he was considered as a mere instrument—a mere tool in the hands of the legate. His vanity and ambition being deeply ruffled, he associated with a celebrated condottiere, and obliged the Pontifical agents to withdraw or yield. Now, after seven years' exile, he reentered Rome with imperial pageantry and splendor. The Roman people received enthusiastically their Tribune, whom they soon discovered to have undergone great changes, both physically and morally.

This is the second epoch in the life of Rienzi. The generous, mystical idealist of former days had now grown coarse, sensual, heartless, and cruel. His transformation was complete. The treasury was empty in a few days, and unable to keep his engagement with the condottiere, Monreale, the latter was treacherously executed. He then had recourse to taxation. The people murmured. Rienzi had become ridiculous or odious. Drowned in luxuries and sensualities, he was finally roused one morning by the cries of "Death to the Tribune!" The furious multitude invaded his palace and set fire to it. In the mean time the trembling object of so much fury took a disguise to insure his flight. Being recognized, he shrunk, paused, and fell under deep sword-thrusts. The murderers did not strike him down, without having long hesitated, and gazed on those features formerly illumined by the purest enthusiasm—the noblest aspirations—and

now distorted by sensuality and terror, a sad example of the fatal powerlessness of imagination in human affairs when it is devoid of practical intelligence and determination!

An episode, far more terrible, of the History of Italy, was the sack of Rome, in 1527, by the troops of the most Christian Emperor Charles V. The correspondence we have alluded to reveals the truth as to his participation in this great stigma of the sixteenth century. This sixteenth century, during which Italy shone so splendidly by her artistic and literary genius, was fatal to the independence of the fair Peninsula. By the victory of Pavia, Italy seemed condemned to pass under the Germanic domination. The Emperor's armies—or, rather, his motley bands of barbarians—were scattered over the most important points of Lombardy and Tuscany, incessantly devouring and ravaging without mercy. The Italians and the Italian princes beheld the impending fate that awaited them. They manifested a momentary inspiration—a powerful flash of national genius—in the resolution of delivering their country of the imperial hordes. But, instead of acting unanimously—energetically—in broad day-light—they dispersed again. Instead of a national movement, and of a war to the death, they had recourse to cabinet intrigues—to a very equivocal diplomacy—to partial secret meetings—in order to prepare a sudden, unexpected explosion. Hence the horrible catastrophe in which savage bands of Spaniards, Swiss, Germans—lawless and faithless—thirsting for blood, lust, and plunder—sacked, during many weeks, the metropolis of the fine arts and of Christianity, far exceeding any thing recorded in history of the Goths and Vandals. Morone, Chancellor and Minister of the Duke of Milan, was the originator and the soul of the conspiracy. He associated the Pope and all the Italian princes to his views; and there was every appearance of a formidable league being formed against the approaching reckless tyranny of Charles. However, long hesitation ensued—misunderstandings, as usual—disappointed pretensions—whilst the Pontiff, Clement VII., evinced a strong desire to insure the happiness of Italy, and, at the same time, to avoid the effusion of blood. All the documents and threads of this widely-spread plot are extremely curious.

They exhibit great sagacity—great cleverness on the part of Morone and others—great rhetorical powers—but evince no signs of unity of action. Morone was persuaded that he had gained over to his cause Pescara, the greatest of the Emperor's generals, whose services had not met with the merited recompense. But the great General proved a traitor to Morone and his cause. Now, the Italians, however unprepared for it, found themselves, of necessity, brought to an open war. The various corps being dispersed, carried on partial *coups de main*. When the chiefs met or communicated with each other, they persevered in a total absence of unity and harmony. The cities remained isolated.

The hesitations of the Pontiff remained a great impediment. In the mean time the generals of Charles V. were displaying great skill—great precision in their movements and unity of purpose. Finally, the Pope beheld the tempest that was gathering, not only over Italy, but over Rome and his own person. There only now remained for him, either complete submission or a desperate resistance. Both were equally repugnant to his feelings, and he continued in his hesitations.

During all the misunderstandings and waverings, the famished, imperial army of barbarians, headed by the Constable of Bourbon, was advancing rapidly. No means now existed to ward off the storm. If we open the letters addressed by Charles V. to his generals, we see that Rome was condemned by him to be sacked, and that his subsequent protestations were all falsehood and hypocrisy. He writes to Lannoy, that he will get nothing from these people (the Court of Rome) without *thrashing them well*. He urges Bourbon to hasten on—to spare no one—and, once for all, to put an end to every thing. The Constable and his 35,000 men fell on the Eternal City like a fearful combination of avalanches. The defense hastily prepared, is vividly related by Benvenuto Cellini. The Spaniards and Germans, greedy of plunder, rushed on the walls; they had no artillery, and must either perish or succeed in a sudden storming of the city. The besieged fought valiantly; but a thick fog falling on the scene of slaughter, rendered the Roman artillery useless and favored the barbarians, who penetrated, from different quarters, into the Eternal City. And

then commenced the long work of murder and of refined cruelties—hideous, bloody scenes of an unheard-of duration, and that have no parallel in history.

The fourth and last of those episodes in Italian history we have alluded to, is the insurrection of Masaniello in 1648-49, contemporary with the *Fronde* and the execution of Charles I. The Duke of Rivas having discovered some very remarkable documents on that period, has made a most judicious use of them in the work he has published on the subject. Here, again, romances, dramatic scenes, operas, and hasty historians, writing without a sufficient knowledge of the original sources, had singularly disfigured the coarse, ignorant but generous fisherman, and the events that caused his apparition as well as those that followed it. Masaniello, as well as Rienzi, was an enthusiast, but without mysticism, idealism, and aspirations. His enthusiasm was purely patriotic. Being roused from his peaceful occupation of fisherman by the Spanish persecutions, he found himself suddenly and unexpectedly master of Naples. His energy and uprightness proved sufficient for mere physical contentions and struggles, but he became powerless when arose the necessity of checking the revolutionary multitude, and insuring, at the same time, to his country, the fruits of victory. As soon as his position became complicated, his total want of experience and common-sense became evident. He then, like Rienzi, but from a very different cause, commenced a series of vengeance and cruelties. Every difficulty appeared to him a treason. All pure enthusiasm had fled from him, and his heart failing, he lost his reason.

There appeared, some fifteen years ago, in Italy, a little book entitled, "Narrative of the Twenty-seven Insurrections of the very faithful city of Naples." If the great number of these revolts, is a testimony of the petulant, explosive nature of the Neapolitan population, it is, undoubtedly, an equal testimony of the misconduct and of the excesses of the governments that succeeded each other. The Duke of Arcos had been appointed Spanish Viceroy of Naples in 1646. The Spanish treasury was exhausted in consequence of the war with France. Naples was already subjected to enormous imposts and extortions. Threatening murmurs and groans could be heard from every class of

the population; nevertheless, a new tax on fruit was proclaimed on the 1st January, 1647. The people manifested their discontent in various street-scenes, by vociferations and pasquinades, in which the fisherman, Thomas Aniello, was a leader. He was notorious among all by his handsome person, his constant merri-ness, and jokes; but his wife, having endeavored to smuggle some flour into the town, she was roughly treated, thrown into prison, and condemned to a fine of a hundred ducats. Masaniello sold all he possessed to redeem her. The young couple were ruined. From that day the fisherman underwent a complete transformation. He became somber, mysterious, bitter, and threatening in his language. His wrath and hatred exploded day and night among the motley groups of the people. He became the head and soul of the malcontents. He soon put himself in communication, indiscriminately, with every faction of nobles, clergy, even banditti.

The Neapolitans, naturally indolent, do not seem to require more for existence than their splendid sun, the deep blue vault of heaven, along with the fruits of the earth for their food. When the burning summer came, they found themselves almost deprived of the latter by the new tax. The Sunday, 7th of July, was a popular festival. The heat was intense. The poor people were yearning for fruits, but they were too dear. Some peasants coming up with baskets filled with the freshest supply, the temptation was too great. Several efforts were made to purchase them; but the tax-gatherers were present. An altercation ensued. The crowd was soon in a ferment. The fiscal agents were threatened on all sides, when Masaniello, appearing at the head of his band, he struck down the government agent, mounted on a table, and addressed the populace in a powerful voice, proclaiming himself their chief, comparing his mission to that of Moses and St. Peter. The insurrection spread like lightning. The Duke signed the abolition of the odious tax, but too late. He escaped by a secret issue, and Masaniello occupied the palace. A massacre of the Spaniards followed. All the government offices were burnt, and the fisherman was proclaimed Captain-General of the people. In the mean time, the Viceroy succeeded in reaching the strong fortress of Castel Nuovo, after

many dangers. He now had recourse to means of conciliation, and endeavored also to disunite the partisans of the insurrection. He vainly tried every treasonable process and subterfuge. Their discovery rendered every conciliation impossible, whilst they exasperated Masaniello. The latter soon organized regular military bands, all in rags, but full of spirit. He marched at their head bravely, and put to flight the Spanish troops that were approaching to the assistance of the Duke, and took possession of the *dépôt* of Spanish arms. In fine, the victory became complete. Masaniello passed a review of 115,000 men, mostly half-naked, but armed and ready to obey him. Now, daily from a window, still in his fisherman's dress, he pronounced orders and decrees; fixed the price of bread; ordered the burning of some palace or other. The exigencies of the people increased with their sense of security in their triumph. They rejected the offers of conciliation of the Duke of Arcos, to the great dissatisfaction of Masaniello, who, simple-minded and sincere, was anxious to behold peace and harmony restored in Naples. At this conjuncture, commenced a series of tumultuous meetings; deputations with propositions and counter-propositions; abortive treasons on the part of the Spaniards: finally, a treaty, establishing on a new basis, the relations between the Neapolitans and the crown was agreed upon. A splendid ceremony took place for its inauguration. It was the most glorious day in the life of the fisherman, who, for the first time, appeared magnificently attired, in obedience to the Archbishop. We now possess all the authentic accounts of his meetings with the Duke; of the speeches, courtesies, pageantry, conversations, and final arrangements, signed by the Viceroy and Masaniello, who found himself recognized as Captain-General by the representative of the King of Spain. But here commenced his embarrassments, his hasty, violent measures and cruelties—finally, the testimony of his utter incapacity for his functions, which were those of Civil Governor. Novelists, and even historians, have stated that the Spaniards had poisoned him; however, no trace, not a shadow of a suspicion of the kind can be found any where. At the final ceremony of the oath, held in the cathedral, richly adorned for the purpose, the Viceroy arrived with a princely

retinue. Masaniello appeared, clad in a garment richly embroidered with silver. A religious service was performed, and a solemn reading of the treaty took place. The Duke swore to abide by it. Deafening cries of joy burst from all. But an inner revolution had already taken place in Masaniello. Now, the poor fisherman, his eyes flashing, his face burning, came forward with extraordinary gesticulations; addressed incoherent words to the people; then burst into tears, tore his garments, and kneeling, he implored the Archbishop to be restored to his former humble life and liberty; after which he fell in a state of prostration. All present withdrew in deep agitation. Evidently, the sudden change from obscurity to a high station; the sense of responsibility fallen upon him; his sense of incapacity for such a position, despite his ardor and heart-born gleams of genius, all gave rise to an inward struggle that broke down and shattered the poor fisherman's mind. It was totally gone. During the banquet, and the festivals of the evening of that solemn day, affecting scenes of his insanity took place again. He was burning with fever. We will not relate his extravagancies, insane measures, and incoherent speeches during the following days. It is easily conceived that he lost all credit in the eyes of the people. Still, they gazed upon him and his follies with tender emotions of pity; others, however, flung stones at him. The Duke considered his state as an admirable opportunity for striking a decisive blow, which would at once avenge him and annihilate the revolution. Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed when, on the great day of the *fête* of the Virgin, again a solemn general assembly took place in the Church of the Carmel. This time the multitude was silent and gloomy. The Duke appeared, but with armed troops. Masaniello rushed from his house into the church, rushed into the pulpit; and such was the incoherent vehemence of his speech that he soon fell exhausted. The Divine Service was performed whilst he lay prostrate in the cell of a monk close to the sacristy. As soon as it was over, the crowd was withdrawing slowly, silently, mournfully, when three armed men penetrated into the church, crying—"Death to Masaniello!" All present fled. Masaniello, ghastly pale, but smiling, appeared on the threshold of the sacristy. "Is it you, my beloved people?" he ex-

claimed; "I am coming to you." The assassins fired deliberately, and he fell dead. The impressionable Neapolitans shed floods of tears over the body of the unfortunate fisherman whose funeral was on a regal scale. During one long day his body was exposed to the gaze of the people, who came once more to behold the beautiful head they had loved so deeply. The Duke of Arcos soon discovered that his crime could not be followed by any solution in his favor. The revolution continued, and assumed another phase under the Duke of Guise and his partisans, who, after many difficulties, sanguinary contests, and chivalrous combats, fell, without exception, under the new Spanish forces, commanded by Don John of Austria. The city and kingdom of Naples made their submission; and although the tax upon fruits was not renewed, the government of the Spanish Viceroys resumed its former despotism.

From the various instances we have sketched, may be seen the nature of the knowledge obtained from original documents and state papers, and how much they facilitate verification in the attainment and appreciation of truth. The discriminate use of such materials for the investigation of historical facts will shed a new light, we repeat it, on the science of history, as well as on the labors of historians and professors of history. Let us add that the public owes a great debt of

gratitude to those who devote themselves to such researches. Such men are the patient and indefatigable miners who derive but little popular influence and repute, if their labors are confined to such pursuits. In England, one of the most striking instances of the effects resulting from the publication of original documents was Mr. Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell." The British public beheld for the first time, the stern Puritan—the real Protector. Others will follow the example given by Mr. Carlyle. Subsequently appeared the late Mr. John Kemble's publication of invaluable state papers with excellent biographical notices. Thus, the British public will now be in the legitimate expectation of the appearance of new sources of history. At Florence, under the auspices of the Minister, Baldasseroni, M. Bonaini has very recently arranged and classified the Tuscan Archives with infinite skill in the beautiful palace of the *Uffizi*; and thus Florence possesses now, collected together and accessible to all, the state papers, correspondence, in short, all the documents relating to her history—sad remains of her antique liberties! It would be worthy of the British Government to assist in, and encourage the researches for state papers and valuable documents. It is well known that they abound in the British Museum and the Foreign Office, as well as in all the public offices and archives of Europe.

From the British Quarterly.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT JUDAISM.*

A MORE distasteful task has seldom exercised our pen, than the criticism of this small but pretentious volume. If it were the work of some Unitarian divine, or of some lay disciple of Theodore Parker or

Francis Newman, a very cursory notice would be all that its intrinsic merits would call for. But coming from a clergyman occupying Professor Powell's position in the Church of England, it acquires a portentous significance. It must be taken, not for what it is worth, but for what it stands for. It represents, of course, the views not only of the author himself, but of his brother clergymen who have asked him to preach in their pulpits; and of

* *Christianity without Judaism; a second Series of Essays. Being the substance of Sermons delivered in London and other places. By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. Longman. Pp. 263.*

those readers "in all parts of the country," who, we are told, have induced the publication by their demand for copies of a former private edition. In short, the appearance of this book betokens the existence in the Church of England of a party more or less numerous and influential, prepared to welcome its doctrines. And in the preface, Mr. Powell avows his belief that there is a considerable and fast-increasing proportion, both of clergy and laity, "fully alive" to what he is pleased to term "liberal and enlightened views" of Christianity. This of course means the views which Mr. Powell himself happens to have espoused. This cant about liberality and enlightenment runs through the volume, and is one of its most offensive characteristics. There is a class of minds who mistake the history of their own opinions for the progress of human intellect in general, and can never be persuaded that they hold any other position than that of intellectual leaders in the foremost rank of the age. To this class Professor Powell belongs. Those from whom he differs have their choice between bigoted narrow-mindedness, prejudice, and confusion of thought, which hinder them from seeing that he is right; and dishonest cowardice which withholds them from confessing it. He assaults the infallibility of the Bible, with the most undisturbed confidence in his own, (for the mind of man demands infallibility *somewhere*;) and explodes Calvinism, or sets down poor Hugh Miller, with the same air of serene superiority with which he abolishes the Sabbath, convicts Moses of ignorance, and assigns to the ancient Hebrews their proper rank as a barbarous nation, "in the lowest and most puerile state of intellectual and moral enlightenment."

This conceit of infallibility seems to be a besetting danger of scientific culture. In the study of pure science the mind acquires the habit of absolute confidence in its own conclusions. There is no room for modesty in mathematics. There is no presumption in affirming of the result of a carefully conducted calculation that it is true for all minds and for all time; and that if any one can not perceive its truth, this proves only his ignorance, not the uncertainty of the conclusion. The stars in their courses record in characters of light, in the depths of unmeasured space, the equations wrought out by the lonely stu-

dent in his cell. The returning comet, the new planet, answer from the remote verge of the solar system to his summons, and demonstrate the laws of the human intellect to be the laws of the universe. With respect to the subjects of pure science, the man of science stands on a platform of infallible certainty, from which he looks down with conscious superiority on the mass of mankind, who must remain ignorant, for the most part, of the processes of science, and be content to take its results as matter of faith, which to him are matter of demonstration. No wonder that he is tempted to attribute to the superior strength of his own intellect that infallible certainty which, in reality, results from the superiority of the intellectual instruments he employs. He forgets that his intimate familiarity with the reasoning process by which those great results are demonstrated, which the majority accept on trust, is merely one instance of the advantage which every artist has in his own art over other men; for *science* becomes *art* when it is employed to extend its own boundaries. He grows impatient of doubt, of humility, and of difference of opinion. He desires the certainty of mathematics in all other branches of knowledge; and as he can no longer find that certainty in the processes by which his conclusions are reached, he finds it in the fact that he has reached them. Science has taught him that the solitary reasoner may be right, and the whole world wrong. He simply generalizes the lesson, and infers that whenever he differs from other people they must needs be wrong, because he is infallibly right. His own opinions become, in his eyes, the high-water mark of the intellectual progress of the age; and any opposition to them the sure token of ignorance, narrow prejudice, or dishonesty. The most splendid warning of these dangers of scientific culture is furnished by the late Auguste Comte, the man of science, *par excellence*, of the present age. As incapable beyond his proper province as he was powerful and unrivaled within it, he mistook the narrow pale of accurate science for the wide horizon of human knowledge. Confounding science sometimes with philosophy, and sometimes with art, he imagined that, in classifying the sciences, he was mapping out the whole domain of the human intellect, and was unable to see that our largest and

most precious treasures of knowledge lie beyond, or above, where the foot of science has not trodden, nor her wings soared; in the world of consciousness and of emotion, which defies science; in the world of actual individual experience, where science is the disciple, not the teacher; and in the world of faith, where the demonstrations of science are superseded by a sublimer certainty.

These remarks are not very recondite; but we venture to say that they express truths of which the author of the work before us has not the remotest suspicion. In his mind, scientific culture is the prevailing inspiration. His ideal of certainty is "positive philosophy." He is evidently incapable of perceiving that there is in the words spoken by the divine voice on Sinai an authority and certainty of a higher description than can attach to the inferences of geology, or even to the opinions of the Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. He would think it, no doubt, a very narrow-minded and ignorant remark, that a clever man may not be a better theologian, but a much worse one, for having made profound and various attainments in pure science. The remark is nevertheless true; not because theology and science are at variance—for all truth is one—but because such is the imperfection and feebleness of the human mind that it can scarcely attain eminence in more than one direction; and by the intense and exclusive study of one kind of evidence, and one class of truths, it is too often unfitted, rather than prepared, for the study of other kinds of truth, and the appreciation of other kinds of evidence.

The following passage will suffice to illustrate these remarks, and to indicate the Professor's own view of the bearing of modern science upon theology:

"The unparalleled advances in physical science which characterize the present age, alone suffice to stamp a totally different character on the spirit of all its discussions; and they now are, and will be to a far greater extent, influential on the tone of theology. It is now perceived by all inquiring minds that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal law and order, are at once the basis of all rational theology, and give the death-blow to superstition. The influence of the advance of physical science on religion is, in truth, a very wide subject, and involves some topics at once of great difficulty and high import in regard to the very founda-

tions of a belief in revelation, and its received external evidences. These, however, are questions which will not fall within the scope of the present discussion, but will be reserved for a future opportunity. With reference to our more immediate subject, it will suffice to remark, that notwithstanding the acknowledged benefits to pure religion which result from the scientific enlightenment of the age, there has too commonly existed a feeling of hostility against it on the part of some very religious persons. Theology has too commonly been beset with a spirit of a narrower kind, unwilling to acknowledge those broader and more enlightening truths; and thus from the first dawn of the true inductive philosophy there has always existed on the part of a bigoted and exclusive class of theologians, a deeply-seated jealousy and suspicion of the advance of physical discovery. Some better informed theologians, indeed, of several schools, have had the wisdom to pursue a better policy; and it is now mainly the spirit of Puritanism which is arrayed in the most inveterate hostility to science. And in a more especial manner has this been evinced at the present day, when the discoveries of geology have made advances far more formidable to its claims, and subversive of its Judaical principles, than were all the assaults made by the heresies of Copernicus and Galileo on the authority of the Catholic decrees in a past age."—Pp. 11-13.

The magniloquent vagueness and the tone of oracular authority which our readers will be struck with in this passage, are characteristic of the volume. One is perpetually inquiring what definite meaning may lie concealed beneath the pompous folds of loose and sweeping generalities in which the author is wont to array his ideas. What, for example, exactly, are "those broader and more enlightening truths," and with what are they compared? With the narrower and less enlightening truths of religion, or merely with the "spirit of a narrower kind," which has "too commonly beset" theology? Again, what are, precisely, the "acknowledged benefits to pure religion, which result from the scientific enlightenment of the age"? Pure religion is a certain state of heart towards God, consisting essentially of faith, love, and obedience, which influences habitually the whole character and conduct. No disparagement to the claims or triumphs of science is implied in saying that all the "scientific enlightenment of the age" can not render faith, or love, or obedience, more powerful in their influence, or more easy of attainment. Professor Powell's assertion is about as coherent and intel-

ligible as if one were to affirm that railways and the electric telegraph have done much to simplify the theory of equations, or that the discovery of the interior of Africa may be expected to ameliorate considerably the English climate.

But, according to this writer, modern science has done much more than simply benefiting religion. It has supplemented, if not superseded, the Scriptures; or rather, to speak in accordance with the general tone of his work, it has superseded the Old Testament, and supplemented the New. "All inquiring minds"—a tolerably large category, in the nineteenth century, and in the English nation—now perceive, he assures us, "that the advance of true scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of universal law and order, are the *basis of all rational theology*." The reference, as the context shows, is to principles of physical science. Certainly, this is a remarkable assertion for a Christian divine. That the "*advance*" of scientific principles should form the "*basis*" of theology is paradoxical enough. It must be a very movable basis, one would think, little better than a quicksand. But "the grand inductive conclusions of universal and eternal law and order"—if one only knew what those sublime "conclusions" are—have a sound of more ambitious promise. Where are they? What are they? Are they truths of a loftier order, of a wider universality, of a more unchangeable eternity, than those ancient declarations that "God is light;" that "God is love;" that "Love is the fulfilling of the law;" that "All lawlessness is sin," and "the desert of sin is death;" that "He that believeth on the Son of God hath life," and "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God"? Such statements as these, as sublime in the simplicity of their expression as they are unfathomable and immeasurable in their fullness of meaning—such direct, authoritative declarations of divine truth, uttered by the Son of God himself, or by his authorized messengers, have hitherto furnished the "*basis*" of theology. It is not only a "rational" one—for it satisfies reason with the highest evidence; but it is the only possible one, under the conditions of our present existence. The loftiest, broadest, surest inductions of modern science can not soar beyond the atmosphere of observed facts. No induction from nature can include God. It can

but point to him, and bid us seek elsewhere the light which it can not furnish, yet in which alone its deepest lessons can be read. So far from furnishing a "*basis*" for theology, physical science can not add one single fundamental proposition to those primary biblical truths of which we have just cited a few examples, and on which theology rests. It is only by being united with moral and metaphysical considerations, that the inductions of physical science can even supply evidence of the great fundamental truth of theology—the existence of God. The intelligent theologian, indeed, will be far from underrating the light which modern science can shed upon his majestic and profound theme. It can not show the depths, but it can illuminate the surface. It can not solve the mysteries, or answer the solemn doubts and awful questions of theology, but it can pour upon some of its plainest and yet sublimest doctrines the rich glow of profuse and glorious illustration. It can tell us nothing new of the divine character, will, or nature. On the most urgent problems of theology—the theory and consequences of the divine conduct towards men, as the Father-Creator towards his offspring, and as the Supreme Ruler towards his disobedient subjects—inductive science can shed no ray of light. It possesses no data. In the perpetual flux of human affairs, the same individuals, the same circumstances, never recur. In the wide expanse of this world's history, induction finds no rest for the sole of its foot; from the shoreless waste of the desolate past it can not bring a single olive-leaf of promise and hope. What science *can* do to illustrate theology, should be acknowledged, not only thankfully, but devoutly; for creation also is the word of God, and it is a noble task to decipher, though slowly and imperfectly, its divine lessons. It can illustrate truths which it never could have revealed. It can attest the unity of creation by showing that the sunbeam in which the tiny gnat dances and the violet expands, is identical with the rays that have been millions of years on their passage from those vast hives of suns and systems which are but nebulous points in our heaven; and that beyond those inconceivable wildernesses of boundless space the same law reigns by which the thistle-down floats and the rain-drop falls. It can exemplify, with the most dazzling

variety, magnificence, and minuteness of evidence, the wisdom, power, and goodness of the divine Maker; showing how, not a bundle of single threads, but an infinitely complicated web of design, like the fine-woven sympathetic network of nerves in the human body, pervades every atom and point of creation, binding each to all; how primeval forests grew and decayed in order that coal might be dug, and steam might be the slave of commerce and civilization; how multitudes beyond all arithmetic of living creatures were born and perished, and earthquakes throbbed, and oceans were dried up, that the chalky downs might pasture the flock or repay the plowshare, and that the rifted marble crags might be the quarry of the mason, the school of the painter and the poet, or the fortress of the oppressed; how the cloud that cools the fainting wayfarer, and closes the pimpernel, is carrying food for a thousand tables; or how the wind that speeds the Mayflower, or wrecks the Armada, that buries an army beneath the sand, or frolics with the child's kite and gently bears the odor of the clematis to the sick girl's bedside, is but obeying the laws given to it by the heat of the sun's rays, and the twofold motion of our globe. Above all, physical science furnishes the most impressive and unanswerable evidence that the All-wise and Almighty Creator works by law, that is, by settled and permanent principles; and that while the inflexible maintenance of his laws often involves a tremendous cost of suffering, yet the laws themselves are stamped with the manifest image and superscription of pure and infinite benevolence. These are the sublimest lessons of science. They are a part of God's revelation of himself to man. But they only illustrate and confirm the teaching of his written word. They add no single new truth to theology—much less furnish a new basis for it. They do but re-set, with the rich choral harmony of innumerable voices "of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth," the ancient melody chanted from the beginning in the pages of Scripture. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord!" "For ever, O Lord! thy word is settled in heaven." They continue this day according to thine ordinances; for all are thy servants."

Hostile jealousy of the advances of true physical science is the last folly of which

an intelligent and devout theologian would wish to be guilty. Those who believe that the Scriptures of the Old as well as the New Testament are from the author of universal nature, can have no fear that the one book really contradicts the other. Science, however, is not Nature, but only man's reading of nature. It is infallible only within certain very narrow limits. Its very advance implies its imperfection. Jealousy of the progress of true science is one thing; jealousy of the hasty, arrogant, or profane conclusions of scientific men is quite another thing. The first would argue indifference to truth, if not something worse; the second argues only distrust of human weakness. Theologians, if such there be, who shut their eyes to the splendid discoveries of modern science from a narrow, cowardly apprehension of having any of their opinions interfered with, or the authority of any of their *dicta* impugned, are worthy of censure and contempt. But are they more ridiculous than the theologian who preposterously claims for those discoveries the glory of supplying a new basis for rational theology? Are they more blamable than the Christian divine who ascribes to the *inferences* of a few geologists, skillful and sagacious but yet fallible cultivators of an infant science, an authority sufficient to contradict the declaration of God's own voice upon Mount Sinai, and not merely to explode the obligation of the Sabbath, but to shed discredit on the whole of the Old Testament Scripture?

The fact is, that men of science are quite as much in danger of narrow-mindedness as are theologians, or any other class of thinkers. It is a disease incident to the human intellect, when fed too exclusively on any one kind of truth. It is all very well to complain, as Professor Powell does, (p. 10,) that "while rational inquiry, learned criticism, and philosophical argument are so largely applied to other departments of knowledge," they are neglected and censured by theologians; or that theological questions are "too commonly pursued" in an "unworthy spirit," and with "ignorant, narrow, and one-sided views;" but dangers of this sort are by no means confined to the defenders of the Bible. The man of science, too, has his own theories and prejudices and fixed ideas. He is in danger of confounding his own opinion with science itself, and of ascribing to the precarious in-

ferences of scientific men the certainty which really belongs only to the facts on which their reasoning is based. And his habitual study of one sort of evidence may render him very ill fitted to feel the stronger force of evidence of a different sort. Thus, when Professor Powell tells us, that "from the irreconcilable contradictions disclosed by geological discovery, the whole narrative of the six days' creation can not now be regarded by any competently informed person as historical," he leaves out of view altogether the fact that there is evidence on the one side as well as on the other. The blame of the "irreconcilable contradictions" may rest, not with Moses, but with the geologists. It is inconceivable that God should have spoken, either by his voice on Mount Sinai, or by his handwriting on the earth's materials, any thing but truth. It is conceivable, on the one hand, that He did *not* speak the words we believe him to have spoken, or that we have misunderstood them. But it is equally conceivable, and perhaps, to those who have studied not only the Bible and geology, but the laws of evidence, much more conceivable, that the rocky records, which are the text-book of geology, have not yet been fully deciphered or infallibly interpreted. Historical evidence—the evidence of written records, of language, of national tradition, and notorious facts, interwoven inseparably with the customs, genius, character, and entire history of a nation—is quite as real and valuable as the evidence of observation and experiment, which forms the basis of science. That the Reverend Professor of Geometry, or any other man of science, is able to perceive the one kind of evidence, but incapable of appreciating the other, is to be lamented, not for the sake of truth, but for his own. We have evidence, as certain as that on which geology is based, though of a different kind, not that (as Professor Powell says) "it *may* be true that God spoke all those words on Mount Sinai," but that it *is* true that he actually did speak them. The ultimate evidence for the truth of the declarations made on Sinai is the same as that for the fossil records which geology claims to have deciphered, namely, the testimony of God. Even Professor Powell will hardly venture to maintain that it is *more likely* that God asserted what is untrue in the one case, than that men have been mistaken in the

other: though, unfortunately, he has allowed himself to make statements capable of such an interpretation. Prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and the absence of the true spirit of science, are just as evidently displayed in rejecting one class of evidence as the other. The materials of science lie in the entire world of observed and recorded fact, including the facts of human history just as much as the facts of the earth's surface. A science of history, indeed, there can not be, because the facts are always singular, and never recur; but if any established fact in history be contradicted by the deductions of science, the plain inference is, not that the fact is unreal, but that the premises were insufficient, or the demonstration incorrect.

The opposition between modern science and received theology, which may be regarded as the fundamental idea of the volume before us, is urged, as we have already indicated, with special reference to a single case. Science is represented by geology, and "Puritan" theology by the observance of the Sabbath. Enmity to the Sabbath appears so strongly influential in the writer's mind, that one is almost led to suppose it the real motive of the entire volume. The following sentences indicate the temper in which Professor Powell speaks of the most beautiful of Old Testament institutions, that golden link between earth and heaven, that simplest yet mightiest device for maintaining spiritual religion in the world, of which it may well be said that if its observance be a superstition, superstition has done more for mankind than "modern enlightenment" can do; and that if Christianity has *not* preserved and sanctioned it, then in this one instance Christianity has retrograded, not advanced, in comparison with Judaism:

"Men's minds were roused into vehement alarm some years ago at attempts to revive some points of ecclesiastical ceremonial, while at present public opinion is hardly awakened to the far greater practical enormities of the invasions of Puritanical intolerance, concentrated in the enforcement of Sabbatism. If any theological topic can be said to come home directly to the daily life of every man, it is surely the question of this observance, and of the alleged obligations on which it is maintained. Its practical influence is constantly interfering with the pursuits, enjoyments, and even domestic and personal freedom of all, and especially the working classes. Yet few are found willing to emancipate themselves or others from that influence, even where they fully acknowledge the unsoundness of its foundation. Those who are

foremost to raise an outcry against Romanism, or the merest semblance of a leaning to its practices, passively yield to a superstitious formalism more oppressive in its exactions, and at least equally destructive of the spiritual simplicity of Christianity."—Pp. 21, 22.

We can not pause here to comment on the miserably shallow view of church principles, and of popular sentiment, implied in the statement that the alarm created by Tractarianism referred merely to "points of ecclesiastical ceremonial." Nor is this the place to enter into the discussion of the Sabbath question, notwithstanding the great prominence given to it in this volume. Scarcely must we allow ourselves a passing protest against the assumption, common with those who maintain Mr. Powell's side of the question, that the observance of the Sabbath is a piece of "formalism." Nothing can well be more real, more opposed to empty form, than rest from labor, and the dedication of a whole day to the loftiest purposes of life. If rest, leisure, tranquil meditation, safety from the intrusive demands of business, family converse and worship, public association for prayer, praise, and instruction in the very highest and most practical branches of knowledge—if these things be "forms," and the devotement of one day in seven to such happy and noble purposes be "formalism," where, in the name of common-sense, are the realities of life? Eating, drinking, sleeping, business, may as well be pronounced forms also, and, in fact, our whole outward life a mere incongruous mass of forms; writing books, we presume, being one of the emptiest forms of all, though some books certainly can not be characterized as a "form of sound words."

Immediately after the remarks which we have just quoted from his first Essay, Professor Powell lays down a principle of discussion in which we entirely concur with him; namely, that the obligation of the Sabbath can not be dealt with as an isolated question. It is inseparably connected with the question of the relation of the New Testament to the Old, of the Christian dispensation to those which preceded it, and of the Ten Commandments to the rule of Christian duty. If the religion of the Old Testament be essentially the same, as well as from the same divine source, with that of the Gospel, its forms alone being temporary, and its doctrines eternally true; if the Christian Church be

historically and vitally one with the Jewish Church, (the outward form of voluntary local societies being substituted for that of a national and political body;) if, in fact, Christianity be Judaism developed and perfected, freed from its national trammels, laying aside its gorgeous robes of symbolism, and addressing itself no longer to a portion of mankind, but to the whole race; then it is at least highly fitting and probable that the most spiritual of the Old Testament institutions, the one which is most perfectly free from all special adaptation to a nation or age, and suited to a universal worship, and which is even more imperatively needed now than it was in the days of Moses, should be carried forward from the Old Dispensation into the New. On the other hand, if Christianity and Judaism are wholly disconnected systems; if the Book of Genesis be no more than a mere introduction to the Jewish law; if the Decalogue "totally omits many moral duties," (p. 104,) and the entire law of Moses, "not rising to any broad principles, which the Israelites at that time would have been incapable of comprehending," was designed solely for "the separation of one single people for a specific purpose," (p. 103;) if, in a word, the entire Jewish dispensation was nothing but such a temporary, earthly, narrow, and, in fact, gross and degrading accommodation of religion to the blindness and infirmity of a semi-barbarous nation, as this work represents it to have been; then the obligation of the Sabbath falls to the ground, and the authority of the Old Testament with it. We must add, that the New Testament falls with the Old. Mr. Powell, whose logic is of a very loose and confused character, will, of course, not admit this consequence from his principles. But if the New Testament writers were either ignorant or else dishonest in their habitual and avowed reverence for the Hebrew Scriptures as the word of God—which they must needs have been, if Mr. Powell's views of the Old Testament be the truth—there is an end of the authority of the New Testament as an absolute rule of faith. Inspired, the writers may still have been, in that loose sense in which Mr. Powell employs the word. But it matters little to us whether they were or not, if their inspiration could not keep them from either error or dishonesty in a matter so deeply concerning the divine

character, and the very foundations of religious faith and life. We fully agree with the Reverend Professor, that the best way to get rid of the Sabbath is to get rid of the Old Testament. But we maintain that you can not get rid of the Old Testament without cutting away the very roots of the New, and charging the writers of it with an amount of error fatal to the moral value and decisive authority of their teaching.

Professor Powell prepares the way, in his second Essay, for the main assault on the Old Testament, by a dissertation "*On the application and misapplication of Scripture.*" This is written in the loftiest style of conscious intellectual superiority and oracular dogmatism. One can not help reflecting, with mingled envy and humility, on the sublime sensations that must be experienced at that serene altitude from which the Savilian Professor surveys sects and systems, compassionates the "confused and unsatisfactory views commonly prevalent," and imparts so much of his superior light as is safe for the weak optics of his readers; for it is evident, from the note at the end of § 2 of his third Essay, that he entertains esoteric views much more advanced than those which he openly avows and maintains. We have, first, a historical outline of the views entertained at various periods respecting "the value assigned to the collection of multifarious records united in the volume of the Bible." It would seem natural to begin with the Apostolic Church, and inquire what was the value which the apostles themselves assigned to their own writings, and what their relation to the faith of individual believers. This point is passed over in utter silence, and we have merely a brief reference to the appeal to Scripture in those dark ages in which the written word had become entirely subordinate to the traditions of the Church. At the Reformation, "the rising tendency of the age for the cultivation of literature might have been expected to find a congenial resource in the freer study of the Bible. But the spirit of Protestantism was, in fact, for the most part, of a narrower character." The appeal to Scripture was "corrupted into literalism." "Extreme views of inspiration" were introduced, in order to "supply the loss of the comfortable certainty and repose which the minds and consciences of men had been

accustomed to enjoy in the bosom of an infallible Church." Rational interpretation was discarded.

"To think of connection with the context, or of any other considerations which might limit or elucidate the meaning, was unnecessary, and, in fact, little less than impious. If a duty was to be enforced, a precept any where extracted from the sacred writings was held equally applicable to all persons, under all circumstances, and in all ages. Thus, with a numerous section of the Protestant communities, a mere literal adherence to the text of the Bible constituted as complete a spiritual slavery as any which had been imposed by the dictation of a domineering priesthood and an infallible church; they did but transfer the claims of oracular authority from the priest to the text, or rather to their preacher's interpretation of it. Such was the first principle and foundation of the system which may be best generally designated by the name of Puritanism, which has exerted as pernicious an influence over modern Christianity on the one side as Romanism on the other. In this mode of theologizing, we may perhaps trace the powerful reaction of the spirit of Biblical inquiry, just emancipated from the tyranny of ecclesiastical dictation, and not as yet exercised in the more comprehensive and rational principles of interpretation, and thus recoiling into a scarcely less servile slavery to the mere letter of the Bible—that absolute worship of the text which has been fitly termed 'Bibliolatry.'"—Pp. 31, 32.

A satirical description, part truth, part caricature, is then given, of that system of interpretation by which scattered and isolated texts of Scripture may be made to mean almost any thing, and adduced in support of any doctrine. Distinguishing this abuse of Scripture and common-sense by the name of "the literal principle," Mr. Powell finds the most salient instance of its consequences in *Calvinism*. "The spirit of the literal application of all passages of Scripture, without discrimination, has, perhaps, never been displayed so as more fully to evince its peculiar character and tendency, than in the conception and support of the *Calvinistic theory*." With curious inconsistency, he adds, that this theory, in principle and spirit, was extensively adopted in earlier times, and may be traced up to Augustine, if not earlier—eleven hundred years before the reformers replaced the infallibility of Rome by the "principle of literalism." Well may he term that a "remarkable system," which thus flourished and bore fruit a thousand years before the seed of it was sown!

Yet, he adds, with the admirable logic which has already demanded our acknowledgment :

"That principle once admitted, the whole predestinarian system even in its utmost rigor, and with all its momentous and terrific consequences, stands forth in a kind of awful grandeur perfectly consistent with itself in all points, and unassailable unless on a totally different ground of attack. Adopting this literal view, the Reformer, with the text of the Bible as his only guide, was directly conducted to the one principle of arbitrary *grace*, as the clue to the whole scheme of the Divine counsels."—P. 44.

Then follows a bitterly scornful outline of the Calvinistic system, as the writer understands it; and he declares not only Calvinism, but the grossest Antinomianism, to be "unassailable so long as the *first principle of Scripture literalism is admitted*." It is not quite easy to be sure what we are to understand by this "literalism." Sometimes the term seems employed so as to include the *absolute authority* and the *plain meaning* of Scripture—things widely distinct from the "mere letter," or the capricious interpretation of isolated texts. This last abuse will not be defended by any theologian whose opinion is worth considering, nor will any one care to deny that it has extensively and mischievously prevailed. Professor Powell's severest remarks on this head are as just as they are superfluous. Not only Calvinism, but doctrinal systems of the most various kinds, have often been defended by means of an exegesis that outraged not only critical sobriety, but common-sense. What then? Is a system responsible for the weakness of its advocates? Must it be destitute of foundation, or of real strength, because its defense is conducted on false principles? Nothing, we take leave to say, can be more misleading or injurious than to represent a man's errors and inconsistencies as being the leading principles of his conduct and the key to his character. Neither the Reformation, nor Calvinism, nor Puritanism, is opposed, in its fundamental principles, to such "*rational interpretation*" as Professor Powell has described, (page 51,) or depends upon "the principle of a prostration of the understanding before the letter of the Bible, and an indiscriminate application of detached texts from all parts of Scrip-

ture." (Page 49.) When the Reformers substituted their confessions of faith for the free appeal to the word of God, and sometimes claimed for them an authority equal in kind and degree to that claimed by the Papal Church itself for its dogmas, they were forsaking, not following out, their fundamental principle. But no one ever labored more honestly to lay hold of the whole sense of Scripture, and not the "mere letter" alone, than the man who taught the Bible to speak for itself in his own German mother-tongue. No man ever toiled more patiently and successfully to pierce below the surface, and expound with the most judicious regard to the context, and the most faithful use of the critical learning of his day, the real spirit and meaning of Scripture, than the prince of commentators, the Reformer of Geneva. The system which goes by his name, whether it be true or erroneous, is, at all events, based not upon a compilation of detached texts, but upon broad principles, pervading the entire teaching of both dispensations. It has often been defended, no doubt, by very bad exegesis, but it is essentially a system of theological philosophy, not of textual interpretation. As to Puritanism, the name denotes a religious spirit rather than a doctrinal system. Reverence for God's written word forms, no doubt, a predominant element in this spirit; but this very reverence, properly instructed, will shrink from turning the sacred volume into a mere album of mottoes and arguments; will refuse to receive as the food of its spiritual life any mere hash of mangled and mutilated texts, and will prefer to gather the bread of life where it grows, and not rest content with any thing else than the full and true meaning of the inspired page. So far, then, Mr. Powell is attacking what no one defends. If "literalism" mean the practice of putting any sense on Scripture which the mere words of any text, isolated from the connection, will bear, regardless of the canons of "rational interpretation," the less that Calvinists, Puritans, or any other Christians who reverence God's word, have to do with literalism the better. Unfortunately, this is *not* all that Professor Powell means. As we read on we find that what his argument demands the rejection of, is not the perversion of Scripture, but the truth and authority of Scripture. "Rational interpretation" includes, it appears, not the mere

ascertaining of the real sense, but the rejection of that sense, when we see reason to question it.

"Of all the consequences of literary bibliography," he tell us, "one of the most pernicious in its results, as well as the most preposterous in its nature, has been the practice of looking to the Bible not only as the standard of religion, but as an equal authority on all subjects—social, political, chronological, historical, philosophical—and as the guide not only to religious but to scientific truth."—P. 54.

In order to explode "an idea so evidently monstrous and unreasonable," our learned champion of rational interpretation adduces the "contradiction between the conclusions of modern geology and the cosmogony of the Jewish Scriptures." This contradiction is stated (with references to the author's former works, showing that his views have not been recently adopted) in the most harsh, positive, and offensive manner; and in a tone of dogmatism, we must be excused for saying, not becoming either the scientific Professor or the Christian divine. We must allow the author to give his own estimate of the importance of the conclusion, and its bearing on the sanctity of the Sabbath:

"The Mosaic narrative can not be explained away by torturing the sense of words, or figurative interpretations in the details. It must be taken *as a whole*; and as a whole or continuous narrative, we manifestly see that it can not be regarded as *historical*. . . . The question is one which stands apart from all mere abstract doctrinal controversies. It presents great undeniable physical truths directly negating what, previously to their discovery, had been received literally as a divine announcement.

. . . . The inevitable rejection of the *historical* character of the Mosaic narrative—a character so strenuously insisted on under older systems—can not but be regarded as a marked feature in the theological and spiritual advance of the present age. It is not a step which can be denied, retracted, or obliterated; it is a substantial position gained and retained, and from which the advancing inquirer can not be dislodged. And the more it is reflected on, and its consequences fairly appreciated and followed out, the more, I do not hesitate to express my opinion, will it be acknowledged as the characteristic feature and commencement of a great revolution in theological views."—Pp. 62, 64, 65.

"The disclosure of the true physical history of the origin of the existing state of the earth by modern geological research . . . entirely overthrows the supposed *historical* character of

the narrative of the six days, and by consequence that respecting the consecration of the seventh day along with it, and thus subverts entirely the whole foundation of the belief in an alleged primeval Sabbath."—Essay III, p. 89.

"Thus the narrative of the six days' creation, first announced in the Decalogue, and afterwards amplified in Genesis . . . can now only be regarded as a figurative mode, suited to their apprehensions, of enforcing on the Jews the institution of the Sabbath—the day of completion of the work of creation, on which the Creator rested, and was refreshed."—P. 98.

So the original contradiction is not between geology and Genesis, but between geology and the Decalogue. Similar views were advanced in a work which Professor Powell published twenty years ago,* in which it is suggested that Moses was inspired to borrow from "some poetical cosmogony" current among the Jews, as a vehicle for religious instruction. We pass over the daring assumption, that the account in Genesis was "afterwards amplified" from the Fourth Commandment, because it does not affect the argument. In the Decalogue is the distinct assertion that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day." This assertion Professor Baden Powell takes upon him to contradict. It is *not historical*. He can not say precisely what it is; figurative, in some way—perhaps borrowed from "some poetical cosmogony." But even if figurative and poetical language were not so out of place in the Ten Commandments that the very idea is grotesque almost to absurdity, figures and poetry must have a *meaning*. They may be the vehicle of either truth or falsehood. What does this "figurative language" mean? Will Mr. Powell dare to affirm that the God of truth uttered words from Mount Sinai incapable of being interpreted in accordance with fact? Or does he mean that God did *not* utter those words, and that the giving of the Law is a fable, and the Decalogue a pious fraud? If he means this, let him say so honestly. We confess that we can not see what other conclusion to draw from his arguments. The vague and loose remarks at the close of Essay II, (pages 79–81,) on the "principle of adaptation," seem, in-

* *The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth.* Parker. 1838. See pp. 256–269.

deed, to imply that the Divine Being may have said what is untrue, or done what was unjust, or at variance with benevolence, provided that the people with whom he was dealing were too debased morally to perceive any inconsistency with the divine holiness in those declarations or dealings. We should be very sorry to misrepresent Mr. Powell, above all on so momentous a point; but we can make nothing else of his remarks on "adaptation." He has elsewhere spoken of systems being built upon "literalism," which assail the very foundations of morality. We can think of no system more deserving this description than one which would represent divine truth and morality as changing from age to age, and regulated by the moral standard of those to whom God's word was spoken. If *this* be "rational interpretation," give us rather honest infidelity. Rather tell us that the Pentateuch is a forgery, and that Moses never existed, than that God is not true! When we find a Christian minister advancing such sentiments as these, and that from the pulpit, we confess we feel difficulty in restraining our indignation; and we are not sure that there is any virtue in restraining it.

The reverend satirist of the simple faith of Puritanism does not indeed, expressly assert that the Pentateuch, as a whole, is "*not historical*." He repeats, more than once, that he is careful to base his argument on the generally admitted view that the Old Testament Scriptures contain an authentic record of the dispensation to which they belong. But he does this in a tone which seems to render his own sentiments on that point doubtful. More than this, he at least suggests this loophole of escape for those to whom his "principle of adaptation" may appear immoral. He quotes without censure, and even with a half-approval, the views of writers who deny *in toto* the authenticity of the Mosaic records, and would reduce Judaism to the rank which Goethe assigned it—as one among the multitude of Gentile religions. The passage to which we especially refer is the note to § 2 of Essay III., (pp. 114–116:) "Some views have been broached by critical writers," we are told, "which throw light on the subject of the legal sacrifices and the whole nature of the law." What are the views thus referred to? First, that *human sacrifice* was an idea familiar to

the first readers and writers of the Old Testament. Abraham and Jephthah are instanced; and the various cases in which persons were put to death by divine command, (as the idolatrous Israelites, the sons of Saul, the priests of Baal, etc.,) are regarded as "of a sacrificial nature." Next, the remonstrances of the prophet Ezekiel against idolatry are considered as implying that, even in his time, Israel "*knew nothing of a better worship*;" and the earlier history is referred to as supporting a similar view, "notwithstanding the obscurity and confusion in which so many parts of it are involved." "The remarkable declaration of the prophet Jeremiah, (7 : 22,) that God *did not* ordain the sacrifices at the time of the delivery of Israel out of Egypt," is appealed to as a proof that "the law was really a compilation of later date"—a pious forgery, in fact, of Ezra and his fellow-reformers. The learned Oxford Professor does not avowedly adopt these sweeping views. We should almost think better of him if he did. He merely suggests them to his readers in a manner which leads one to conclude that they contain nothing which greatly shocks either his understanding or his feelings. But, in *propria personâ*, he adds the following remarks, which we extract, offensive as they are, because they will show how far the Rev. Baden Powell is a competent judge of the spirit of the ancient dispensation, and on what ground he is willing to rest its claims to divine authority:

"Without reference to any such theories of the origin or composition of the early Jewish history, it is at all events sufficiently evident, on the very face of the narratives, that the Israelites were, even to a late period, in a state little removed from absolute barbarism, and were as a nation, in the lowest and most puerile state of intellectual and moral enlightenment—'a hard-hearted and stiff-necked generation.' Individual exceptions there doubtless were, but the whole series of deeds of violence and bloody atrocities which distinguish the narrative of their national existence, as well as the equally sanguinary character of their laws and religious rites, and the fearful enormities and cruelties, all described as sanctioned by divine authority, sufficiently prove one thing—how utterly inapplicable is the whole system, or any part of it, to a more advanced state of things or to the general acceptance of the world, even were it not expressly declared to be exclusively peculiar to the Jews, and even with them, having served its purpose, to have come to its end.

"It is beyond the scope of the present re-

marks to go into the discussion of another point which many raise out of the facts just referred to, namely, the difficulty of believing that such a system is of *divine appointment*. It will suffice here merely to observe that the whole state of things (the barbarism and savage ignorance) to which it applied, it will hardly be denied, if a Providence be admitted at all, were matters of *divine appointment or permission*; and such a people were *incapable* of any better or more spiritual system. The objections to the system enjoined, apply equally to the condition of the people, and the whole course of the divine government."—Pp. 115, 116.

This is as much as to say, that a divine origin and authority can be ascribed to Judaism only in the same sense as we may ascribe them to Polytheism, or Fetichism, or to Popery, Mohammedism, or revolutionary Atheism. "If a Providence be admitted at all," these things must be allowed to have been "matters of divine appointment or permission." The question thus raised and coolly dismissed as "beyond the scope of the present remarks is in fact fundamental to the entire subject of this volume. As an honest man, Professor Powell was bound to discuss it, and not thus leave it enveloped in contemptuous or timid ambiguity. Either the entire law of Moses, with all its visible institutions, religious, civil, and military, was ordained by direct authority of the Most High, uttered in audible human speech—or else the whole system and history constitute the most gigantic, impious, and successful imposture ever palmed upon the world. There is no middle ground between these alternatives. The claim to divine authority in the highest sense is every where made in the plainest and strongest terms which human language furnishes. The sanction of every law is: "I am Jehovah thy God." The utmost pains were taken to impress the people with the fact that they were under the immediate and absolute government of God, the Creator of the whole universe, and that Moses was merely his servant. If this central fact of the history, which is the basis of the entire Jewish polity, be a fiction, then the whole of the Old Testament is based upon a lie. The "critical writers," whose views, according to Mr. Powell, have thrown so much light on the Jewish law, do not shrink from this conclusion. The summary which he has given of their opinions plainly implies nothing less. Does Mr. Powell accept this conclusion? If so, his whole volume is a su-

perfluous labor, based on a dishonest supposition, and aiming at a false issue. If Judaism was founded in imposture, then, whatever fragments of religious truth and moral wisdom have been incorporated with it, Christianity can have nothing to do with it, if Christianity be true, but to explode and condemn it. But Christianity did nothing of the kind. It superseded Judaism not as a rightful monarch dethrones a false usurper, but as the heir, on coming of age, supersedes the counsel of regency, whose temporary authority rested on the same basis with his own, and whose acts he ratifies, while he brings their reign to an end. Our Lord himself, and after him his apostles, perpetually acknowledged in the strongest terms both the historic truth and the divine authority of the law of Moses. We can not here adduce and examine this testimony; but it is patent to every intelligent reader of the New Testament. To reduce it to a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, or *e concessis*—a mere adaptation of the spiritual truth of Christianity to the obstinate prepossessions and low mental capacity of the first converts, being Jews—is to introduce an element not only of uncertainty but of dishonesty into the New Testament, fatal to its worth. In a word, Christianity stands so committed to the fact of the writings of Moses being in the most literal sense the word of God, that if Judaism can be shown to be the pious forgery of Ezra and his fellow-reformers, it brings down Christianity with it in its fall.

Professor Powell may protest against these conclusions, but can he prove them illogical? The only way in which he can legitimately disclaim them is by avowing his total disagreement with the "views" of the "critical writers" aforesaid, and his sincere conviction that the Mosaic books contain the true history of the foundation of the Jewish polity and worship; and that every law that Moses delivered was (as he declares) audibly dictated to him by the same divine voice which, in the hearing of the whole nation, uttered the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai. But if Professor Powell admits this, how is he not afraid to use the language we have quoted, which can scarcely be defended from the charge of blasphemy? Who is it whom he dares to charge with a "series of deeds of violence and bloody atrocities;" and with.

"the fearful enormities and cruelties all described as sanctioned by divine authority"? Were they so sanctioned, or were they not? If they were *not*, the Mosaic history is an impious untruth. If they *were*, Professor Powell's language implies what we can not contemplate without shuddering.

This is by no means a singular instance in which the views of those who affect a higher morality than that of Scripture, are found if carried out to strike at the very basis of morals. We entreat the author, for his own credit, as an honest man on the one hand, or as a Christian minister on the other, seriously to reconsider what must surely have been very thoughtlessly written.

The prime importance of honest and clear statements on these fundamental points must justify our having devoted so much space to a portion only—not much more than one third—of the entire volume under review. These points constitute the very ground of the entire discussion respecting the relation of Judaism to Christianity. To ignore this previous question, or treat it slightly, is to involve the whole subject in uncertainty. The argument is carried on in the dark, and can lead to only negative results of doubt, confusion, and denial. For this reason, even if our space allowed, we must decline following the author through his third Essay, on "The Law and the Gospel." More space than we have already occupied would be required to point out what we consider its fallacies, confusions, and inconsequences. And to what purpose? Where the very spirit in which the subject is approached—the very atmosphere in which it is exhibited, forms a distorting medium, it is of little use to dwell upon erroneous representations of detail, irrelevant assertions, or misinterpretations of texts of Scripture. The writer does not appear to us to have any profound, complete, or correct idea of the two primary elements in the discussion—"The Law," and "The Gospel." It is therefore useless to inquire how far he has furnished a just account of their relation to each other.

The relation of Judaism to Christianity must be determined by two considerations. First, how far the ancient system, either in explicit statement, or in typical representation, actually embodied the spiritual truths, and foreshadowed the historical

facts, which together constitute the Gospel. Secondly, what is the testimony of the New Testament to the divine authority, and to the design of the Jewish dispensation, and to the points of difference or of identity between the two. Accordingly, Professor Powell's argument, in this Essay, is generally directed, first to the depreciation of the ancient dispensation, and secondly, to the weakening of the testimony borne to it by our Lord and his apostles. In both which he has displayed very considerable acuteness and skill as an advocate, however scanty his claims may be to the accuracy and impartiality of a judge. We can only glance at a sentence or sentiment here and there. The first section treats of the "primeval dispensations" preceding the Mosaic law. In these, it is observed, the mode of divine revelation is that of the Creator entering into *covenant* with his creatures; "an idea" (we are told a few pages further on) "specially adapted to a nation of the lowest moral capacity." So that Noah, the preacher of God's righteousness to a corrupt world, and Abraham, the friend of God, the favorite New Testament example of exalted faith and piety, are set down by their reverend critic on the same lowest form of "moral capacity" on which he afterwards places their descendants. Nevertheless, this idea of "a covenant" has found acceptance with minds of the loftiest "intellectual and moral capacity" that the Church can boast, who have seen in it nothing but what is most worthy of God. It pervades the New Testament, only losing what is national and earthly, as the Church assumes its perfect and mature form; and if Professor Powell and similar expounders of "a more advanced system" should succeed in expelling the idea from the theology of the Church of "the present enlightened age," it is probable that it will retain its place in the theology of the Church above: for the most blessed voice of hope which the ear of faith catches from the remote depths of the eternal future, is the very echo of the divine promise to the trembling fugitives in the wilds of Horeb—"They shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Of another leading element in these patriarchal revelations, Mr. Powell says: "In all these systems, the prominent feature was the practice of sacrifice, implying the idea of the propitiation of a wrathful

Deity by the shedding of blood."—(P. 94.) So gross a misrepresentation would be worthy the author of the "Discourse of Religion;" but it is disgraceful to a Christian divine. The idea of sacrifice (that is, of animal sacrifices) was *not* "the propitiation of a wrathful Deity by shedding of blood," but the provision and acceptance of an atonement, by a Deity equally just and merciful. Divine justice, and the ill desert of sin, were symbolized by the most awful and expressive emblem—death; while divine mercy was equally shown by the fact that God himself ordained the sacrifice, and freely pardoned the penitent worshiper. When to this we add the consideration, which the New Testament places beyond doubt, that these ancient ceremonies were divinely-ordained types, or visible prophecies, of the Atonement, which is the central doctrine of the Gospel, we see how completely, though obscurely, the ancient revelation anticipated the spiritual truth of the New. The only difference is, that in the ancient system of teaching, the doctrines of Justice denouncing death to transgression, Mercy according pardon to penitence and faith, and an Atonement provided by God himself upholding the honor of law, were taught by symbols, which in the New Testament are taught in words. In the one case the heart and conscience are addressed through the imagination; in the other, through the logical faculty. The spiritual truths are not affected, though our clear apprehension of them may be, by the language in which they are expressed. Of course we can not advance evidence here for these assertions; but neither does Professor Powell make the slightest attempt to prove his sweeping and degrading allegations against the Jewish economy. He simply asserts; and one assertion is at least as good as another.

The fact is, we here stumble upon a confusion of thought which stands writers of this type instead of a principle. They are perpetually dwelling on the "simplicity and spirituality of Christianity." What they mean precisely by "simplicity" it is hard to say, and would lead us too far afield to inquire. But what they mean by "spirituality" is not spirituality at all, but *intellectuality*. They regard a system as more or less spiritual, according as it addresses us more or less through the intellect. But the spirituality of a truth does not depend on

the language in which you utter it. A spiritual truth is one that concerns our spiritual, that is, our religious and moral, nature—our conscience and our heart. Logical statements of such truths are clear, but cold. Imaginative or symbolic statements are more obscure, but more impressive. But the truth remains the same, and produces the same results (which is the great thing) on the heart and conscience. The parable of the Prodigal Son is just as much a piece of spiritual teaching as the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The patriarch, as he watched the streaming blood or whitened embers of the sacrifice, rejoiced to see afar off the day of Christ, and was as truly a spiritual worshiper as the most enlightened of the Reverend Baden Powell's sympathizing and admiring hearers. Spiritual worship is opposed to ceremonial worship, not as two contraries which exclude each other, but as two separable elements, of which the presence of the one constitutes the value of the other; as the visible magnificence of the thunder-cloud is opposed to its hidden stores of lightning and of rain; as the soul is opposed to the body which it animates; as the thought is opposed to the words or other signs whereby it is expressed.

As Professor Powell labors to drain the forms of the Old Testament dispensation of their life-blood of spiritual truth to censure its tremendous judgments executed under immediate divine command upon corrupt nations, or willful traitors to the divine government, as "bloody atrocities" and "fearful enormities;" to represent the entire course of God's dealings with the Jews as a mere temporary accommodation to the low moral and intellectual capacity of a set of half-tamed savages; and even to turn the warnings addressed by the prophets to a guilty nation against the very law which they vindicated; so he labors to undermine and weaken the testimony borne to the Old Testament by the New. Thus for instance, in referring to the sanction which our Lord derives for monogamy from the primitive law of the Creator—"from the beginning," he tells us, "the whole context shows that this was purely an argument with the Jews from their own belief, and not involving any abstract principle, or that the mere antiquity of any institution proved its general application or obligation." (P. 95.) As this assertion, according to the author's

usual logic, is totally unsupported by proof, we content ourselves with denying it; giving, however, the very good reason for our denial, that the assertion is derogatory to our Saviour's character.

Another of Mr. Powell's assertions is, that in the Sermon on the Mount, our Lord, taking the Decalogue as his text, enlarged upon it, "giving new precepts expressly *in addition* to it, not as *unfolding* any thing already contained or implied in it, but expressly contrasting his own teaching with what was 'said of old.'" (The italics, as in our previous quotations, are the author's own.) We give this merely as a specimen of the author's insight into Scripture and soundness of judgment, not deeming it worth while to reply to it here. Our ungracious task must close. The conclusion of the whole work, of course is, that Gentile Christians have nothing to do with Judaism (except it be to quote the Old Testament, as St. Paul used to do in writing to the Jews, *just in the same way*, Mr. Powell teaches us, as he quoted Greek plays to his Grecian hearers;) that Puritanism rests upon an irrational confusion of ideas; and lastly and foremost, that the grand Puritan institution of the Sabbath is a baseless superstition, forthwith to be discarded by the enlightened age of which the Savilian Professor of Geometry is an enlightened representative.

The title of the book carries its own condemnation. It implies the denial of manifest heroic fact; ignorance of one of the main characters of the divine administration, to which unity is not less essential than progress; and inability to distinguish between the forms of the Old Dispensation which were transient, and its spiritual truths, which are permanent. It would be a noble task to expound, in its fullness of evidence, and in a form suited to the present day, the great truth which this title impugns—the spiritual identity of the religion of the Bible from Genesis to the Revelation, the unbroken unity of the divine dealings and revelations, and the consequent unity of the Church of God in all ages. Such an inquiry would not begin by studying the Old Testament in its own light, which is nothing better than fumbling at the lock while the key lies close at hand. It would start, as the Christian moralist and theologian always must start in reality, and ought to start avowedly, from the teachings of our Lord

and his apostles. It would collect and exhibit their testimony, incidental, and often indirect, but ample and incontrovertible, to the Old Testament Scriptures, and especially to the books of Moses; showing that He, whose word constitutes the highest test of truth, ascribes to those books exactly the character they claim for themselves—of being the faithful records of express verbal communications from Jehovah. If any one denies the authority of our Lord's own teaching over our faith and conscience, we have no common ground with such a person on which to argue the question. The inquiry would then advance to consider the actual contents of Judaism, as a system of religious truth thus authenticated; and to ascertain, still in the light of Christ's teaching, how far the doctrines and ethics of the New Testament are identical with the Old. In ethics it would take as its key the declaration of St. John, that "sin is (*ἀνομία*) nonconformity to law;" and of St. Paul, that "love is the fulfilling of the law." With these it would compare the declaration of our Saviour, (slurred over by Professor Powell in a most helpless, unsatisfactory manner, p. 121,) that "*On these two commandments*"—love to God and love to man—"hang all the law and the prophets." It would show, that under great modifications of language and circumstance, there is the most perfect identity between the fundamental idea of holiness in the Old and in the New Testaments. In both, the perfection of human virtue is exhibited under the twofold aspect of obedience to divine law and likeness to divine character, while the law, even in its severest manifestations, is shown to be love, and to have its foundation not in an arbitrary divine will, but in an immutable divine nature. Examining the bearing of these fixed principles of morality upon the facts of God's recorded dealings with his people and with their enemies, we should find that those terrific but righteous judgments, which Mr. Powell ventures to describe as "bloody atrocities," were based on precisely the same principles as those judicial and military punishments without which human government could not exist; and as the final punishment of sin, which the New Testament so clearly foretells. Passing from the nature, demands, and penalties of law, to the great theme of Christian theology—the restoration of the transgressor to

favor and to holiness, the religious system of the Old Testament would be shown to be, under much superficial dissimilarity, essentially one with that of the Gospel. In both, man's position is that of a condemned transgressor and a fallen creature. In both, repentance, faith, the influence of divine truth, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, occupy the same relative places; and the atonement of Christ, as the New Testament plainly teaches, was at once the real ground of the forgiveness of sins under the Old Dispensation, and the substance signified by its shadows. The difference between the two Dispensations lies only in the mode of teaching these truths, especially in the substitution of literal statement for symbolic exhibition, of historic narrative for prophetic promise; and in the far greater clearness, consequently, with which the *theory* of salvation is set forth in the Gospel. Lastly, such an inquiry would consider the bearings of the two Dispensations upon society, nations, and the whole human race; which branch of this great argument would include the theory of the Church. It would describe the condition, and the causes of the condition, in which Christianity found the world—the Gentile nations under the combined rule of philosophy, superstition, and infidelity, yet largely pervaded by

the leaven of Judaism; the Jewish nation, in its last decay, ruled nominally by the law of Moses, really by the "traditions" which had "made the Word of God of none effect." It would show the reason of the separation of the Jewish nation, and the manner in which they were trained to be the teachers of mankind. It would trace the principle of social religion through the various forms of the family, the theocratic commonwealth, the kingdom, the hierarchy, to its perfect development in the New Testament idea of a perfectly and purely spiritual church.

The result of such a complete, profound, and reverent inquiry would be to show that a living unity of spiritual truth pervades the whole Bible; that all which was really essential in Judaism survives in the better system which it foreshadowed, and that the change from the one to the other was but such a change as when the many-tinted petals fall away for the fruit to ripen. "Christianity without Judaism" is an abstract idea, not an historical reality. Even as an idea, it is maimed and incomplete. It is a tree without a root, a fruit without a bud, a stream with no fountain, manhood without childhood, summer without spring, day without dawn.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ITALY—OF THE ARTS THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE.

ART was cradled in the sunny south—in those latitudes where man found himself in Eden—where God gave forth his revelations—where heaven itself seems to touch the earth, clothe all things in beauty, and promise all high delight. The language of the earth seemed poetry, and the work and the pastime of man broke forth into art. The same sun which made the earth fertile in fruits made the imagination of man florid in flowers; sunshine laughed within his heart; the blue sky overhead became the canopy to his thoughts, which he led as a shepherd his

flocks to pasture in the plain—to gambol on the mountain-side—to rest beneath the shadow of a rock, or beside a shadowy stream. In the south, existence becomes art; and yet that art is nature. What wonder, then, that man should burst into song and dance—that his tongue should use itself to metaphor—that the house for his dwelling, and the temple for his worship, should be dedicated to beauty? We have stood in the temple-citadel of Athens when the sunshine danced upon the distant sea, and moulded by light and shade the marble mountains into massive sculp-

ture. We have seen the same temple-mount glow in the sunset sky—faint into twilight—and again stand forth to command the plain, when the moon rose above the hills, and all was of so much beauty that, even in a nation's overthrow, nature still lingered fondly in the chosen haunts—weaving for her own delight a poetry, and making out of daily life a beauteous art. In the further south, the sunny imagination of the Arab pointed the arch, and reared the dome. The romance of the "Arabian Nights," cast into stone, became, when night was ended, like the written words, an "entertainment" suited for the day. Imagination took a heavenward flight in the minaret, and fancy, in its subtlety, wove arabesques for mosque or harem, where the Arab, waiting upon Destiny, called on the "name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," or where the victim of southern voluptuousness, art, became his minister to enjoyment. Thus, in Egypt, the tropic sun, taking no delight in desert sands, wandered in search of a kindred fertility, and found in the genius of man an oasis which blossomed in the lotus and the lily.

But it is specially in Italy that art has seemed to us indigenous to the soil. The dying glory has not yet wholly faded from the sky. It is true the sun has set, clouds gather on the hills, and night settles in the plain; but the glory of the day is still remembered, and the twilight hour which now steals so gently over all things, mellows the turbulence of active life into tenderness, as we watch over the expiring moments of one too beautiful to live. The lover of nature or art will do well never to miss a sunset, especially in Italy. In Italy the setting of the sun is expressive of her sunken condition. The lengthening shadows, the rising mists, the confusion of distinct shapes and outlines in the coming darkness—these, with the beauty of that vesper hour, the hour of prayer and love, are all symbolic of Italy in her loveliness and decline. Then the traveler feels how Italy became the cradle of the arts. In Venice he has been gazing on the golden glories of Veronese in the Doge's Palace; and at sunset he mounts the Campanile of St. Mark—sees the lagoons a molten fire—the snows of the distant Alps flushed with hectic red; and in this triumph of color he finds the origin of that Venetian art which clothed the earth and man in rainbow glory.

Nations perish—art decays; yet these sunset splendors, fleeting as they are with the passing moment, are of all earth's passing shows the most unchanging. The sunset of this present hour is such a one as that when first the Campanile of Torcello knolled the knell of parting day. It has often struck us with wonder that the land of Italy, after so great calamity and suffering, remains so far unchanged. Mountain districts there are, it is true, which are widely tossed and tortured as by tempests—symbols of the mob riot, and of that turbulent sea of troubles which raged in the city life of the middle ages. Such bandit nature threw itself impetuously into art in the savage pictures of Salvator Rosa. For the most part, however, the land of Italy reposes in tranquil loveliness, as if gladness, and not sorrow, had been the current of existence. To this hour the pictures of Claude live before the eye—the clear blue sky—the tender distance—the wide plain or valley, fertile with wine and oil—the river flowing gently through the midst—and the gracefully-bending ilex giving to the foreground the repose of shade, in which the peasant and his flocks find refuge from the heat of day. Claude, too, might have been but yesterday to this shore of Baïæ, so gently does the sea ripple on the sand—so tender and so pure is the far distance—so wholly do love and beauty still hold possession of the landscape. Thus does the traveler find, whether by sunset or by noonday—in the valley, by the sea, or by the mountain-side—how art in Italy arose into spontaneous birth.

The genius of the people too is tempered by the aspect of this land in which they live. Brilliant as the sky, yet tumultuous as the mountain storm, their life has the beauty of romance with its vicissitudes and plots. Their land a poem, they themselves a picture—they live less for the duties of life than to decorate creation. Their costume is that of the stage; their pose and bearing that of the studio. To this people art is no effort, and what in other lands is a forced product, in Italy is thus seen as a spontaneous growth and outburst. It is true that the fire which once burned with so much splendor is now in its expiring ashes; that the entire nation is fallen and in all points degraded, and their art itself, once the greatest of revivals, has in these days reached its last decadence. It is true that

impulse, passion, and imagination, which are the soul and very eloquence of art, now fallen into diseased excess, at once incapacitate this people for self-control and national government, and give to their present art the pretension of youthful presumption, the extravagance of frenzy, and the faltering feebleness of debilitated age. Yet the ruling passion is strong in death; and the arts, though fallen in common with the nation, still live in the life and aspiration of the people. Imagination, vagrant and fugitive though it be, still bursts into metaphor, loses itself in visions, and pictures a bright ideal now that the reality is no more. In order to understand art and Italy in their greatness, it is necessary now to see them in their fall; to see impulse and poetry, the plastic and the pictorial faculties, gambol in the free play of infancy or garrulous in the imbecility of age—to see them in their spontaneous outbursts unfettered by judgment, unconscious of decay. It is needful even thus to see them in humiliation in order to judge of their days of power, when the artist poured out his very soul upon the canvas, and burst into eloquence that entranced the world. Thus does the student understand how Italy became the cradle of the arts; how the same people, now so feebly sensitive to beauty, found, when strong, free, and prosperous, that architecture, sculpture, and painting, were native to their hearts, and indigenous to their country.

Between the north and the south of Europe how great is the contrast. In the south, art is a continuance and prolongation of the daily life, in form doubtless more subtle and ornate, a realization, however, of life's ideal rather than its actual reversal. In the north, on the contrary, art comes more as a reaction than as a natural function, an escape from an existence of anxious toil, a kind of fairy fancy-fashioned land in which the mind may lose its habitual consciousness and take on a condition foreign to itself. In the south, art is the outburst of an overflowing impulse, and the work thus warmly glowing from the artist-soul, in the minds of others arouses the same ardor. The picture receives homage in the church, becomes part of the religion, and is interwoven with the worship. In the north, on the other hand, the arts are not owned by the church; are not the ardent outburst of any national, popular,

or religious impulse—and, accordingly, not indigenous to the soil, they are but petted and pampered exotics of a mere dilettante taste. For the north the art-epoch is dawning, but not yet come, and the sun which has set in Italy may yet find its meridian in our land. Before that day can open, many things, however, must be reversed: the very climate changed. In the south, the sun which renders nature prolific makes the imagination pictorial: but in the north, man, instead of basking in the sun, plods through the snow; intellect and energy aid him, when by imagination he must perish. The fire of fancy is of little avail when he stands in pressing need of fuel for his body. In the south, both man and nature are, as we have seen, intent on the making of pictures. In the north it is the tailor which makes the man, and for all art-purposes, even a poet is spoilt. Men as they go about this great world—and, what is still more sad, women, too—with all their adornings, are no longer pictures; the artist verily does not know what to do with them on canvas, and for their own fame with posterity it is well that they should not seek perpetuity in marble. Thus do we see that the south especially, when contrasted with the north, is the cradle of art; that Italy, wherein the arts sprang, as it were, into spontaneous birth, is the only land wherein can be now traced the laws which govern their development and accelerate their decline.

Having thus spoken of Italy as a soil fertile in art, we shall devote the remainder of this essay to those early days when Christian art first struggled into birth. The cradling of Christian art in Italy has always been to us a subject of mysterious interest, dimly to trace how it obscurely rose out of darkness and persecution. At the outset, we find that the first Christian days were without art at all, as if too near the glorious reality itself—the presence and the aspect of Christ and the Apostles—to stand in need of the symbol and the shadow. But as the outward reality died from the remembrance of believers, and their religion receded into the invisible regions of faith and hope, the Church naturally sought to preserve some record of the great revelation which had been actually seen and enacted upon earth. This revelation had come, not as a shadowy vision of angels appearing in a dream—not as a small voice issuing from a cloud,

or as thunder proclaiming the law given from a mount; but it was the revelation of the Godhead in a visible person and an actual life. Christ and his Apostles walked year after year openly among men, taught upon the Mount, fed the multitudes, healed the sick, raised the dead, and thus, if we may be permitted the expression, reduced to pictorial demonstration truths which had otherwise remained the vague objects of faith. And all these pictures—Christ as he stood by the grave of Lazarus, as he entered Jerusalem in triumph, as he rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven—pictures which in their reality had brought salvation to men, were day by day growing more obscure in the mind's vision, till the last man who had had seen these things was laid in the grave, and Christianity, losing its hold upon the senses, henceforth took its stand in the region of faith. How gladly would the early believer, in his persecution and suffering, have hung round his neck some slight memorial sketch of the Christ who had died for him! How fondly would the Church have treasured any outline, however hasty, of Christ as he was transfigured on the Mount, or when he lay in agony in the garden! But these aids being denied, the Christian artist, ere long, sought to supply their need. How mighty was the task! To bring forth Christ once again before the eyes of men—to enable him to walk the earth and teach among the people—to lead him on his way to Calvary, or show him as he rose to glory. It was perhaps inevitable that the early Church should neglect and ignore the arts which had been subservient to paganism; but the needs of human nature were too strong to be suppressed. The multitude in all ages, countries, and religions, have demanded an outward form and symbol of their faith; and Christianity, as soon as it had claimed to be a world's religion, falling under the same law, necessarily joined alliance with the arts. The invisible truths of the new religion demanded some outward form of beauty which might be loved—of grandeur which might be venerated. Written or spoken words were too shadowy and vague. The multitude required not only to hear of heaven, but to see it. And even the more gifted minds, who in their watchings might look upon the heavenly glory, see the vision of angels, or earth the abode of saints, would yet find aid to

their higher and more abstract strivings in those art-creations where purity of soul was made visible to the eye through the beauty of form. Thus did Christian art set itself the task of giving to the angels their beauty and blessedness; to the company of the Apostles, the fellowship of the Prophets, the army of Martyrs, their dignity, inspiration, and fortitude; and thus having made heaven glorious, the Christian architect built upon earth a Church worthy of the worship of that God whom the heavens could not contain. This being of Christian art the vocation, we look, as we have said, to its first birth and cradling in Italy with a mysterious interest.

Truly its birth was dark with mystery, for it took its origin among tombs. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of Christian art no less than of the church. In the darkness of the catacombs, the sanctuaries of refuge, art took its first precarious rise; a strange birth-place for a thing of beauty these endless underground streets, winding and stretching hither and thither, almost too narrow for walking abreast, and almost too low for walking upright. On either side graves, mostly opened and rifled, three rows in succession, one above the other—small children's graves crowded in, filling vacant spaces—bones crumbling, and damp, and cold, scattered about; then, at intervals, this house of death converted into a house of God—the grave and charnel-house a shrine! The church itself a grave, cold, damp, the light of day shut out, the altar a grave, the very walls graves. The life of these early believers had become so wretched, and dark, and tormented, that death might well be looked on as a refuge and rest, and to live and worship among the dead was to make companionship with a future happier than the present tempest-life. To live thus in the midst of darkness, in vast sepulchres, with the flickering lamp suspended as a ray dimly shining in an unknown future, rather than rendering the present life visible—to kneel to evening prayer, the sunset marking not the hour, to lie down at night in a charnel-house; to rise again to morning prayer, the darkness of the night still shadowing the day, thus praying to the God of death rather than of life and light; thus to live and die was indeed to make the martyrs' blood the seed of the Church.

But the blood of the martyrs was likewise, as we have said, the seed of Christian art. To the earliest believer these catacombs were as holes and caves of the earth—his refuge in life, his tomb in death—at once his house, his church, his sepulcher. But the place of trouble became a scene of triumph. The martyrs' sufferings were at length the believers' glory, and the Church, which was at first a mere grave, grew at length into a temple decorated by art, with the symbols of the Christian's faith. Christianity may thus, in these early symbols and pictures, be said to lie buried and embalmed. The subjects of these first works are simple, and their meaning, though often veiled, for the most part direct and evident. The dove stands for the soul, and, combined with the olive branch, signifies that the soul of the believer rests in peace. If the fish be added, which is the symbol of Christ, the figure reads, the soul dwells in the peace of Christ. Again, a painting of a wicker-basket containing bread, a flask of blood in the center, all resting on a fish, symbolizes the connection between Christ and the sacraments. The fish likewise has occasional reference to the words, "fishers of men;" and accordingly, we find a fisherman on a bank, with a large angling-line in hand, drawing a fish out of the water, which is supposed forthwith to turn into a disciple. That there may be no doubt about the fact, the fish has been actually found half transmuted into the human form. For the most part, however, the subject is made scarcely less explicit by placing the figure of a man close by, standing out from the water, and ready to receive the rite of baptism! The anchor is, of course, the symbol of hope, and the top seen above the water, in the form of a cross, shows the foundation of that hope. Then, passing from symbolism to pictorial and bass-relief representation, we find paintings of the Good Shepherd bearing the lost sheep upon his shoulders; Daniel in the lions' den; the three Children in the fiery furnace; the sacrifice of Isaac; and Moses receiving the tables of the law, or striking the rock. On sarcophagi, the history of Jonah is a subject also frequently repeated. We find, for example, in one continuous bass-relief, Jonah cast overboard from the ship, then swallowed by the sea-monster, then again thrown out upon the shore, and, lastly, the prophet, as seen stretched

upon the ground in profound sleep, or disconsolate after the gourd had withered. From the New Testament we find the Nativity, the adoration of the Magi, our Saviour turning the water into wine, his healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, the raising of Lazarus, and the triumphant entry into Jerusalem.

As works of art, all these frescoes and bass-reliefs are wholly unsatisfactory. In style they belong to the degraded decadence of the Roman empire—rude in execution, low in type, and coarse in sentiment. The Christian sarcophagi and the copies of mural paintings, collected by the present Pope in the Christian Museum of the Lateran, do not afford, with the exception of the noble statue of St. Hippolytus, a single example pure in art. We have visited the various catacombs in search of the earliest heads of Christ, hoping that in proportion as the work approached the era of his life, it might bear some evidence of authentic likeness. We were, however, disappointed. The head, for example, in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, a sketch of which is given in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of Kugler's *Handbook*, bears, in its type and style, evidence of a Roman, rather than of a Christian origin. In the lapse of four centuries, indeed, the tradition of the Saviour's aspect, well-nigh, if not wholly forgotten, it is evident the artist found himself left to the free expression of his own low ideal.

By an apparent anomaly, which, however, admits of easy explanation, those centuries in which Christianity is presumed to have been most pure, are characterized by a Christian art the most corrupt. Christian art came not by revelation, claims no immediate descent from heaven, but cradled, as we have seen, in suffering and helplessness, it grew into the strength and beauty of manhood by the slow process of earthly development. In examining the early works already described, this want of beauty has come upon us with pain and surprise. We look in vain for the beauty of holiness, for that calm and placid beauty which comes through patient suffering, or trustful resignation. We seek in vain for those beauties which adorn the Christian virtues, or for the sublimity of the truths which Christianity first revealed. These high attributes of Christian art, in some respects the highest which art has ever attained, were re-

served for the development of a later epoch, and the dawn of a revived civilization. The decay of the Roman empire, and the dying-out of the Pagan civilization, are in truth the explanation of the debased aspect of Christian art in this its earliest rise. Christianity, a heaven-born spirit, sought upon earth a habitation, and demanded from art a human form to dwell in. She found in the Roman empire art fallen, and in each succeeding century still further debased. The types of humanity, fashioned by the artist, were even to Paganism a degradation. And the new religion in the first centuries of its growth, still unable in its feebleness to enter on original creation, compelled, indeed, to take art as she found it, necessarily employed such painters and sculptors as the times afforded, and thus was condemned to the humiliation of stamping upon the earliest Christian works the mark and the stigma of a Pagan style and origin.

What good purpose these catacomb pictures and sculptures could have answered it is difficult to understand. For us, however, in the present day, they are of the utmost interest. It may indeed be said that the creed of the early Church has not only been written by the Fathers, but in these sepulchers and churches was actually delineated by the painters. The excavators set to work by the Papal Government may be said to be now exhuming what is in that land, if not an extinct, at least a buried Christianity. Whatever battles the priests of various churches may fight over these old bones in defense of essential creeds, it is fortunately not our province to decide between them. For us, as art critics, these works are links in a great and universal system of art-development and decay. They are the first beginnings of that Christian art which, in subsequent centuries, rose to so great a glory. Even in their very degradation they are a marked example of the universal craving in the human mind for expression through the language of art. A religion may be as yet weak in infancy; an empire may be tottering in decay; yet the experience of the entire world shows us that a people not content to express itself merely through words must likewise speak through the language of forms. This struggling to obtain for the invisible an outward expression, was, as we have said, at first futile; but the faculties and laws which led to the attempt urged on,

though through a series of failures, to the goal of an ultimate success.

But the arts had yet long to slumber during the night of the human intellect. We have seen that as life ebbed out of the Roman empire, and darkness blotted out the light of civilization, the new-born Christian art became in each succeeding century less vital and beautiful. Thus have we the strange anomaly of an infant art marked from the hour of its birth with all the decrepitude of age; and thus, likewise, we find that the growing years which should have added maturity and vigor, did but accelerate decay. The earliest works are the best. The Mosaics of the fifth century, in the Baptistery of the Cathedral at Ravenna, have still some remaining vigor, some recollection of nature. In the Baptism of Christ, which occupies the center of this ornate cupola, the action and bearing of St. John, with upraised arm of baptism, are especially noble, the heads both of the Baptist and of the Saviour showing almost the dawn of the Christian rather than the dying-out of the Pagan type. The figures of the twelve Apostles have likewise some grandeur with, however, an increase of debility. The draperies, though retaining a reminiscence of former dignity, fall into incoherent confusion; and the onward step of the figures, while good in intention, halts in lameness. Other portions of this great and important work, still deeper in corruption, scarcely admit of art-criticism. In like manner, in Rome, the earliest Christian mosaics are for the most part the best. They are remarkable as possessing the rude vigor of Roman art rather than the more refined debility of Byzantine. Thus the head of Christ in the mosaics of the sixth century in the Church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano possesses much nobility, mingled, however, with stern savage grandeur—something, if we may be allowed the comparison, between St. John wild from the desert, and Pluto vengeful from Hades.

Throughout the wide world of Christian mosaics, it is melancholy to find efforts so stupendous, labors so vast, with art-results comparatively so worthless. Within, or immediately without, the walls of Rome are ten to twelve churches still in part decorated by these works, and yet, we must confess, that for us, at least, there is not a single example in which the spirit, the beauty, or the purity, of the Christian

religion has found expression. Such works are doubtless of the utmost importance to the antiquary, and even to the art-student, establishing the universal laws of development or decay; but for the lover of art in its beauty and its poetry, to the disciple of Christianity, zealous for the honor of his religion, these mosaics are too low in the human and divine type, too debased in art, to give pleasure or satisfaction. But, doubtless to the student, as we have said, they afford much occasion for conjecture and speculation. In the wreck or resurrection of empires, in the conflux of civilization and barbarism, in the intermingling of races, and the conflict of religions, these grand expressions of a people's faith have surely a deep import. Mr. Ruskin has finely said, that the art of Venice is the meeting of the glacier stream of the north with the lava-flood of the south. Truly the conflux and the conflict of the early Christian arts in Italy are as the meeting of hostile forces in nature, and in that country the confusion of a divided people led to a corresponding anarchy in art. It was an anarchy and yet a servitude. An anarchy, because no legitimate authority was paramount: Nature no longer held the sway; the classic types had been abandoned; Christianity, as we have seen, had as yet failed to obtain expression; and the genius to create seemed annihilated. In this mosaic art there was likewise, as we have said, a servitude; servitude in the servile subserviency to tradition when life had become extinct—the lifeless repetition, year after year, for seven centuries in succession, of types in which there was no nature, and attitudes in which there was no action. In an art thus lost in anarchy and degraded by servitude, the choice between Roman Christian, Byzantine Christian, and Lombardic Christian, can offer no wide scope or variety. Praise of such works is comparative, a kind of mitigated censure, an adaptation of the judgment, in charity for the times, to the prevailing standard. Thus we can understand that the antiquary, after passing some weeks underground in the catacombs, not once rectifying or refreshing his eye by feasting on the classic or the Christian art of the Vatican, should on coming to the above-mentioned mosaic in the church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, burst out in the following rhapsody:

"In the apsis itself, upon a dark-blue ground with golden-edged clouds, is seen the colossal figure of Christ; the right hand raised either in benediction or in teaching, the left holding a written scroll; above is the hand which we have already noticed as the emblem of the First Person of the Trinity. Below on each side, the apostles Peter and Paul are SS. Cosmo and Damiano, each with crowns in their hands, towards the Saviour, followed by St. Theodore on the right, and by Pope Felix IV., the founder of the church, on the left. . . . Two palm-trees, sparkling with gold, above one of which appears the emblem of eternity—the phoenix—with star-shaped nimbus, close the composition on each side. Further below, indicated by water-plants, sparkling also with gold, is the river Jordan. The figure of Christ may be regarded as one of the most marvelous specimens of the art of the middle ages. Countenance, attitude, and drapery, combine to give him an expression of quiet majesty, which, for many centuries after, is not found again in equal beauty and freedom. The drapery especially is disposed in noble folds, and only in its somewhat too ornate details, is a further departure from the antique observable. . . . The apostles Peter and Paul wear the usual ideal costume. SS. Cosmo and Damiano are attired in the late Roman dress: violet mantles in gold stuff, with red embroideries of Oriental barbaric effect.*"

In justice, however, we will add these succeeding words: "In spite of the high excellence of this work, it is precisely here that we can clearly discern in what respects the degeneracy and impoverishment of art first showed itself." It showed itself just as "degeneracy and impoverishment" manifest themselves in national civilization, want of vigor in action and thought, want of elevation in the character and type of the people, and want of truth to the simplicity of nature. On various visits to Italy we have spent many hours, and indeed days, in the examination of these early works, with, we must confess, little accruing pleasure, and with but doubtful advantage. Our love of art in its periods of perfection, whether classic or Christian, is too intense to permit us any actual enjoyment in antiquity without excellence, and art without beauty. Nevertheless we have gone studiously through all these works, in order that we might know what was the origin of the arts of the revival, what were the difficulties with which they contended, and by what means and agencies they rose from the

* See Kugler's "Schools of Painting in Italy," 2d edit., p. 32.

grave of nations into the victorious life of a new civilization. Our reward has been that, from the depths in which we found this early art cast down, we have learned so much the more to reverence and love the essential beauty, truth, and goodness of that Italian art which rose into life out of ruin.

Rome, "the city of the soul," the grave of so much greatness, which still offers to the mind riches inexhaustible, and fires the imagination with an ardor not to be extinguished—that city which, having at first "conquered the world by the power of her arms, for a second time subdued it by the spell of her imagination"—the wreck of the world's past hopes, and the despair of all present aspiration—containing within her walls the treasures of well-nigh three thousand years—saw the first rise of Christian art in the catacombs and the Basilicas—and now endures art's latest degeneracy in the statue of the Immaculate Conception. In that city the student can walk from the earliest churches, or from the Christian Museums of the Vatican or of the Lateran—from art of the fifth and sixth centuries to Raphael's fresco of Theology in the Stanzas of the Vatican; and in that short walk he will have traversed just one thousand years. All that we have before asserted, well-nigh all indeed that can be told of the progression of Christian art, receives in this city either proof or illustration. Let the traveler in Rome take only one morning's drive, and we would point out to him more in three hours than, by mere home study, he might learn in three years. Let him take his carriage in the Piazza di Spagna, and passing the Palazzo Barberina, traversing the Quirinale and the Viminale, reach, on the summit of the Esquiline, the grand basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. In the stately aisle of this queenly church he will see a series of small mosaic pictures, taken from the Old Testament, and dating back to the first half of the fifth century. To us the great interest of these works has always been the evidence they furnish of the identity in style between the latest Roman and the earliest Christian art. Compare these rude, overcrowded mosaics, in costume, type of figure, and art-treatment, with the bass-reliefs on the Colonna Antonina, with a late and remarkably debased bass-relief of Æneas and Dido in the Vatican, and it will be seen, as already pointed out, that

Christian art began where Pagan ended—that the fall of one and the origin of the other were alike part of that second barbarism which swept over Roman civilization.

From the Roman Christian mosaics of the fifth century to the Byzantine of the thirteenth, an interval of seven centuries, the traveler has only to pass from the nave of Santa Maria Maggiore to the tribune. In this domed apsis he finds one of the richest and most ornate examples of Byzantine art; the Saviour with glory round the brow, holding in one hand an open book, places the crown upon the head of the Madonna, henceforth Queen of Heaven, who, with one hand raised in wonder and the other laid upon the breast, gently bends forward in humble acquiescence. Beneath the throne are a company of adoring angels floating on the wing, and near at hand are kneeling bishops and standing saints, all gazing upward in wondering adoration. All nature, likewise rejoicing, breaks forth into exuberant growth: arabesques, rich in flowers and foliage, fill the heavens; and among the branches perch or sport gentle doves or the gorgeous bird of paradise. Beneath, flowing across the foreground, is a river-stream, on the margin whereof walks the stag, in whose waters sport fish and birds, or float boats and cherub children, carried by the wind or borne on wings. All this, it must be admitted, from the beauty and the poetry of the idea, reads better in description than it looks in reality. The work, as we have before stated, is an example of the Byzantine school, the distinction between which and the Roman Christian is, however, little more than technical, each being to the ordinary observer about equally removed from the truth of nature or the beauteous spirituality of succeeding Christian art. It may, however, be well for a moment to dwell on the distinction between these two schools of the Empire of the West on the one hand, and the Empire of the East on the other.

Roman art, we will frankly say, is our detestation. We speak not, of course, of Grecian, which, on the contrary, is equally our worship, nor of that Greco-Roman which was, in fact, Greek by parentage, and Roman only by the rites of naturalization. We must confess, however, that we have great abhorrence, for the most part, of all statues of Roman emperors,

however gigantic—of all gladiators in mosaic found in the Baths of Caracalla—of all bass-reliefs on triumphal arches—and of those endless processions of Roman soldiers, with captives and spoils, winding their way to the summit of a column. At best such works have a low worldly naturalism, the very opposite of that pure art-treatment, at once ideal and natural, which gives to Grecian art its unparalleled excellence. It must, however, be admitted, that though Roman works have little of æsthetic beauty, they possess, as we have said, a certain rude naturalism, and, above all, somewhat of that Roman energy which conquered the world. But when that energy had become enervated, and nature was either forgotten or corrupted, nothing remained to Roman art but its essential coarseness. At this unhappy moment Christianity sought for art-expression, and hence the origin of the Roman Christian school. Its characteristics will now be understood: a coarse naturalism, in which nature was corrupted—a rude energy, degenerating into weakness. Yet, strange to say, such works obtain admirers. The following is a description of the mosaic of the fifth century covering the arch of triumph in the church of St. Paul, without the walls of Rome:

"Within a cruciform nimbus fifteen feet in diameter, and surrounded with rays, shines forth in the center the colossal figure of the Saviour—the right hand raised in benediction, the left holding the scepter: a delicately folded mantle of thin material covers the shoulders; the form is stern, but grand in conception; the eyebrows in finely-arched half circles above the widely opened eyes; the nose in a straight Grecian line; the mouth, which is left clear of all beard, closed with an expression of mild serenity, and hair and beard divided in the center. Above, in the clouds, on a smaller scale, are seen the four-winged animals bearing the books of the Gospels; lower down two angels (perhaps one of the earliest specimens of angel-representation) are lowering their wands before the Redeemer, on each side of whom the four-and-twenty elders are humbly casting their crowns—those on the right bare-headed, the others covered: the one signifying the prophets of the Old Testament, who only saw the truth through a veil; the other, the apostles of the New Testament, who beheld it face to face. Finally, below these, where only a narrow space remains next the arch, appear on the left, St. Paul with the sword, and on the right St. Peter with the keys; both, in the style of the divided hair, somewhat approaching the type of Christ; both in active gesture, as if engaged in the procla-

mation of the Gospel. Like the sound of a hymn of praise, the adorations of the old and new time, of the Evangelists and of the great teachers of the faith, here unite; and whoever at the same time considers that the whole length of the walls of the center aisle was formerly occupied with the history of Christ and the Church—consisting of a series of biblical scenes, with saints, martyrs, and portraits of the Popes, all intended to prepare the eye for the great subjects upon the arch of triumph—will find it difficult to imagine how the mosaics of the Tribune itself could surpass in beauty those of the aisles.*

In the rebuilding of St. Paul's this mosaic has been now restored; and Mr. Anderson, our English photographer, has, we are glad to say, included the work in his admirably executed series of Roman photographs. Photography, among the many changes it must produce in art, may, we trust, lead to greater precision and accuracy in art-criticism. Were we, for example, in reading the above glowing description, limited to the dim recollections of memory, or even to the vagueness of written notes, we might hesitate before we ventured to pronounce these eulogistic words a posterous exaggeration. By this photograph, however, we bring the mosaic itself for quiet examination into our own room, are not only able to revive our own impressions, but to show how utterly valueless is the entire system of criticism, which dares to characterize such wretched imbecility by terms of praise suited only to the master-works in art. Why, this head of Christ, "grand in conception," "the eyebrows finely arched," "the nose in a straight Grecian line," "the mouth with an expression of mild serenity," terms only to be justified in the designation of a type by Leonardo or Raphael—this head of Christ so extolled, is, in truth, piteous to look on. Truly he is here the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; but it is sorrow and grief in which there is no ministry of angels, no access to the Godhead. The divine aspect is lost—the human even degraded. Lines of corroding care, the cast of a hopeless melancholy, have taken possession of the features, as if the temptation and the fasting of the forty days had been carried over as many years, and the Evil One had at last made sure his empire. It is needless that we should further stigmatize this

* See Kugler's "Schools of Painting in Italy," 2d edit., p. 29.

work. There is not a single figure which does not show the prostration and paralysis of art. But let it not for one moment be supposed that we should censure any effort to preserve or restore this great remnant and record of a dark and barbarous age. Nevertheless, the value of such a record, let us once again repeat, is merely as a historic link in the great chain of progressive development. Its very import is to show us how low it was possible for art to sink, to teach us with what difficulty the beauty, the truth, and the elevation of the Christian religion obtained a worthy expression, and thus the more to make us love and honor those great names and glorious works which once again in the arts restored dignity to human nature, and gave even to revelation an accession of poetry and of lustre.

During this tedious disquisition on Roman-Christian art, the traveler is supposed to have been patiently standing in the nave of Sta Maria Maggiore, where fortunately, however, he can not well stand too long, of so much beauty are the proportions of the interior, so many objects in the history of art, or for splendor of decoration, merit his examination. On leaving Sta Maria Maggiore it is scarcely needful that he should enter his carriage, so near at hand is the small church of S. Prassede, built and decorated with mosaics in the ninth century. Should the traveler now desire a digression from his more severe art-studies, and a taste of those religious sensations which, in Italy, the Church provides for the enjoyment of the believer, the custode will unlock a small and dark chapel, where, with the aid of a lighted taper, may be seen "a portion of a column of oriental jasper, brought from Jerusalem by Cardinal Colonna in 1223, and said by the Church-tradition to be the column to which the Saviour was fastened at the flagellation!" That the imagination may be still further stimulated by an accumulation of the religious horrors in which the morbid minds of a degraded people take a diseased delight, the Church has placed in the sacristy the Flagellation at this column, in a somewhat coarse picture by Giulio Romano. We fear, however, that this digression may scarcely the better prepare our traveler for the dry study of the severe mosaics in the Tribune. But he can, even in such works as these find some mental excitement. If in these

centuries of art-debility, power of expression and execution were wanting, at least we find the influx of new motives, the struggling of new ideas, the wondrous thoughts of the new revelation, seeking for outward and visible manifestation. We find in these works taken from the Book of Revelation, the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, with four angels standing by, inviting the faithful to enter. The saints advancing, as best they can, hold forth their palm-branches, or present their crowns to Christ, standing in the midst. Upon the arch of triumph the Lamb is placed upon a jeweled altar, with the cross above and the seven candlesticks around; four angels stand by; the four symbols of the Evangelists—the lion, the angel, the eagle, and the bull—each holding the book of the Gospels in hand—look on in solemn mystery; while the four-and-twenty elders, with advancing step and upraised arm, present their crowned wreaths to the Lamb, worthy "to receive glory, and honor, and power." But let it not for a moment be supposed that the poetry of this eastern imagery involves in the remotest degree, a corresponding perfection in art. Yet these degraded works may well be studied, and in some sort admired, for their childlike simplicity, for their unconscious grotesqueness, and for the direct and literal manner in which they seek to express high thoughts beyond their power of utterance.

We now enter, though still within the gates and wall, upon the outskirts of modern Rome, upon those districts given up to gardens and malaria, in which, at intervals, stands a deserted villa, a forlorn church, a broken aqueduct, or the ruined Baths of Titus or Caracalla. A drive of a few minutes along a dreary and monotonously-straight road brings us to the Piazza and Church of S. John Lateran, just within the city gate which leads to Naples. We enter, and are indeed overpowered by the richness of one of the most gorgeous of church interiors to be found even in Rome. Walking up the lavishly decorated nave, we find in the Tribune a grand Byzantine mosaic of the thirteenth century. It in no material degree differs in subject or character from those already visited; but these works tell so well when thrown into words, that we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following ardent description from Lord

Lindsay's *Christian Art*. After having spoken of the mosaics in the Tribune of S. Maria Maggiore as "singularly august and grand," he writes with eloquent enthusiasm as follows:

"But the mosaic of S. Giovanni is still more so, and in conception is at once original and sublime. Its subject is the union of heaven and earth by baptism. The head of Christ, majestic and benignant, looks down from heaven, indicated by a grand semicircular orb of intense blue—the little clouds scattered over its surface, assuming every color of the rainbow, (as in the setting sun,) while they float across his glory. Above the Saviour the Father is represented, not as usually by a hand from heaven, but by a face veiled with wings, on either side of which a company of angels are symmetrically ranged. Below these two persons of the Godhead, the Holy Ghost, descending like a dove, sheds the trinal influence, in the similitude of a stream of water, upon the cross, elevated on the summit of the mystic Calvary, the Mount of Paradise, and decorated with ten precious gems, artificially jointed into each other, in the center of which is inserted a medallion, representing the baptism of our Saviour. The spiritual waters, falling from the angels of the cross, are ultimately collected at its base, forming a deep 'well of life,' at which stags are drinking, symbolical of the faithful. From this well four streams descend the mountain—the four rivers of Paradise or of the Gospels—to water the earth. They sink into it and are lost, but reappear in the foreground, poured out of the urns of river-gods, one of which is designated by the inscription 'Jordanes'—the united streams forming the 'river of the waters of life.' The river forms several cataracts, and is in one place confined by a dam; boats filled with passengers are seen floating down the stream; souls in the shape of children, are bathing in it, or sporting with swans and other water-fowl; others, like little winged Cupids, amuse themselves on shore, among peacocks, cocks, the hen and chickens, and other Christian symbols; while towering over them, like 'trees of righteousness planted by the waters,' stand a company of saints and apostles, headed by the Virgin and S. John the Baptist; and lastly, in the center, though very small, and immediately at the foot of the cross, and between the four mystic streams, appears the gate of Paradise, a vast fortress, flanked with towers, and guarded by the cherub standing before it with his drawn sword; the tree of life rising above it, and the Phoenix, apparently the emblem of the resurrection, reposing on the summit."*

For the sake of the supposed traveler

in Rome, and in mercy to the reader of these pages, it were well to bring our itinerary in search of mosaics to a speedy termination. The temptation to extend it still further is, however, great. From S. John Lateran it were easy to drive to the Basilica of S. Lorenzo, a mile beyond the walls, on the road to Tivoli, or to strike off to the newly rebuilt Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, and examine the restored mosaic already described. Then again, entering Rome by the tomb of Caius Cestus and the Protestant Burial-ground, passing between the church of S. Balbina and the Baths of Caracalla, we again come upon other important mosaics in the churches of S. Stefano Rotondo and of Sta Maria in Dominica. From hence we reach once more the piazza of S. John Lateran, and return homewards by the Church of S. Clemente, the Coliseum, and the Forum. Few churches can compare with S. Clemente in interest to the artist or to the Christian antiquary. In front is the atrium, or outer and open court, surrounded by columned arcades appropriated in the early church to the catechumens. The interior of the church itself is, in its arrangement, equally a departure from modern usage. In front of the altar, inclosed by four-sided marble screens, decorated by geometric mosaic patterns, is the Presbytery; on each side of which are the ambones, or marble pulpits from which the epistle and the gospel were read. Behind, at the apsis or tribune, is the episcopal seat raised on a platform, and divided from the rest of the church by two gates. Above, in the semi-arched vault over the altar, is a remarkably ornate Byzantine mosaic of the eleventh century, specially rich in elaborate arabesques, and, like other works already described, mystic in symbols, and grotesque when intending to be most solemn. Lastly, in this small church, so abounding in riches, are important frescoes, by that great naturalistic reformer in the arts, Masaccio, which would seem by their vigor and their truth, in the dignity they restore to man, and by the beauty with which they adorn womanhood, to enter a protest against the entire series of Christian mosaics, whether Roman or Byzantine, which had so long

* See "Sketches of the History of Christian Art," by Lord Lindsay; vol. ii., p. 60. Outlines of all the mosaics above described have been published in

Italy. In this country the reader will most readily obtain an idea of the composition of these works by the small illustrations published in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of Kugler's "Handbook," already quoted.

violated nature and parodied revelation. The churches of Rome are catholic at least in the open asylum which they equally give to the universal art of all Christian ages. In the arts, at all events, the Church of Rome would appear to preach no exclusive salvation. In St. Peter's, a bronze statue of Jupiter has been received for St. Peter himself, and we think it would have been equally politic, and certainly not less latitudinarian, could a statue of Apollo have been transmuted into a figure of Christ. Thus in a charity of taste, which we could wish extended to an equal enlargement of creed, do we find art, not only the most diverse but even the most hostile, made accessory to and found acceptable in the same Christian worship. We scarcely can regret so wide a toleration, even though the liberty granted to genius may oftentimes have degenerated into license. We scarcely can object to find that, in the creation of art, Christianity can include a diversity varied as human nature, an empire wide as the world; that the church which may be dedicated to the St. Mary is not shut to the Magdalen, and that while angels sing in the choir, demons are permitted to howl in the crypt.

It is time to bring our drive through Rome in quest of these old mosaics to a close. We are near to the Coliseum, that ruin which, like so many remains in Rome, seems to connect paganism with Christianity. While the martyrs were here given up to wild beasts, the Church had fled to the catacombs from persecution, and this once arena of the passions is now dedicated to the Christian virtues by the cross and the altars which stand where the early Christian was massacred. Making the circuit of the Coliseum, we enter the Via Sacra, at the Meta Sudana, pass under the arch of Titus, take a hasty glance at the bass-relief of the Emperor's triumphal procession, bearing the seven-branch candlestick and the spoils of the Jewish temple, connecting, as it were, Judaism, Paganism, and Christianity. On the immediate right, close likewise to the Basilica of Constantine, and built in part on the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome, is the ancient church of S. Francesca Romana, remarkable for its mosaics of the ninth century. Close at hand, the Temple of Remus forms the circular vestibule to the Basilica of the present church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, already men-

tioned for its Roman Christian mosaics of the sixth century. And finally, immediately beyond, is the grand portico to the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, which, in its mutation into the present Church of S. Lorenzo, affords another memorable example of the consecration to the Christian religion and Christian art of pagan works otherwise threatened with destruction. Our circuit is now ended. We leave the Palatine Mount, with the ruined palace of the Caesars on the left, drive through the Roman Forum among ruined porticos and columns, to which we shall not presume to assign a name, in the dispute between conflicting antiquaries. We skirt the base of the Capitol, pass the arch of Septimius Severus and the Mamertine prison, and so proceeding onwards, leaving the piazza and column of Trajan to the right, we reach the modern Corso, and at length gain once again the Piazza di Spagna, now, as we have said, in a bad sense illustrious by the latest of Christian monuments, the column to that latest of dogmas, the Immaculate Conception. On a future day it may be well to complete the investigation by a circuit to one or two churches through the Trastevere, and by a still more important excursion beyond the walls, to visit those earliest of Christian mosaics of the fourth century in the church of S. Constanza, and at the same time to examine the adjacent and now restored Basilica of St. Agnese. In this intermingling of monuments sacred and profane, Christian and classic, the reader finds a characteristic illustration of the Roman and pagan origin of Christian art. The early Christian Church coming into so rich an inheritance, is it surprising that Romish Christian art should be cast in the form of paganism? The Romish Church took from the pagan religion its incense, holy water, lamps and candles, votive offerings, images; chapels on the way-sides and tops of hills, processions, and miracles.* Is it then at all surprising that Christian art should take from the pagan its types and its treatment?

Other portions of Italy are scarcely less rich in mosaic art. The Baptisteries in Florence and in Parma both contain important works; but of far greater extent and splendor are the still remaining mosaics in Ravenna, that great capital and Italian center of eastern magnificence.

* See Dr. Middleton's "Letter from Rome."

Early in the present year we left the coldest of Italian cities, Bologna—the snow knee-deep—for the milder shores of the Adriatic. After a tedious journey of six-and-twenty hours, we reached Ravenna, where Byron lived and loved, where Dante is buried, where nature has spread for twenty miles along the margin of the sea that noble forest of stone pines, and where art, once scarcely less noble and ambitious, covered whole churches with mosaics—those pictures for eternity. To the artistic or Christian antiquary, these works doubtless offer many points for investigation and discussion; suffice it, however, to say, that for us they afforded but additional evidence of the conclusions already stated. It may, however, be asserted generally, that these mosaics—such, for example, as the Baptism of Christ in the Baptistery, the remarkably pure and beautiful figure of the Good Shepherd, surrounded by his sheep, in the tomb of Galla Placidia, together with portions of the Apsis of S. Vitale—are more than usually allied to Grecian art, and are consequently marked by greater elevation of type, and a nearer approach to nature. Thus these works, in Ravenna, of the fifth and sixth centuries, contrast on the one hand, with the debility of the Venetian mosaics of the eleventh, and, on the other, with the rude nature and low type of the Roman-Christian school.

But it is from the Church of St. Mark, in Venice, that an adequate conception can alone be formed of the barbaric splendor of Byzantine art. This marvelous church, written as a scroll within and without, not as the book given to Ezekiel, with lamentations, and mourning, and woe, but as the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending, from the time when God created Adam from the dust to the consummation when Christ ascended into glory, It was a pictorial Bible to the multitude, when the written Bible was a sealed book. It was a continuous narrative of successive events illustrating God's dealings towards the children of men with a fullness, and simplicity, and fidelity, eminently belonging to those early times of unsophisticated art. Adam and Eve, from their first calling into life to their expulsion—the creation of the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars—the sacrifice of Cain and Abel—the building of the Tower of Babel and of the Ark—the history of Joseph

and of Moses, and the fall of manna in the wilderness—all reduced to pictorial perspicuity, all thus pictorially printed, when the art of printing was unknown; all this was indeed to put the Bible, not into the hands of the few who could read, but to place it within the reach of the multitudinous many, to whom the symbol and the picture was the most speaking revelation. The great truths concerning life, death, and eternity, thus set in all the glory of gold, sanctified by all the splendor of rainbow color, built with enduring stone into the very fabric of the Church, as they were also to be moulded into the very heart of the believer, the whole surpassing all earthly splendor, awed the imagination of the multitude, as a revelation which flashed, not across the sky and then was lost in darkness, but as a revelation put lastingly on record in the dome spanning heaven, as an undying rainbow, which, as the first rainbow, became a covenant of mercy. All that could exalt or appall the imagination was brought within this temple. The richest marbles—the most precious stones—spoils taken from the exhaustless East—relics and vestments of the saints—bass-reliefs from tombs of martyrs—the labor of man's hands in all possible forms of patient elaboration for the glory of God—the mysterious mingling of light and color with a cavern darkness—the precarious yet constant lamp burning like faith in a world of darkness, joined with the sound of music and the deep chant coming from that sanctuary where Christ and his apostles, in giant mosaic form, are present at the daily worship—all these art-appliances to devotion rouse every faculty of the soul to transport, save the paralyzed intellect and conscience. So earnest and so eloquent an outpouring of religion into art could not long remain without the highest works to testify to the nobility and the purity of the aim. We shall see that the religious ardor which fired these rude and early mosaics became, at a later and more vital epoch in Christian art, associated with heavenly beauty and earthly truth. We have allowed ourselves to speak of St. Mark's as we ourselves have often felt, when, laying aside critical severity, we surrendered the imagination to the spell of poetic dreams. It must however be candidly admitted, that in these mosaic pictures, which were in olden times, as we have said, the Bible of the people,

Christian art was as yet in its cradled infancy.

These Byzantine works, so sumptuous in material and so wide in extent, were at once of classic art the grave and of Christian the cradle. Gibbon, in the conclusion to his history, says that the "decline and fall of the Roman Empire is 'the greatest, perhaps the most awful scene in the history of mankind.'" In the history of art, in like manner, we know of no downfall so deplorable as that of the classic, instinct with life and beauty, into the grave of the Byzantine, so lifeless and deformed. The description which Gibbon gives of the decay of taste and genius in the Byzantine Empire, literally applies as well to the arts as to literature. "They held," he says, "in their lifeless hands the riches of their fathers, without inheriting the spirit which had created and improved that sacred patrimony; they read, they praised, they compiled, but their languid souls seemed alike incapable of thought and action." Of art, equally as of literature, it might still further be asserted, that, "in the revolution of ten centuries, not a single discovery was made to exalt the dignity or promise the happiness of mankind. Not a single idea has been added to the speculative systems of antiquity; and a succession of patient disciples became, in their turn, the dogmatic teachers of the next servile generation. Not a single composition of history, philosophy, or literature, has been saved from oblivion by the intrinsic beauties of style or sentiment of original fancy, or even of successful imitation." That universal law which binds into unity of existence the art of a people with its mental, social, and political life, never received more pointed illustration than in the Empire of the East. Thus Gibbon again, in the following criticism on the writers of Byzantium, unconsciously seizes on the leading characteristics of Byzantine art. "In every page," he says, "our taste and reason are wounded by the choices of gigantic and obsolete words, a stiff and intricate phraseology, the discord of images, the childish play of false and unseasonable ornament, and the painful attempt to elevate themselves to astonish the reader, and to involve a trivial meaning in the smoke of obscurity and exaggeration." Accordingly, in obedience to those laws by which a people's thoughts obtain expression through the language of art,

we find that the Byzantine mosaics in Rome, Ravenna, and Venice, are characterized by gigantic figures, stiff, obsolete forms—"the childish play of false and unseasonable ornament,"—a puerile attempt at elevation, and the exaggeration of what is small and in meaning trivial. Art had, indeed, become the pampered luxury of a court, and of a people emaculated through pleasure and debauched by riches. The decorations of the church were but in keeping with the adornings of the palace—in both, alike, richness of material supplied the poverty of invention, and the servility which attended the monarch in his empire naturally became superstition in the church. We accordingly read that, in the palace of the Emperor Theophilus at Constantinople, "the long series of the apartments was adapted to the seasons, and decorated with marble and porphyry, with painting, sculpture, and mosaics, with a profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones. His fanciful magnificence employed the skill and patience of such artists as the times could afford; but the taste of Athens would have despised their frivolous and costly labors: a golden tree with its leaves and branches, which sheltered a multitude of birds warbling their artificial notes, and two lions of massy gold, and of the natural size, who looked and roared like their brethren of the forest!"*

If the reader doubt the justice of our censure, we would beseech him to turn to the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," wherein he will find a marvelous, though, as we can testify, a literally correct rendering of a Byzantine olive-tree as wrought in mosaic, in a cupola of St. Mark. In words it is difficult to designate such a work. For ourselves, however, had not Mr. Ruskin assured us, with his usual emphasis, that the work possesses all the attributes of the olive, "knitted cordage of fibers," with all the "powers and honor of the olive in its fruit," we should assuredly have mistaken his careful diagram for some unknown product, lying somewhere between a kitchen mop and a cow-cabbage. If the reader, however, require further confirmation of our strictures upon Byzantine art, he will find it in the inordinate praise which Mr. Ruskin lavishes upon this extraordinary work.

* See for all the above references, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," chap. 53.

At the cost of much labor and time, with the reward of much delight, and the penalty of painful disappointment, we carefully read in Venice Mr. Ruskin's three volumes, verifying or refuting his statements and opinions by an appeal to the churches, palaces, and pictures themselves. As the closing result of our labors, we found the entire work the baseless fabric of a vision, glowing and intense with the ornate coloring of words, and beauteous with the filigree-woven tissue of poetic fancy. But the fairy structure, so beauteous in the distance, vanished into thin air upon the near approach of scrutiny. Foundation it had none, or such only as was false and fancy-framed. In the end we admire in this great work just two things—the illustrations and the eloquence—especially the eloquence with which we shall play and sport in delight to the end of time, as children do with soap-suds, blowing them into bubbles and wondering at the rainbow colors taken from all that is lovely in earth and beauteous in heaven. But of all Mr. Ruskin's baseless eloquence, the rapture on "the olive-tree" is the most astounding. We have again and again looked into the cupola of St. Mark, then at Mr. Ruskin's illustration, and then again have once more drunk in the eloquent words—always, however, with the same impression—that of magnificent absurdity. With that literary chivalry which gives to Mr. Ruskin's warfare the spirit of knight-errantry, he challenges "the untraveled English reader to tell" him "what an olive tree is like." He assures us that "at least one third out of all the landscapes painted by English artists have been chosen from Italian scenery;" that "sketches in Greece and in the Holy Land have become as common as sketches on Hampstead Heath;" that "the olive tree is one of the most characteristic and beautiful features of all southern scenery;" and yet, that "the untraveled English reader" "has no more idea of an olive tree than if olives grew in the fixed stars." Then the reader's sympathies are appealed to—"For Christ's sake," "for the beloved Wisdom's sake," "for the ashes of the Gethsemane agony," the olive tree ought not to have been so used. The reader thus highly wrought, and the writer exalted to frenzy-pitch, both at length collapse into the following conclusion:

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"I believe the reader will now see that in these mosaics, which the careless traveler is in the habit of passing by with contempt, there is a depth of feeling and of meaning greater than in most of the best sketches from nature of modern times; and without entering into any question whether these conventional representations are as good as, under the required limitations, it was impossible to render them, they are at all events good enough completely to illustrate that mode of symbolical expression which appeals altogether to thought, and in no wise trusts to realization; and little, as in the present state of our schools, such an assertion is likely to be believed, the fact is that this kind of expression is the *only one allowable in noble art*."^{*}

"The untraveled English reader" who "has no more idea of an olive tree than if it grew in the fixed stars," will be saved from the trouble, and even from the desire of traveling in search of this knowledge, by referring to the drawing which Mr. Ruskin has so considerably published as a test at once of his own superior insight and of the world's contrasted ignorance. Sad it is that the ignorant world should, for well-nigh eight hundred years, have looked upon these olive tree mosaics unconscious of their "depth of feeling and of meaning," insensible to the "symbolical expression which appeals altogether to thought"—an expression which assuredly ought not to have been overlooked, as we are told emphatically in italics that it is "*the only one allowable in noble art*." Sad it may be in the opinion of Mr. Ruskin that "the untraveled English reader" has been so long insensible to these inscrutable beauties; but to our mind there is something far sadder still: that he should fall an unconscious victim to a shadowy eloquence, which he has no means of knowing to be just as worthless as it is alluring. Such of the public as read for a higher end than to feel the ear tickling with pleasurable sound, will do well to test Mr. Ruskin's brilliant fallacies by the plainer prose of more truthful writers. For example, as an antidote to Mr. Ruskin's Byzantine mania, take the following sane passage from M. Rio:

"Whenever we meet with a Madonna of a blackish hue, dressed in the Oriental manner, with pointed and disproportionately elongated fingers, bearing a deformed infant in her arms, the whole painted in a style much resembling that of the Chinese; or a Christ on the Cross,

* See "The Stones of Venice," vol. iii. chap. 4.

which would seem to have been copied from a recently exhumed mummy, did not the streams of blood which flow from each wound, on a greenish and cadaverous body, announce that life is not yet extinct; in both these cases it may be affirmed, without fear of mistake, to be a work conceived by Greek artists, or executed under their influence.*

Byzantine art was, as we have said, at once of classic art the grave and of Christian the cradle; but, strange to say, as we have already seen, one thousand years had passed away since the birth of Christ, and yet Christian art still slumbered in precarious infancy—a sleep, too, which had the semblance of death. But the hour of its awakening growth had come. The intelligence of Italy bursting into new life, expressed itself in a newly-created beauty. Christian art then first began to make itself worthy of the country of its nativity, to take from the Italian sky its serenity, from the Italian mind its ardor and imagination. The thoughts which gained from the poet the melody of words, sought from the painter the beauty of forms; and the epic which described paradise, purgatory, and hell, inspired the pictures of Giotto and Oragna, where Christ, come to judge the world, assigns to man his happiness or woe. But the poetic thought was naturally matured before the pictorial form; and thus while Dante wrote in the thirteenth century, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo did not paint till the fifteenth. By what gradual steps and successive stages the poetry of Christian truths developed themselves into matured and perfect pictorial forms, has always seemed to us an inquiry of the most vital interest: How far the progression of Christian art was resultant from the advancement of civilization; how far dependent upon the revival of classic learning, or upon a renewed appeal to nature; how far incident to the characteristics of race or the beauties of climate; how much the offspring of a sensuous and imaginative religion; or, finally, to what extent the independent creation of these great artists, who seem to have come, as it were, by a special providence just when most wanted.

In one sense, as we have seen, the death of classic art was the birth of the Christian. It was perhaps fortunate that the old civilization should die out, in order that the new, unencumbered by the past, might

be moulded into the spiritual types of the Christian faith. Nevertheless, Byzantine art, the extinction of the classic, formed for the Christian the matrix of its new birth. The Byzantine Madonna, described by M. Rio, as of "blackish hue, dressed in Oriental manner, in a style much resembling that of the Chinese," was, in fact, the rude type and germ of that spiritual beauty in which she was at last exalted as the queen of heaven, and the worshiped of earth. With what ardor does the student trace the progressive steps from this first repulsive form to the last perfected beauty—from a Madonna painted by St. Luke to the "Virgin most pure" of Angelico or Perugino—"Thou resplendent star, which shinest o'er the main, blest Mother of our God, and ever Virgin Queen!"* With what tender watchfulness does the traveler in Italy mark the gradual transitions from the lowest type of womanhood to the purity which belongs to heavenly love, and that beauty which is religion! It were, indeed, a labor of no common interest to trace, with the progressive growth of Italian art and civilization, the corresponding exaltation of each Christian portraiture; how the St. John became more and more worthy of the Saviour's love; how St. Peter grew into the rock of the Church; with what power and dignity St. Paul bore the sword of the Spirit; and, finally, as the highest consummation, how divinity shone through the features of the Saviour's face.

The manner and the means by which Christian art thus rose into life, health, and beauty, out of the sicklied cradle of the dark ages, where it so long slumbered in the night—the laws which thus governed its organic growth, open a sphere to criticism both subtle and extended. Entering on such a labor, we should trace and strive to determine those subtle laws of nature by which the immaterial thought and emotion so wondrously mould themselves into form and expression in the human countenance and frame. We should have to investigate the relation subsisting between representative minds and typical heads, to determine the development and the features suited to the prophet or the apostle; and thus ascend-

* See M. Rio's "Poetry of Christian Art," p. 30.

* See *Ave Maria Stella*, and see likewise Fra Angelico's *Madonna della Stella*, in the Sacristy of Sta Maria Novella, Florence.

ing from the earthly to the heavenly, to construct out of men angels, and to transmute the natural body into the incorruptible body of the resurrection. Thus we should deal with the motives of men and angels, with the laws which govern the natural kingdom of the earth, and sway the supernatural kingdom of the heavens. In this extended system of art-philosophy, as written in the progressive history of art-development, having determined the framework and functions of the body, natural and spiritual, we must penetrate beneath the surface to the phases and movements of the soul itself. In those greatest, because most difficult and most comprehensive, of art-creations, *the last judgments*, which, from the twelfth century down to the present times, have been continuously represented both in painting and sculpture, we find the souls of all created beings, men, angels demons, under every possible emotion of surprise, ecstasy, or damnation. We need scarcely say that it becomes a question of much metaphysical subtlety to determine how an angel would have acted, felt, or appeared when Christ, as judge, entered the heavenly choir—whether the righteous, when first they caught the splendor of the beatific vision, would have fallen on their knees in worship, have raised their hands in wonder, or covered their faces from excess of light; whether the lost, still as arch-angels, though ruined, would assemble in war against the Highest, or whether, as in the paintings of the middle ages, they at once should fall into the form of demon-monsters stung by scorpions and tormented by flames. Such questions, we say, cease to be merely artistic, and become a portion of human and divine philosophy dependent upon the nature and attributes of God, men, and angels. Having thus dealt with the laws of man's material body, and of his immaterial spirit, in their relation to art-treatment, it were necessary to examine how art has, from age to age, conducted itself; what laws, whether natural or artificial, it has observed or violated; how far the bodily framework of art has been consonant with the material structure of the world; to what extent art's inner and spiritual existence has shown itself accordant with the spiritual laws which govern in man and actuate in God. Christian art thus regarded takes on in the entire range of its existence, as it were, an individual per-

sonality, possessing an individual body and soul capable of growth and of decay, cradled, as we have seen, in the fresco catacomb, or in the mosaic church, then walking the earth in strength and beauty, teaching men to live righteously and die blessedly; and again, as we have not now time to show, falling into decrepitude, and finally sinking into the common grave of Italian greatness, where it still lies in death, if without the hope of resurrection, at least leaving upon earth a blessed memory.

In this somewhat discursive paper we have treated of the vicissitudes and struggles of Christian art in those early days when the open grave was eager to receive the precarious birth which the cradle seemed in vain to nurture into life. We have seen that, the Church driven to the Catacombs, persecution not only involved Christian art in darkness, but threatened it with extinction. This first danger being passed, a second scarcely less fatal, and in duration more protracted, seemed to entail on the years of infancy the decrepitude of age. The nascent art, instead of starting into life with the vital impulse of the new religion, became, for well-nigh one thousand years, implicated in the downfall and wreck of the Roman empire; and thus, as we have seen, Roman-Christian and Byzantine works long distorted and disgraced the beauty and the truth of the otherwise triumphant revelation. But when Italy, again rising out of ruins, asserted for a second time, in supremacy of genius, her right to the empire of the world, Christian art once more rose from the grave, and was borne exulting, on the topmost wave of the incoming civilization. All the glory of Italy then fervently spoke in the language of art. The Italian clime, in its beauty and intensity; the Italian manners, in their grace and charm; the Italian mind in its ardent warmth and fertile imagination; the Italian religion, in its passion for scenic show—all that constituted the wealth, and the glory, and the poetry of Italy, obtained through art adequate expression.

In the preceding narrative of the early stages of this national art, we have marked the laws which governed the vicissitudes both of its rise and fall—have seen how those laws were linked with the destiny of empires, and involved in the first principles of human action. In such a survey the rules of art are but the universal experi-

ence of mankind; the painted picture but a portion of the enacted life; the country of a people's home, the current of a people's history, their affections, their hopes, and their fears, all giving to art its character and expression. Thus, as we have shown, the philosophy of art is but a portion of the wider philosophy of man and

of nature, having the two aspects of matter and of spirit—the two habitations of earth and of heaven: and thus likewise have we seen that Christian art, uniting into one visible form these two aspects of matter and of spirit, found a habitation on earth, and gained its access to heaven, in the land of Italy.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE was incontestably one of the most worthless persons of whom we have any record in the world of letters. Many authors may have been as idle; many as improvident; some as drunken and dissipated; and a few, perhaps, as treacherous and ungrateful; but he seems to have succeeded in attracting and combining, in his own person, all the floating vices which genius had hitherto shown itself capable of grasping in its widest and most eccentric orbit.†

The few remaining incidents of his life afford little or no variety or relief from the foregoing history. They are all tinged by the same gloom. His wife, whom he had married when residing at Richmond, dies. During her last illness, her mother is met going about from place to place, in the bitter weather, half-starved and thinly clad, with a poem or some other literary article, which she was striving to sell; or otherwise she was begging for him and his

poor partner, both being in want of the commonest necessities of life.

Nevertheless, even after this prostration, Poe seems to have arisen for a short period, and to have signalized himself by some more literary activity. He wrote an essay, entitled "Eureka," delivered lectures, and—his wife being then dead—engaged himself to marry "one of the most brilliant women of New England." This engagement, however, is one that he means to break. "Mark me," he says, "I shall not marry her." In furtherance of this gentlemanlike decision, he deliberately gets drunk, and on the evening before the appointed bridal is found "reeling through the streets, and in his drunkenness commits, at her house, such outrages as render it necessary to summon the police." He went from New-York with a "determination thus to induce the ending of the engagement," and—succeeded.

His last journey is now to be taken. He travels as far as Baltimore, but never returns. He is seen a short time afterwards in that city, in such a state as is induced by long-continued intoxication, and after "a night of insanity and exposure," he is carried to a hospital, and there, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th day of October, 1849, he dies, at the age of thirty-eight years!

One of his biographers concludes with the words: "It is a melancholy history." We trust that it will prove a profitable one; for unless we are mistaken, it in-

* *The Works of the late Edgar Allan Poe: with a Memoir by RUFUS WILMOT GRIEWOLD, and Notices of his Life and Genius by N. P. WILLIS and J. R. LOWELL.* 4 vols. New-York: 1857.

† This first sentence of the article in the *Edinburgh* strikes the key-note of what the Reviewer has to say in regard to the character and conduct of Edgar Allan Poe. The tune is not an agreeable one, and we have no desire to follow the Reviewer in his sad enunciation through the gloomy chapters of such a life as Edgar Poe presents. We prefer to pass by the deeply colored faults and follies of his life to what may be said to the advantage of his talents and genius.

volves a moral that may be studied with advantage by future authors.

We have now to offer an opinion on the peculiar features and literary value of Poe's productions in prose and verse. In reference to the former, we are disposed to think that we can trace his inspiration in a great measure to the writings of Godwin and Charles Brockden Browne. There is in each the same love of the morbid and improbable; the same frequent straining of the interest; the same tracing, step by step, logically as it were and elaborately, through all its complicated relations, a terrible mystery to its source. These authors pursue events through all their possible involutions, but seldom deal with character. There is indeed a singular want of the dramatic faculty in all these eminent persons. Godwin, it is true, in his "Fleetwood" and "Mandeville," and Browne in "Ormond," and "Arthur Mervyn," made an effort to draw forth some human peculiarities; but their personages are little more, after all, than stately abstractions or impersonations of certain moods or guesses of their own minds, the results of solitary thinking. Whatever latent qualities they possess, each of their figures reminds one somewhat of the cocoon—a thing drawn from the entrails of its parent, with no apparent vitality about it.

Notwithstanding the appearance of originality, due perhaps more to the eccentricity of his life and the deformity of his moral character than to the vigor or freshness of his intellect, it is easy to trace throughout Edgar Poe's writings impressions derived from authors which he had chanced to read or contrivances which had dwelt in his memory. So little indeed can he be considered a truly original writer, that he perpetually reminds us of something we have read before. Sometimes he imitates the matter-of-fact precision that gives such reality to the fictions of Defoe; sometimes he pursues the fantastical or horrible nightmares of Hoffman; sometimes a thought visits him from the highly-wrought philosophy of Novalis, or the huge and irregular genius of Jean Paul; sometimes he loses himself, like the Louis Lambert of Balzac, in the labyrinth of transcendental speculation. But though he resembles these writers in his love of the marvelous, and in his ingenious treatment of it, he is inferior to the least of them in depth. His reading was doubt-

less curious rather than accurate, desultory rather than wide; and his genius grew rank in a half-cultivated soil.*

Considered apart from his poetry, Poe's fictions seem to resolve themselves for the most part into two classes: one like those to which we have already adverted, where a series of facts woven mysteriously out of some unknown premises are brought apparently to a logical result; the other, where the author deals strictly with a single event; where there is little or no preliminary matter, but the reader is at once hurried into a species of catastrophe, or conclusion of the most exciting character. These last-mentioned fictions are necessarily short, because the sympathy of the reader could not possibly remain at the high point of tension to which he is raised by the torture of the scene. In a few instances we encounter merely a gloomy scene, (sometimes very highly wrought and picturesque,) or a human being fashioned out of the most ghastly materials—a tale, in short, without any result, properly speaking. We look in at the death-bed of a man: we see him writhe—utter a few words referable to some imperfectly disclosed event; or he professes to expound, under mesmeric influence, while he is dying, or *when he is dead*, certain things which the human mind in its wakeful healthy state is quite incapable of comprehending.

It should not be forgotten that in some of these sketches, which are the most mysterious in their treatment, the author has contrived to absolve himself from the necessity of verifying, in his usual manner, the rationale of his design. He ascends into the cloudiest regions of metaphysics, of speculation—of conjecture—of dreams! God, as we learn, amongst other things, from "Mesmeric revelation," is "unparticled matter." From M. Valdemar we collect, that a man, thrown into a mesmeric state just before death, will

* It is a curious example of his superficial acquaintance with the literature of other lands, that in recapitulating the titles of a mysterious library of books in the "House of Usher," he quotes among a list of cabalistic volumes Gresset's "Vertvert," evidently in complete ignorance of what he is talking about. Gresset's "Vertvert" is the antipodes of Poe's "Raven;" but the comic interest of the former poem, and the tragic interest of the latter, turns alike on the reiteration of *bird-language*; and it is not impossible that Poe may have had in his mind some vague impression or recollection of Gresset's celebrated parrot.

not only speak *after death*, but will remain unaltered for some months afterwards, and only betray the frail and crumbling evidence of his mortality, when a few "mesmeric passes" have succeeded in restoring him to his real decayed condition. He then falls to pieces and dissolves, "a mass of loathsome putrescence."—That such sketches were considered by the author as unimportant, and not as a grand or final effort to insure himself a name in the literature of his country, we can readily believe. Nevertheless, there is surely something very morbid in all these fancies and prolusions of the intellect.

There can be no question but that Edgar Poe possessed much subtlety of thought; an acute reasoning faculty; imagination of a gloomy character, and a remarkable power of analysis. This last quality, which from its frequent use almost verges upon disease, pervades nearly all his stories, and is in effect his main characteristic. Other persons have drawn as unreservedly from the depths of horror. But few others, with the exception of Browne and Godwin, have devoted themselves to that curious persevering analysis of worldly mysteries by which Poe has earned so large a portion of his reputation. The impression made upon the mind of the reader by the apparently wonderful solutions of the most difficult problems will not easily be forgotten. Yet, on examining the marvel more attentively, he will divest himself of a good deal of his admiration, by reflecting (as Dr. Griswold justly observes) that the ingenuity is displayed "in unraveling a web which has been woven for the express purpose of unraveling." Every man, in fact, is able readily to explain the riddle which he himself has fabricated, however laborious the process of manufacturing it may have been.

How far the thrilling interest which Poe infused into his stories may be traced to the acute sensations which he himself endured in a state of excitement or despondency, we have no means of knowing. But we think that no writer would have resorted so incessantly to the violent measures and extreme distresses which constitute the subject of his narratives, in a good sound condition of health. His imagination appears to have been absolutely embarrassed by a profusion of visionary alarms and horrors. We rise up from his pages as from the spectacle of

some frightful disaster—relieved because the worst is over, and happy that we are left at last to partake of less stirring pleasures, and to return to the calmer sensations of ordinary life.

Edgar Poe had no humor, properly so called. His laugh was feeble, or it was a laugh of ill-temper, exhibiting little beyond the turbulence of his own mind. He was carping and sarcastic, and threw out occasionally a shower of sharp words upon the demerits of his contemporaries; but of that genial humor which shines through a character, fixes it in a class, and shows by what natural gradations it moves, and by what aspects and impulses it claims to resemble the large brotherhood of man, he possessed nothing. The ordinary incidents of life—the domestic affections, the passions, the intermixture of good and evil, of strength and weakness, in the great human family who pass by our doors every day, and who sit beside us, love us, serve us, maltreat us (as the varying mood prompts) were unknown to him, or disregarded. Yet these things constitute the staple—the best and most essential parts of the modern novel. They intrude themselves, in fact, into our acquaintance, so frequently, so intimately, that we can not ignore their existence. In the present case, we are at a loss to understand how a person so acute as our author could have neglected to place upon record what must have so incessantly forced itself upon his observation; nay, what must have met and jostled him so frequently in his rough journey through life.

Of the tales in which the analytical power of the author is more obviously exerted, the least unpleasant are "The Purloined Letter," and "The Golden Bug." "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and "The Mystery of Marie Roget," are, like too many of his other fictions, saturated with blood. In order that the reader may satisfy his curiosity as to the construction of these plots, the stories themselves must be read. It is quite impossible, in the space at present at our command, to transcribe either of these stories and without such complete transcription the mysterious minute details, in which and in the tracing and solution of which the merit resides, can not be explained. We elect, therefore, to take our extract from a sketch in which another quality of the author's mind can be shown.

A youth is supposed to be sitting on the top of a cliff or mountain overlooking the sea. It is called "Helseggen the cloudy," and arose, a "sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet high." The youth's companion, an old fisherman, bids him look out towards the Norway coast—"beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

"We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes, except in precipitous descents.

"In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyrotory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

"The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

" 'This,' said I at length, to the old man—'this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maleström.'

" 'So it is sometimes termed,' said he. 'We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway.'—Vol. i. pp. 163, 164.

"You have had a good look at the whirl," says the old man, "and now I'll tell you a story that will convince you that I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström." And he accordingly tells him how he and his brothers, having been out fishing one day, three years ago, and being about to return home, but having mistaken the hour, were met by an adverse wind. It was fresh on their starboard quarter, and favorable when they set out, but all at once they were taken aback by an unusual breeze from over Helseggen. They could not make way, and one of them was proposing to return to their anchorage, when they observed the whole of the horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud, that "rose with the most amazing velocity." In a minute the storm was upon them. The masts went by the board, taking with them the narrator's younger brother. He and his elder brother, however, cling to the bark.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word, "*Moskoe-ström!*"

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot, as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the

pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! "To be sure," I thought, "we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that"—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship."—Vol. i., pp. 169, 170.

They are now within a quarter of a mile of the Moskoe-Ström. They recognize the place, but it is no more like the every-day whirlpool than the whirlpool itself is like a mill-race.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were, now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never left go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference, whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new posi-

tion, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe any thing accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downwards. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which every thing there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round

and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

“Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents towards the foam below. “This fir tree,” I found myself at one time saying, “will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears”—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

“It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly.”—Pp. 172-5.

He thereupon lashes himself to a water-cask near him, cuts it from the counter, and precipitates himself into the sea. The barrel, with its occupant, is returned by

gradual gyrations to the surface of the sea, and the man is saved!

Although we can not, as we have said, afford space for the entire transcript of “The Purloined Letter,” we may venture to present a passage or two, showing with what perseverance and care the Parisian police are supposed to carry on a search when a large reward is in prospect.

A lady of the highest rank, it seems, has lost a letter, which, if given up to her husband, would compromise her reputation. The thief is the Minister D., who holds the thing *in terrorem* over her. The prefect of police is employed to regain it, and an enormous sum offered for its recovery. After failing in his efforts, he consults a certain M. Auguste Dupin, who requires to know the particulars of the search already made. They were as follows:

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *every where*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room; devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that, to a properly trained police agent, such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a “secret” drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is *so plain*. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.”

“Why so?”

“Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.”

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?” I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case, we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed—you could not have taken to pieces, *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?”

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the glueing—any unusual gaping in the joints—would have sufficed to insure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bed-clothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses immediately adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"The two houses adjoining!" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover, with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."—Pp. 267-9.

Dupin advises him to make a research of the premises, and at the same time asks for an accurate description of the lost letter. The prefect makes the second search as advised, but returns unsuccessful. "Did you offer a reward?" is the

inquiry. "Yes, the reward offered was *very* liberal." In fact, the object to be attained was so great that the prefect would himself give 50,000 francs for the letter. "In that case," replies Dupin, opening a drawer and producing his check-book, "you may as well fill me up a check, and I will hand you the letter;" and the exchange is made between the parties accordingly.

Dupin is asked, by the astonished prefect, to account for his success. In the first instance, when consulted by the prefect, he had suggested—"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," but he had been ridiculed for so absurd a supposition. "What nonsense you talk?" the prefect had observed. Yet Dupin proves to be right.

Knowing the Minister D——, it appeared that M. Dupin had called at his hotel, and, upon the pretext of weak eyes, assumed a pair of green spectacles, in order to conceal the inquisitive survey which he proposed to make of the apartments. He first examined a writing-table, with letters and papers upon it, near which the minister sate.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery fillagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantel-piece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered, or staid, in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly, and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was, to all appearance, radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here, the address, to the Minister, was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then, the *radicalness* of these differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of D——, and

so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived; these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the Minister, upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more *chafed* than seemed necessary. They presented the *broken* appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reversed direction, in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and resealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table."—Pp. 278-279.

He goes home, prepares carefully a *fac-simile* of the letter, and returns next morning for his snuff-box. During the gossip which ensues upon his visit, a loud report of fire-arms, accompanied by screams, is heard underneath the minister's window. That functionary throws up the sash for a moment to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and during this interval Dupin exchanges his *fac-simile* for the original letter so ardently desired. The man who fires the pistol is a colleague of Dupin. The reasoning upon which Dupin proceeds in this matter must be sought for in the tale itself.

We had marked, as worthy of extract, a short story, entitled "The Cask of Amontillado;" but we are obliged to content ourselves with merely recommending it to the reader's notice. The tenor of it is as follows: A man, owing to some previous slight or insult, entertains the most implacable hatred towards another. During the Carnival, (for the scene is laid in Italy,) he insinuates himself into the society of his victim, who is a great amateur of rare wines, and inflames his imagination so much by the description of a certain matchless cask of Amontillado, that the other is induced to visit the sub-

terranean cellar, in order to taste it. They (the two) proceed there accordingly; the tempter in some ordinary carnival disguise; the doomed man in the motley grotesque dress of a Fool or Zany, with the usual cap and bells. All things having been prepared beforehand, the amateur is induced to drink, glass after glass, until he becomes intoxicated and stupid. In this state, the other proceeds to build him up, in a recess in the wall. His task is almost done; and he is just about to fix the last stone in its place, when the poor drunkard shakes his fool's bells, and utters a single half-conscious cry of alarm. The murderer, staggered by the sound, hesitates for a moment—only a moment—and then contemplates his diabolical task; shuts up his enemy alive in his grave, and returns to the upper air and society. He is oppressed, however, by remorse, which never leaves him till he dies. The helpless cry of the stupefied victim, and the clash of his bells—a terrible incident in the murderous gloom of the scene—will ring for a long time (unless we mistake) in the reader's memory.

The poetical works of the author need not detain us long. With one remarkable exception, his verses do not differ materially from others of the same time. They are neither very good nor very bad. They do not exhibit much depth or graphic power, and but little tenderness—nor do they, in fact, possess any of those distinguishing qualities which lift a man up beyond his contemporaries. The blank verse is not good; but some of the smaller pieces have a smoothness and liquid flow that are pleasant enough. One short poem, said to have been written at the age of fourteen, and addressed "To Helen," is full of promise.

Of all Mr. Poe's poems, however, "The Raven" is by far the first. It is, like the larger part of the author's writings, of a gloomy cast; but its merit is great; and it ranks in that rare and remarkable class of productions which suffice *singly* to make a reputation. Whether or not it was manufactured in the deliberate way stated by the writer in his article on "The Philosophy of Composition," we do not know; but the passage in which he dissects with anatomical precision what might otherwise pass for the offspring of impulse and of genius, is curiously characteristic of his analytical disposition. The poem itself, however, deserves to be

remembered by all lovers of verse. In the United States its popularity is universal, but we believe it still to be far less known in this country than it ought to be. We therefore transcribe the greater portion of it.

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber-door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my
chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more.'

"Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the
lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating:
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
This it is, and nothing more.'

"Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
faint flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or staid he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sate, and nothing more.

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I
said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

"Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we can not help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber-door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

"But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then
he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends
have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before.'
Then the bird said: 'Nevermore.'

"Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock
and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful
Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore—
Of 'Never—nevermore.'

"But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

"This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er—
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah! nevermore!

"Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, oh! quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if
bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me,
I implore."

Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

"'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if
bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

"'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!
I shrieked, up-starting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above
my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming;
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

We do not propose to enter into the accuracy of the numerous investigations which Mr. Poe appears to have instituted into the publications of his brother and sister authors. To say the truth, we do not estimate his powers as a critic very highly. His essays on Criticism were, we imagine, written on the spur of the moment, without much consideration, and were more than sufficiently imbued with those prejudices with which he was so apt, we are told, to view the works of contemporary writers. Some of his essays are very slight and brief; some flip-pant; some distinguishable for that remarkable power of analysis which he carried into all his productions. His review of "Barnaby Rudge," in the third volume

of this collection, is an extraordinary instance of his subtle and discriminating research into the very elements of fiction. It is impossible to trace out with greater nicety the very germ of a plot, and the finest artifices of invention. But here the interest of Edgar Poe's criticisms stops: few of them enter into the question of the peculiar genius of the author reviewed, of the class to which he belongs, of the way in which education and events have moulded him, of his habits or every-day life, or of those impulses or physical circumstances which have impelled his intellect to assume that particular shape in which it presents itself before the world.

Without entering into some such considerations, the critic can scarcely place his author fairly on his pedestal. We feel, even in the case of Mr. Poe, that it would have been most desirable if a fuller biography had accompanied his works. Honest and able, as far as it goes, and glancing upon the more prominent events of his life, it leaves us without information on many matters from which much might have been gathered to form an accurate judgment. Perhaps we are, after all, copying the deformities only of the man, at a time when we are anxious to submit all that was good as well as bad to the reader's judgment. The roughnesses that were so conspicuous on the surface of Poe's character would naturally attract the notice of his biographers in the first instance. But, underneath, was there nothing to tell of? no cheeriness in the boy—no casual acts of kindness—no adhesion to old friendships—no sympathy with the poor or the unhappy, that might have been brought forward as indicative of his better nature? Even he himself has done nothing to help us. His sketches and stories are singularly deficient in all reference to his own private life. It is strange that a man who did and suffered so much should have felt nothing for the historian's hands! The petty acts are indeed before us, but perhaps "the greatest is behind." For no man is thoroughly evil. There must be slumbering virtues—good intentions undeveloped—even good actions, claiming to have a place on the record. Generosity, sympathy, charity have often their abodes in lowly and unexpected places—in poor, thoughtless, humble bosoms—in the hearts of those who have deeply sinned.

The influence of his faults was limited,

and the penalty (such as it was) he only had to bear. But the pleasure arising from his writings has been shared by many thousand people. In speaking of himself personally, we have felt bound to express our opinions without any subterfuge. But we are not insensible that, whilst he grasped and pressed hardly on some individuals with one hand, with the other he scattered his gifts in abundance on the public. These gifts are by no means of a common order, and on balancing the account of the author with posterity, he ought to have credit for their full value.

Fortunately for Edgar Poe, his personal history will be less read, and will be more short-lived than his fictions, which will

probably pass into many hands, unaccompanied by the narrative of his personal exploits. For one reader who carefully weighs the actions of an author's life, there are a hundred who plunge into the midst of his works without any previous inquiry. The seamstress reveling in "The Mysteries of Udolpho" neither knows nor cares any thing about the comfortable, domestic Mrs. Radcliffe. And the young man, intent on cheering his leisure hour with the adventures of Mrs. Amelia Booth, or Mr. Abraham Adams, has never heard perhaps that Henry Fielding (the noblest member of the house of Denbigh) was as often reduced to shifts as one of his own heroes, and that he died poor, and in a foreign land.

From the Leisure Hour.

"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS IS COME."

THE hour of song is come!
O'er all the waking earth,
And through heaven's choral dome
Swell high a voice of mirth;
And where the flashing streamlets roam,
Life has its tuneful birth.

A sound, a motion slight,
An impulse half concealed,
A whisper but so light,
A thrill but scarce revealed,
Tells that a rush of life-blood bright
Has earth's cold veins unsealed.

The fig-tree's branch is green,
The tender vine-bud swells,
The flowret's brightest sheen
Gleams from its waving bells;
And where the turtle's voice hath been
The quivering rose-leaf tells.

The lark's ecstatic lay,
On waves of sun-light borne,
From where the fount of day
O'erflows its crystal urn,
Swell the glad strains that float away
Far o'er the fields of morn.

I've heard a sweeter song—
It came from leafless bowers,
When storm-winds swept along
The plains where midnight lowers;
And from the thorny boughs among,
Those hymn-notes chimed the hours.

Higher than matin swell,
Richer than choir of day,
Softer than vesper bell,
Or wind-harp's lightest play,
That midnight hymn—"I knew it well,
And who inspired the lay.

When clouds in wild haste rove
Over the storm-swept sky,
A holy white-winged dove
From the cleft rock doth fly—
A soft-plumed messenger of love,
On radiant wing borne high.

Where'er by new-closed tomb
A pale-browed mourner bends—
Where from death's curtained room
Life's quenchless flame ascends—
Where prayer can pierce grief's deepest gloom,
Or praise its soft breath sends:

Where star-beam from above
Can sparkle on a tear,
Where the cross bends in love,
The penitent to cheer;
There comes that Holy, Heavenly Dove,
On gentle mission here.

Oh! ever in our breast
Fold thou thy wing of light,
And take thy hallowing rest
Where sin had breathed its blight,
And teach us, from thy hidden nest,
Songs in affliction's night!

* "He giveth songs in the night."—Job 35: 10.

From Titan.

A GLANCE AT THE THEOLOGY OF HOMER.

WHEN luxuriating over the pages of some classic author of any age, how naturally does the wish arise, that we could take a peep at the people who read them, with not less keen a relish, at their first issue. We long to ask them, who and what is the God or gods you worship? How do you worship Him or them? What are your ideas of religion, philosophy, the world, and things in general? What, in short, your universal relations? Man, in spite of Hobbes and his Leviathan, is a social animal, and as such will constantly be making inquiries into the social life of his fellows in remote times and distant places. In ages and countries where novels or plays have been in vogue, we arrive at the closest approach to a resolution of our difficulty; but in times anterior, and in places foreign to this class of literary production, we are driven to speculation as to the state of society in which such and such historical facts were possible; and to deduction from the hero of the poet, to the peculiar thoughts and feelings of the epoch and the nation of which this hero was intended to be the representative and embodiment. The office and gift of the poet, we take it, is not so much actually to create, as to mould and fashion; not so much to announce to the people amongst whom he sings their wants and aspirations, as to put these into their most harmonious and cosmical form; not so much to give them a faith, as to render tangible and luminous the faith already floating in their minds. Apollo stabilizes and fixes, does not make, Delos.

In what follows, we shall for convenience' sake, upon the principle just laid down, sometimes employ the words Homer and Homeric as coëxtensive with Greece and Grecian. Those who regard Hesiod as contemporaneous with Homer will, perhaps, think that, by the exclusion of the former, we lose something of the dogmatic element of Greek theology, at least so far as the genesis of the gods is concerned; but over and above the fact

that we can not regard such a loss as deplorable, is to be remembered the improbability of their having been contemporaries. Religion takes precedence of philosophy; action, of investigation; the epos, of genealogy: and it is altogether to be regarded as unlikely that Hesiod's Theogony was the product of Homer's century, as that Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Infancy of Shakspeare's Heroines" was in being at the same time with the immortal bard himself.

"Who but the poet has given gods to men?" is a question that has been asked by one, who, in the interrogative form, meant to assert strongly a categorical proposition. From which we take leave to dissent; involving, as it does, at least the one fallacy of concretizing the poetical sentiment into the poetic individual. The poet may be the god-fashioner, but not the god-giver; although the poetic feeling, apart from revelation or intuition, (which is a kind of individual revelation,) may have postulated a deity, or more probably deities. Of what kind those deities were which man eliminated, as the German his camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness, we are about to see. Let it be premised that men, with a sort of hazy conviction that neither class of beings fulfilled the ideal of their respective natures, held a tradition, that in the olden time, long anterior to the Homeric, and the dynasty under which we are about to place ourselves, more beneficent and just gods bore sway over more happy and contented subjects.

The gods of Homer were for the most part either the children or the children's children of Saturn, (Kronos, or Time,) a parentage which precluded the idea of eternity, but which yet preserved to them an existence that could never terminate. In form they did not materially differ from the human race; their greater power for good or evil, their blessedness, their possession of the peaks of Olympus, and thrones beyond the ether, broadly marked their superiority. They governed the

world, and at every touch and turn gave evidence of their intimate connection and sympathy with men, who recognized their kind offices in every piece of good fortune, but blamed them without reserve for every disaster and annoyance. Good and bad qualities of body or mind were regarded as direct gifts from the gods.

"If thou art exceeding valiant, God, I ween, hath given thee this,"

says Agamemnon to Achilles, in the course of that dispute which was the occasion of "woes unnumbered" to the Greeks. And Paris, when Hector tells him,

"Vainly in thy harp and presents Venus-given wilt thou trust,
When thy flowing locks and beauteous form are mingled with the dust,"

warns his stern brother not to depreciate the gifts of the gods, let them be what they may—

"The lovely gifts of golden Venus should thy soul respect,
For the gods' illustrious presents no one lightly may reject,
Since they give as in their pleasure, and no man may choose his own."

When men were distinguished egregiously by any favorable token, they were called god-like or divine: Agamemnon was so named in virtue of the power and the scepter he held from Jove; Ulysses, for the wisdom which he shared in equal measure with the same god; Paris and Helen, for the exceeding favor of Venus, who granted them an extraordinary share of beauty—the last of these, even on the confession of the Trojan elders and peers of Priam, being "wondrously like to the goddesses immortal."

Let us see the Homeric faith as to the influence of the gods in bringing misfortune and annoyance. If sun-stroke and pestilence decimated the Greeks, it was Phœbus the Far-darter, angry on account of insults offered to his priest, who was shooting at them with his pointed shafts, and feeding the ever-burning funeral pyres with heaps of dead. If the spear of Menelaus failed of its mark, when aimed at the "prime sinner" Paris, the disappointed hero reproached Jove with loud groaning and heaven-turned glances in such words as these:

"Father Jove, no god more baleful than thyself my plans hath marred.
Now, indeed, I looked to punish Alexander for his sin,
But, instead, my sword hath shivered in my hands,
my spear hath been
Hurled in vain," etc.

And presently, when he had seized Paris by the helmet, and was triumphantly dragging him along to the Greek host, Venus came to the rescue of her favorite, snapping the thong which bound the helm beneath his chin, and (such things being, as Homer interjects, mere bagatelle to the gods) hiding and carrying him away in a cloud, thus again confounding the at-all-points-thwarted Menelaus. After the encounter, when Paris was safely reclining in his perfumed chamber, Venus compelled the reluctant Helen to visit him, and caused her reproaches to sink abruptly into tenderness. When a person was born, married, or slain; sick or in health, weak or strong, the gods were intimately and directly connected with these events or accidents. It was in virtue of their kindly interference that a man enjoyed a jest or a laugh, or sneezed with security; and it was equally by their unpropitious offices, that the mariner was driven out of his course; the wind, which was the mechanical agency, being regarded merely as the breath of a hostile deity. These direct and powerful operations of the gods reached also to the thoughts, and desires, and judgment. If Jove wished to avenge the dishonor put upon Achilles, he sent a hostile and lying dream (itself a deity) to Agamemnon; that it might, standing by the king's bed in the guise of the sage and friendly Nestor, the better prevail upon him to commit himself to destructive or injurious measures. If a hero was deceived, a god had perverted his judgment, and befooled him; if injured, a god, not so much the human instrument, had wrought the ill. It will be seen that the Greeks afforded no exception to the universality of the theocratic element in the first stages of all peoples. Even at the period at which we contemplate them, the principle of direct god-government in political matters is only formally invalidated. Though Agamemnon is the apparent and human king, he is so only in virtue of his inheritance of the identical scepter, which Vulcan had formerly fashioned for the great king of gods and men.

Homer enables us to identify the scepter, by reciting its various holders during the interval between its manufacture and its possession by Agamemnon :

"Vulcan first this staff had given to King Jove, old Saturn's heir;
Jove to his messenger presented it, him who great Argus killed;
Mercury gave it up to Pelops, in the hippodrome well-skilled;
Pelops yielded it to Atreus, king and shepherd of the flock;
Atreus, dying, to Thyestes left it, rich in pastoral stock;
And at length Thyestes yielded it to Agamemnon's hand."

What weight this scepter carried, and with what dignity it invested its possessor, may be gathered from the words of Ulysses, when engaged in chiding the Greeks, both princes and soldiers, for their too great eagerness to return to Greece. He thus concluded the "gentle reproof," which he made a point of administering to the kings and chiefs; whilst further on, in the same quotation, will be seen the more uncompromising manner in which he reproached the common people. We premise that Ulysses had, for the occasion, borrowed this "indestructible" scepter to enforce his personal authority—

"Most dreadful is the vengeance that a Jove-bred sovereign wreaks,
Since from Jove he holds his honor—Jove, the all-counseling, loves him well.
When he heard a base-born fellow with loud factious shouts rebel,
He would beat him with the scepter, and thus give him reprimand:
'Wretch, keep quiet and obedient, do what other men command,
Who in station are thy betters. Thou, unwarlike, imbecile,
Neither in the field nor council art accounted aught but vile.
Nowise may all we Achæans here the part of sovereign play,
For mob-rule is but confusion, to one chief let all obey,
One king only, to whom wily Saturn's son hath judgment given,
And a scepter, awful symbol of the power he holds from heaven.'"

In this place, intermediate between treating of the *divine class*, or the nature of the gods in general, and of the *divine hierarchy*, or the nature of the Olympian constitution, it may not be amiss to make a remark that will be perhaps of useful application both to what precedes and to what is yet to follow. This remark turns upon the incompleteness, and, so

far, the awkwardness of the Greek theology, arising from the want of a spirit of evil, some being analogous to the Ahri-man of the Persians or the Devil of the Christians, who should, either in his own person, or by a counter-constitution of evil spirits of which he was the head, array himself against Jove and all the inhabitants of heaven, not as individuals, but as a class; working against each and all, not from pique or caprice, but from deep-set, unwavering hate. If the divine superiority had been so proudly sufficient as to have allowed the Titans, or any other anti-theic powers, to range the world, and endeavor to controvert the beneficence and good-will of the gods, and to thwart their designs for man's happiness, instead of keeping them basely growling beneath volcanoes, (where, at least, a later age localized them,) the purity, and unanimity, and peace of heaven had been wonderfully enhanced. Men would not then have been tempted to evil by the gods, and they would have had in all doubtful cases—of morals, at least—an alternative of honor, moral right, and final safety, instead of finding themselves obliged, on every debatable point, to select for their proper patron one out of two or more deities of conflicting interests. This is a remark extremely likely of suggestion, when the warm sensuous Polytheism of Homer is looked at comparatively with a more abstract Pantheism; or from the *locus* of any monotheistic system. But the Greek himself was not likely to be very acutely sensible of such a defect. His problem was to manufacture gods (as the ingenious harmonic artist a base-viol "out of his own head") from the depths of his moral consciousness: what could he do but transfer to the divine an indefinite multiple of the good and evil of his own nature?

Keeping this well in view, we may, as we proceed to unveil the attributes of the gods, come to a tolerably correct estimate of the moral qualities of their worshipers. "Tell me with whom you go, and I'll you you what you are," is, as it stands, a very respectable proverb; but it would lose nothing of its weight or verity if the first moiety ran, "Tell me *whom you worship*." Nay, we incline rather to the emendation than to the original; for the fear of consequences, and a whole host of little conventional arguments, may keep a man within the limits of what he calls the be-

coming; but, if once he exposes the deity or the quality that he enshrines within the temple of his heart, then, indeed, may confidently be declared what he is, or what he resembles.

Two simple mental processes will give us, as we prosecute our inquiry into the political, social, domestic, and moral life of the gods, the same results as applied to mortals. We have first to consider what was the state of morals and manners which could coexist and consort with the deification of certain qualities that were reckoned divine; and secondly to estimate the reciprocal and reactionary influence of the creed which recognized these upon the lives and habits of its believers.

Jove was "the supreme ruler both of gods and men, and stood to the former exactly in the same relation that an absolute monarch does to the aristocracy of which he is the head. His will was the grand originating center of all great movements in the physical and moral world; and besides the peculiar functions which he exercised as god of the upper air, he had a general superintendence over the conduct of all the other gods, and over all the thoughts, purposes, and actions of men." He seems even to have enjoyed a kind of suzerainty over his co-heirs, Neptune and Pluto; to whom had fallen, at the division of power consequent upon the dethronement of "wily Saturn," the empire of the Sea and the Infernal Regions, respectively. Vulcan, the cunning artist of the gods, bore witness to this supremacy, when, counseling his mother Juno to make peace with Jove, he rather ludicrously reminded her of his own mis-adventure, which had arisen from former opposition to Jove in her behalf:

"Once, in former time, assistance when to thee I would have given,
Having seized my foot, he hurled me from the threshold high of heaven.
All day was I hurried headlong, and with the declining day
Fell on Lemnos, with but little life left in me, as I lay."

The unfortunate god was, however, kindly tended by the Sentians, but never recovered a lameness which, in consequence of his fall, seized both his legs. Jove also, with a proud consciousness of his individual superiority to all the rest of the gods, on one occasion threatened that he would hurl any offending or disobedient deity to Tartarus; and challeng-

ed even severally, or all combined, to essay their powers against him. Thus: "Come, gods, and try me: hang a golden chain from heaven, and all ye gods and goddesses suspend yourselves therefrom; yet would you not draw from heaven to earth your supreme counselor Jove, even with your utmost labor: but whenever I willed to do so, I could draw it up, together with earth and ocean, and you all, and binding the chain around the top of Olympus, suspend all these dangling in the air." And the submission of the awed assembly asserted that this was no idle boast. Yet was not Jove almighty, in a strict, defined sense of the term; his title being rather *most*, and *very*, not *all* powerful. He had known difficulties, and been driven to straits by far less formidable combinations than the whole united strength of heaven. The following passage from the appeal which Achilles made in his sorrow to his mother Thetis, shows how that silver-footed goddess had once relieved him from great dishonor and extremity. For when

"Juno, Neptune, and Minerva would have closely fettered him,
Thou then coming didst, O goddess! from the chains release his limb;
Calling up the Hundred-handed quickly to the Olympian height,
Surnamed by the gods Briareus, by all men Ægeon hight."

And the liberator of Jove was thereupon advanced to a seat of honor and distinction by the side of the grateful god. For the want of consistency and homogeneity in the myths which have their place in Homer, we can only plead that it was not his province to systematize or *articulate* his religious creed, so much as to embellish his account of the main action, by the most effective and dramatic episodes. Whatever the traditional temporary weaknesses of Jove may have been, he does not appear in Homer to suffer any diminution of power or dignity from the remembrance of them; the gods, upon pain of his displeasure, dared not receive him otherwise than standing; and they followed meekly in his train to and from the celestial banquets. Juno alone would venture directly and in his presence to oppose him, and take him to task for his supposed delinquencies; but even this more in the character of an injured and petulant wife, than a god in persistent opposition to his measures. And though it was common

for the gods to take various sides in the Homeric contests, yet in all, according to the poet, "the purpose of Jove was being fulfilled;" his will overriding and overruling, whilst conniving at, their active expressions of partisanship. This was the crown of Jove; the will, namely, that would and must finally bend every thing to itself, and out of every contradictory and opposing influence assert itself in ultimate and grand fulfillment. The peculiar moral functions of Jove were to befriend and protect those who were otherwise friendless; to avenge all infractions of the laws of hospitality and kindness; to give rewards to those who deserved well, and, conversely, to punish the doers of evil. "Whatsoever, in short, rendered man an object of interest and love to man, came from Jove. He was god in a sense that belonged to no other deity. Without him men were wild beasts, life an uninterrupted war, and Olympus a mere bedlam."

The doctrine of a fortune or fate, which came afterwards to be so elaborated by the tragedians of Greece, is found in Homer only in a very elementary and unformed state. The "essay of the human mind to satisfy its innate longing for a monotheistic view of the universe," had not become, in the days of Homer, so essential to man as to necessitate the conception of a power before which even the divine power and will must bow, and within the limits of which these must revolve. This longing, in his time only rudimentary, easily found its correlate in the indefinite supremacy of the one Jove over the subordinate forces of earth and heaven.

"The gods know all things," is the Homeric epitome of the doctrine of divine omniscience; which, however, no more than the like assertion as to their power, ("the gods can do all things,") is to be taken as of strict and literal application. For we are supplied with instances which must operate against the reception of this as an all-embracing or universal proposition. Here is an example. The "wind-footed" Iris, running down from Olympus, came with a message to Achilles, the purport of which was, that he should arm himself "unknown to Jove and the other gods." Iris did this at the command of Juno; who, however, with the sharpened eye and ear of a jealous wife, and withal a slightly shrewish one, had on a former occasion easily discovered a meeting

which Jove had arranged and held, clandestinely, as he flattered himself, with Thetis. These attempts at secrecy, whether successful or not, show sufficiently that the planners of them hoped to remain undiscovered, and demonstrate, therefore, their belief in the limited knowledge of those whom they wished to deceive. No monotheist would avow in theory, or proceed upon in practice, the hope of deceiving God; full well knowing that a hope entertained in contravention of absolute divine omniscience must necessarily prove abortive.

The friendship of the gods, whom we may, after having entered this caveat, regard generally as omniscient and omnipotent, was, of course, a thing to be coveted, and when gained, to be highly prized and anxiously preserved. But the winning and the preservation of this favor was a task of no slight difficulty. An answer was often long withheld, even from a worshiper who for the moment enjoyed their protection and patronage, until the gods supplicated had opportunity to revolve the petition in their minds, and decide how far it were expedient, from their own co-working or antagonistic relations with other deities, to reply favorably or otherwise. Thus Thetis was obliged to urge Jove to cut short her dubiety by a word, which should at once either grant or refuse her application. Jove having been thus urged, although with some degree of misgiving and gloomy anticipations of a certain-lecture, promised to signify his approval of her petition by nodding his head, the pledge

"That most binding is; whatever I have by a nod
approved
Firm shall stand irrevocably, both by guile and fate
unmoved."

But this divine favor once gained, was by no means therefore perpetual. It was not the glory of the Homeric gods that they were slow to anger; on the contrary, they were easily irascible, jealous of slights and petty insults, and relentless in their persecutions of the luckless wight who had the misfortune to offend them. Over and above these drawbacks, their proverbial guile and deceit rendered it politic in the man who had so far succeeded in winning the good graces of the gods, to exact an oath as security for their performance of the good he craved. Ulysses, the crafty suspecter of craft, demanded from

Calypso and Circe an oath in confirmation of what he hesitated to take upon their unsupported words. It was not against the nature and practice of the gods to seduce men, not only into misfortunes and calamities, but even into crimes; that of perjury not excepted—although it was a sin for which they reserved in a future state the most severe punishments. On the other hand, since the gods were the dispensers of good to men, they were to be reckoned of a beneficent disposition, and their placability was implicitly asserted by the attempts made to propitiate them. It was to be presumed that the cases in which they inflicted evil on particular individuals were exceptional; and notable instances of their accessibility and readiness to oblige those whose lives were mainly good and devoted to their service, are recorded in the pages of Homer. Here is the form of the very first prayer in the "Iliad," which Chryses offered up to Apollo, supplicating vengeance upon the Greeks, for the wrong he had suffered at their hands by the unjust detention of his daughter:

"God of the silver bow,
List to my prayer;
Thou who of old, as now,
Makest thy care
Chrysa and Cilla divine;
Who dost in Tenedus
Mighty reign;
If ever, Sminthius,
Roofs for thy graceful fane
Have been a care to me:
If e'er I burned to thee
(Offering the fatted thigh)
He-goats and kine,
Favor my upward cry,
Honor thy shrine:
May the Greeks feel thy darts
Piercing their hearts,
Smarting for tears of mine."

To which prayer Phœbus promptly and cordially responded, by sending the pestilence, or, Homericé, shooting the pointed shafts which we have before had occasion to notice.

The relations which the gods bore to men, and the close and constant intimacy with them and their affairs, suggest the questions, How was this intimacy affected, and these relations made manifest? First, of the first: "The gods visited the earth, and often appeared in a visible shape to mortals; generally, however, under some human mask, in such a manner that, while their godhead was veiled to the

general eye, they were capable of being seen and recognized in their divine character by the opened eye of their pious worshippers." Thus, Venus manifested herself to Helen at first in the guise of an old dame who had formerly been a wool-carder in her husband's palace at Lacedæmon; till, at length, her all-radiant neck,

"And her love-inflaming bosom, and her fiery flashing eyes,"

revealed and confessed the goddess. Iris, again, visited Helen in the semblance of Laodice, "the fairest of all Priam's daughters." Minerva, in *propria persona*, and yet in human form, prevented Achilles from taking a deadly vengeance upon Agamemnon, even whilst he was in the act of unsheathing his sword to slay that "king of men." Instances are exhaustless of the gods indulging in this method of effecting their purposes, and of working upon the passions and plans of the objects of their visitations by articulate and *vivâ voce* injunctions. It was the custom of all the gods, with Jove at their head, to spend annually a period of twelve days in banqueting amongst the "blameless Ethiops," a people whose correctness of life and manners seems to have recommended them, in spite of any prejudice which might attach to the color of their epidermis, to the divine inhabitants of Olympus.

These theophanic revelations marked the highest and closest degree of intimacy; but there were other methods known to the Greeks by which the gods were accustomed to reveal their will to mankind. When the Greeks met in council to deliberate upon the means to be employed for getting rid of the pestilential visitation sent by Apollo, Achilles advised them to

"Seek the counsel of some priest or prophet true,
Or of one by dreams enlightened, for dreams also
are from Jove."

The italicized portion of the above quotation embodies shortly the article of faith under cover of which it was reasonable for Agamemnon to act upon the message and advice of the "hostile Oneiros, or lying dream-god, which Jove sent purposely to mislead him; whilst the other part indicates a belief in the inspiration of certain men to unravel and fore-

tell the purposes of the gods. This is explicitly announced in the brief description of the augur Calchas, most remarkable in his profession of all who favored the Greeks in the Trojan contest, and who was also present upon the occasion of this same deliberative assembly. After Achilles had ceased to speak, then

"Rose up Calchas, son of Thestor, of the augurs wisest far,
Who could tell by power prophetic things that shall be, were, and are."

And this in virtue of some inspiration or god-possession.

Of the kind of event which was considered ominous or portentous, and the method of interpretation practiced by the same Calchas, we may offer one example. The occasion is as follows: Agamemnon wishing, for various reasons, to essay the disposition of his people, gave orders, in pretended compliance with a command from Jove, that they should all embark and voyage homewards to Greece. Nestor and Ulysses, with secret understanding of his purpose, had it in charge to stay those who seemed too anxious for flight before the purpose for which they had sailed to Troy was executed. Ulysses, after acknowledging the reasonableness of their impatience, thus proceeded to allay or to divert it:

"Yet return without fruition, after so long stay,
were vile;
Wherefore still remain, my comrades, and be patient
yet awhile,
Till the prophecies of Calchas shall of true or false
appear.
For this comes within our knowledge, and ye all can
witness bear,
(Whom the fates and death forbearing took not
captive yesterday,
Or the day before.) When gathered the Greek fleet
at Aulis lay,
To old Priam and the Trojans, charged with freight
of wo and blood,
And we by the sacred altars, round the lucid fountain stood,
Offering hecatombs unblemished to the deathless
ones on high,
Shaded by a noble plane-tree, whence a crystal stream
flowed by;
There a sign appeared portentous, dreadful to the
wildered sight,
A foul, red-backed, brindled dragon, which great Jove
had sent to light,
From beneath the altar gliding, to the plane-tree
crawled along,
Where was lodged a brood of fledgelings, a poor
helpless sparrow's young,
Nestling far within the foliage, where the top boughs
tapered fine:

Eight the young ones were in number, and the mother made them nine.
Then the monster ate the offspring: piteous was their twittering cry,
Whilst the mother, round gyrating, grieved to see her loved ones die;
But he, turning, seized her also by the wing, as round she flew
Screaming. And when he had swallowed her, and her young offspring too,
Then the god made him portentous, who the dragon first had shown;
For the son of wily Saturn metamorphosed him to stone;
Whilst ourselves looked on in wonder at what happened, and in fear.
So the portents divine, dreadful, to the hecatombs drew near.
Thereupon prophetic Calchas promptly his god-messsage speaks:
'Why hath silence thus invaded all your host, ye long-haired Greeks,
When to us hath Jove, all-counseling, shown a sign of mighty name?
Late it is, and late of issue, but of ever deathless fame.
For the sparrow and her offspring were devoured for a sign:
They, the young ones, eight in number, and the mother making nine,
That we must for the like season of nine years wage battle here,
But the tenth shall see our capture of the broadwayed city fair.'
Thus did Calchas give assurance, and all happen as he told.
Let us then our old position, O well-greaved Achaeans! hold
In this place, till we shall capture Priam's mighty citadel."

The priestly functions were not, by any strong line of definition, marked off from the kingly. In the sacrificial offices warriors would mingle and assist on apparently equal terms with those whose titular glory was *priest*, with the exception that the man who inaugurated the sacrifice by prayer would generally be of the sacerdotal order. It is not, however, our intention at present to investigate the relations and comparative duties of men with one another, or even the propitiatory and augural ceremonies they observed, further than is necessary to announce the principles of which these ceremonies were the application. Homer's own description of one of these shall be the substitute for any lengthened one which we might give, by presenting the peculiar features of a multitude. We only notice, that the sacrifice to the gods initiated a feast, in which those who had worshiped rewarded themselves for their piety by an indulgence in meat and wine. The occasion is the restitution of the daughter of Chryses,

and consequent reconciliation of the Greeks to Apollo. Chryses, forgetting his former injuries received at their hands, intercedes successfully for them with the god whose priest he was:

"For the god then skillfully,
They the hecatomb illustrious round the well-built
altar placed;
Next they washed their hands in water, and fine
barley upward raised,
Whilst for them, with hands uplifted, Chryses pray-
ed an earnest prayer:
'Bearer of the bow of silver, to my suit incline thine
ear;
Thou of Chrysa's rights the champion, and of Cylla's,
the divine,
Who o'er Tenedos dost strongly rule, already prayers
of mine
Thou indeed hast heard and answered, and hast
heavily oppressed
The Achæans. In like manner, further grant me this
request:
Even now, let this unseemly ruin from the Greeks
depart.'
So he prayed, and him Apollo heard with a relenting
heart.
Then when they had sprinkled pounded barley, after
they had prayed,
First the neck they bended backwards, and the vic-
tims killed and flayed,
And cut out the thighs, enwrapping them with fat
in double fold:
Then they placed the flesh, all-reeking, on them as
they lay enrolled.
Next, the old man, pouring sparkling wine upon the
billet-wood,
Burned them, whilst the young men, holding five-
pronged forks, around him stood.
After they the thighs had roasted, and had of the
viscera eat,
Then they cut the rest in pieces, and on spits trans-
fixed the meat,
Which then cunningly they roasted, and all from
the spits released.
When they had prepared the banquet, and had from
their labor ceased,
Ate they, nor lacked aught their spirit of the well-
proportioned feast.
When for food and drink no longer did their appetite
incline,
Then the youths filled up the goblets brimming high
with generous wine;
And the wine in cups outpouring, to each handed
they along;
Whilst through all the day the Grecian youth endeav-
ored by their song
To appease the god, and chanted forth the joyous
Pæan strain,
Celebrating the Far-darter, who with joy heard the
refrain."

Without indulging, then, in any further discussion as to the ritual according to which acts of worship were to be regulated, let us simply notice that such acts were demanded by the gods at the hands of pious men, and received with approbation, when ungrudgingly accorded. Men, by these outward expressions of piety, not

only procured a momentary or transient favor, but accumulated a store of kindly regards, which were available whenever necessity might oblige them to have recourse to the gods, for a benefit in return. In that very pathetic interview of Mercury with Priam, where the god, in the form of one of the myrmidons, conducts the old king to the tent of Achilles, that he might ransom his "only son" Hector, it appears that the care of the gods had extended even to the dead body of the latter. "You would wonder," says Mercury, "to see how dew-like (that is, fresh) he lies, the blood is washed away from around, and he is not polluted in any part. All his wounds are closed, whatever were inflicted, for many thrust a spear into him. Thus do the blissful gods favor thy son, though dead; for he was dear to them in heart." And Priam in answer declared the reason of their kindness: "O son! surely it is good to give due gifts to the immortals; for my son, while living, never in his palace neglected the gods who enjoy Olympus: therefore are they careful of him, although he is in the fate of death." And when, by the renewed good offices of Mercury, the body of Hector was brought home to Troy, Hecuba his mother ended her lamentation over him by declaring: "Now thou liest, wo is me! in the palace, dew-like and lately slain, as one whom Apollo, the god of the silver bow, hath slain with his mild weapons." So placid was the countenance of the dead hero, and so well preserved his body, even after he had lain for twelve days, and in the interval suffered that indignity which all the world knows Achilles inflicted upon him—his body having been tied to the conqueror's chariot, and thus dragged into the camp of the Greeks.

The gods tried by a standard of even greater rigor than the rules of outward religious decorum the hearts and dispositions of men; they preferred humility and self-diffidence, especially when in combination with trustfulness in themselves, to hecatombs offered ostentatiously by proud and otherwise godless men. He was most likely to enjoy the assistance of the gods whose lowly estimate of himself and his own powers inclined him the most to feel his want, and to seek for their aid. The exploits of Diomedes, in wounding Venus and Mars, show how far a mortal hero might distinguish himself in the one

ease, by the warrant and consequent assistance of Minerva, and in the other, by the presence of that goddess to give efficacy to his spear-thrust, and to fasten that weapon deep in the flank of Mars. The rationale of this matter seems to be, that the constant steady valor of the Greeks prevailed against the fitful and headstrong impetuosity of the Trojans. But we have mentioned it chiefly that we might here remark what we have left hitherto unnoticed—the liability, namely, coëxistent with their blessedness and power, of the Homeric gods to suffer pain. Mars, “brazen” fellow as he was, at receiving the wound inflicted with the spear of Diomedes by the hand of Minerva, bellowed out as loudly as “nine or ten thousand men” would have done in the din and strife of battle. Speedily, and like a “dusky cloud,” he made his way to lofty Olympus, and there made such a speech to Jove, as seems to have been equivalent to application for an order on the Olympian dispensary, the medicines of which, applied by the hand of the skillful Pæon, afforded him happy and instantaneous relief.

Notwithstanding that the Homeric faith necessitated the reference of many evil as well as good actions to the gods, it was not to be supposed that men could escape the responsibility attaching to the line of conduct they pursued. Each man’s deeds must be visited upon his own head, and no impious transference of evil suggestions to the gods could save him from the consequences of these, when realized in practice. Minerva might prompt the unfortunate Pandarus to break “the solemn league and oath” which the Trojans had contracted with the Greeks, but he would still have his own private account to settle with those

The words in italics refer to the libations which the imprecators were in the act of pouring as an integral part of the ceremony that lent to the covenants spoken of their peculiar solemnity. The right of the gods thus to punish men was based upon the principle which Jove particularly avowed, that evil came not from themselves, but from the self-originated perverseness of the human will. In the retributive slaughter of the suitors of Penelope by the returned Ulysses, Laertes, an old, and therefore more probably a *pious*, man saw a convincing and comforting proof that Jove and the rest of the gods reigned in the mighty Olympus. The gods were never at a loss for ministers or instruments of vengeance. They themselves punished men directly, or worked out their plans of punishment by means of mortal agents, or again commissioned the Erinyes, or Furies, in aggravated cases of impiety, to persecute remorselessly the offenders. “These Furies, from the manner in which they are mentioned, seem to have been at first merely the impersonations of the curses which parents, when sorely irritated, vented on their unnatural children; but the idea seems afterwards to have been extended, so that even poor persons who were under the special protection of Jove were said to have their Erinyes, or avengers.” So far of rewards and punishments in this life.

The future life which awaited the general mass of mankind was an insipid, undefined existence, generally listless and without activity, in the dark and dreary abode of Hades. Heroes, whose valor and virtuous conduct had on earth marked them out for the discriminating and special kindness of the gods, were promoted to a state of “substantial beatitude” in heaven, or in the blessed Isles of the West; whilst those who had been pre-eminent in wickedness and hostility to the gods, were the objects of various severe, and often fantastic, punishments. Thus, Sisyphus, who had been remarkable for his cruelties, was condemned to spend an eternity in futile attempts to roll to the top of a steep acclivity a huge stone, which, as soon as it gained the summit, fell back again constantly, crashing and thundering, to the plains below. And Tantalus, who outraged the gods his guests, by cooking and serving up as food the body of his son Pelops, who had been killed in brutal honor of their visit,

“Of the shades below
Who upon the dead take vengeance for each broken
plighted troth.”

Upon breakers of truces and perjurers, we find also such an imprecation as this invoked:

“Jove, most glorious, most mighty, and ye gods
who know no end,
Who shall first against these covenants with an
impious hand offend,
Let their own brains, and their children’s, on the
ground stream *like this wine*,
And their wives each learn dishonor as another’s
concubine.”

was condemned to such torment as has given to our language an adjective expressive of great, ever-recurring, teasing annoyance. The general run of mankind, who had not done so much good on the one hand, or so much evil on the other, as to preclude the idea of having their accounts squared, by compensating temporal good or evil, were kept in a dim, foggy, unrealizing, and unrealizable existence, somewhat akin to that which the ghosts of our own time, according to the doctrine of the Transatlantic Spiritualists, enter upon directly after their departure from this life. Altogether a chill, repressive, subdued life, a sort of life in death, which we may perhaps best imagine when laboring under a determined attack of influenza, especially if it happen to be combined with a heavy visitation of a squadron of azure diabolicals.

We will not stay to examine ethically the gradation of pain, or blessing, or insipidity, to their objects, longer than is necessary to observe, that that was not the most profound view of what constitutes the dignity of an active and intelligent being, which was taken in this article of the Homeric Theology.

From what has been said, it will be manifest that the gods of Homer were merely, so to speak, telescopic men; conceived on a colossal scale, truly, but as truly on a human model. And this is not wonderful; for the gods of any people can never transcend that people's ideal of excellence. And when this ideal has to be evolved and shaped out of the mind of would-be worshipers, it naturally happens that the qualities of men and the phenomena of the universe are, by a strong application of what is technically called *prosopopœia*, concentered and embodied into individuals, representing the highest conceivable perfection of these same qualities and phenomena. Thus we understand the gross anthropomorphism of Homer. His gods are men *plus* immortality and uninterrupted blessedness; which qualities, we apprehend, exhibit the nearest approach to creation shown in the edification of his system. And even these must, by a severe canon, be reduced to the level of other qualities, which are more palpably only an exaggeration of the qualities of men. For the divine immortality was but the negation of death; and death did not terminate the existence of men: and their uninterrupted blessed-

ness was but the negation of pain and sorrow, (not consistently maintained as we have seen,) which good men, even here, partly enjoyed, and aspired to as their final inheritance. All the other qualities of the gods are readily resolvable into human ones; their power, wisdom, facility of locomotion etc., were human characteristics, not infinitely, only indefinitely, multiplied.

It might, we think, easily be shown how the entire Olympian hierarchy sprung up, grouped around the one prime, central idea of power. This, however, involving the philosophy of the gods of Homer, involves also, to a certain extent, their mythology, from which the title of our paper warns us off. We may in one sentence, not announce, but indicate or insinuate what appears to be the *rationale* of the Homeric deities. Our readers must bear in mind that this is necessarily only a hard crayon sketch, which deals with outlines, and can not make pretension to the warmth and lusciousness of color. Jove was the central generic power, or, if a fastidious taste require the change, force; and this grand force was constantly striving to realize itself in a specific form. Thus, Minerva, the unmothered offspring of the brain of Jove, became the goddess of wisdom and strategy; and her classification will be, genus (underlying idea) power: species (particular manifestation) wisdom. So of Vulcan, Phœbus, Mars, and the rest. It is thus intelligible how it was at all times, and in all circumstances, reasonable and proper to call upon Jove; whilst only under particular circumstances was recourse to be had to particular deities. Jove was, in short, the great head of all departments.

It remains for us to remark, more explicitly than we have hitherto done, upon the shortcomings of the Homeric theology; and this at once broadly and briefly. Some of these shortcomings have already been directly enunciated, and nearly all inferentially; for it was impossible, without projecting ourselves out of our consciousness, which also is impossible, not to be continually, though unobtrusively, comparing the Greek idea of the divine with our own. The two qualities in which we have expressly stated that the Homeric gods were deficient, shall on that account, though not otherwise in accordance with a wise method, be mentioned first; and only mentioned that our conclusion

may be, if possible, also a synopsis. The gods were limited both in knowledge and power; wherever, or whatever that might be, whether physical or moral, that bounded the horizon of their *possible*, it is not necessary to determine; we shall merely assume a right, from former passages in this paper, to repeat, as a proposition, that the gods were not omniscient nor omnipotent. Neither were they omnipresent, although endowed with a facility of locomotion only short, yet still short, of ubiquity. One passage of the "Iliad" is conclusive on this point. When Achilles wished his mother Thetis to present his petition forthwith to Jove, she objected that she could not for some days do so, because Jove and all the gods had gone for a twelve days' banqueting to Ethiopia; which period of twelve days' freedom from business, being of annual recurrence, may be regarded as the Olympian long vacation.

So far from the gods being self-existent, or existent from a past eternity, their genealogy was ascertained, and referred, in the first generation, to Time, and in the long run, to Oceanus and Tethys, a pair of ancient sea deities; as if in anticipation of the philosophic dogma of Thales. Throughout the whole range of Homeric theology, there is nothing comparable—nothing second to that grand Mosaic formula, the highest revelation which, up to that time, God had given of himself, and contained in the two unfathomable words, "I AM."

A certain beneficence displayed by the Homeric deities is the closest approximation to that love which we regard as the most precious divine quality; whilst that awful sacrifice, which we contemplate with wonder and gratitude, as the most sublime and unanswerable manifestation of the love of God, was so far from casting any shadow before upon the Greek mind of the time, that the pages of Homer present no traces of the doctrine of vicarious punishment.

But it were idle to pursue further a comparison between a spark and the sun. We will, although it may be said to be a

parting fling at the dead lion, complain that Jove was not only not a god, according to a monotheistic standard; but that he was not even a god whom we should, with our ideas of chivalry and delicacy, call a gentleman. He was not supremely happy in his domestic relations, and whenever his chimney smoked, he had insured to him those two things which are proverbially understood to rank amongst the greatest plagues of life. The scolding of his wife was met by harsh words, and often by harsh treatment on his part, and perhaps their periods of hearty reconciliation were not so much the rule as the exception. During one of these exceptional periods, he made love to Juno in words as delicate as that act would be, by which a man should introduce to his wedded wife the *passées* beauties of his late harem. A passage which occurs in the Fourteenth Book of the "Iliad" will justify what we have said; and also demonstrate plainly that purity or holiness was no necessary condition of the Homeric deities.

Throughout the foregoing remarks we have made use chiefly of the "Iliad," because in that poem especially we have the gods *in action*, harmoniously or contentiously. We have endeavored to exhibit the gods in themselves, and in their relations to men; had our task been the converse of this, the building up of the other side of that arch which spans the chasm between the human and the divine; or the investigation of the relations which men bore to one another, we should have drawn more largely upon the "Odyssey," as furnishing the best representations of the civil and social life of man. If there is any thing further left us to do, it is to acknowledge, not thereby to cancel, the obligations we have been under to the distinguished author of a paper upon this subject in a number of the late "Classical Museum." The adjectives marked off by quotative commas are generally the epithets which Homer applied to the object under notice: for the rhythmical quotations we have no debt to pay nor acknowledgment to express.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

THE NOBLE-HEARTED WOMAN; OR, PEACE-MAKING.

• BY MRS. ABBY.

HESTER BEVILLE was the only child of a widow; her mother died when she was about twenty years of age; and, to the trial of losing her dearest and best friend, was added the trial of being reduced from comfortable to straitened circumstances. Mrs. Beville had been possessed of a small life-annuity, on which she lived in great respectability in a quiet country town, and from which she had contrived to save the sum of five hundred pounds for the future need of her daughter.

Hester clearly saw that the world would be no garden of roses for her, but that she must add to her slender provision by her own exertions. She asked the advice of her friends. The unanimous verdict was, that she must go out as a governess or companion.

"You need not feel low-spirited about it, my love," said old Mrs. Gladwin, who saw every thing on the sunny side. "My friend, Miss Cotton, got a situation as governess in the family of a nobleman at a high salary, lived with them a year, and then married the family physician; and Miss Fleming, who was companion to the wealthy Mrs. Brydges, obtained a large legacy on the death of her patroness, and is now living in a charming villa in the Regent's Park."

"I pity you from my heart, my dear," said old Mrs. Dimsdale, who always looked on the dark side of things. "Governesses only see the world through the back-windows, as Miss Mitford says; they are slighted by the visitors, rudely treated by the servants, worried by their pupils, and neglected by their employers. And a humble companion is ten times worse: her time is not her own; her actions are not her own; nay, if she wishes her thoughts to be her own, she must take good care never to give them utterance."

The opinions of Hester's other friends were modified from those of the two ladies in question, some being of a sunny,

and some of a sad description; but all agreed in the fact that Hester was fit for nothing but a governess or a companion, and Hester did not feel herself particularly suited for either of these positions. She was moderately accomplished, but she had read the advertisements in the *Times*, and she knew that she was utterly unfit to cope with the highly-gifted ladies so wonderfully combining the useful and the ornamental in their qualifications, who were ready to accept of a situation at a moderate salary.

As a companion, Hester's mother had pronounced her incomparable; but Hester was well aware that the requisitions of her gentle, quiet, easily pleased mother, were very different from those of the exacting, irritable dames, who require in a companion the union of servility and good spirits, and expect that while she is treated as a slave, she must always appear highly delighted with her fetters.

Mrs. Beville had so long lived in retirement that her connections and acquaintance in the outer world had gradually dropped off; she had a great aversion to letter-writing, therefore did not retain any hold on the memory of her friends by correspondence; and Hester had consequently very few persons to whom she found it necessary to give the information of her mother's death. Among them was Mr. Wareham, a distant relation of Mrs. Beville's, who lived in a village in Suffolk; it was many years since Mrs. Beville had met with him, and she described him to Hester as an eccentric and stern-tempered man; but Mr. Wareham was rich, and therefore every mark of respect was shown to him even by his most distant relations. Mrs. Beville had written to inform him of the birth of her daughter, and of the death of her husband, and had received short, formal answers—expressions of the writer's satisfaction at the first event, and sorrow at the last. Hester had

therefore deemed it right to apprise Mr. Wareham of her mother's death. It was some time before his answer arrived; but when it came it was very much to the purpose. He had not previously written, he said, because he knew that Hester must have many little affairs to settle and wind up before she could leave her present residence, but he supposed that all must be pretty nearly arranged by this time, and that he should be glad if she would come and pay him a visit; he knew that her mother had only an income which died with her, and concluded that she had fixed on some way of earning her own bread; but as it might be agreeable to her to wait a little time before she began her new way of living, he thought that her health and spirits would be benefited by a change of scene.

Hester showed the letter to several of her friends.

"What a kind-hearted man!" said Mrs. Gladwin; "how anxious he seems for your society! Depend upon it that when he once knows you, he will not suffer you to think of leaving his house!"

"I quite pity you," said Mrs. Dimsdale, "for the prospect of paying a visit to the man who could write such a letter. What an utter want of delicacy to talk of your dear mother's income dying with her! what an unfeeling expression to speak of your earning your own bread! Rely upon it, you will find that you have to perform the duties of a dependent without having to receive the wages of one."

Hester, however, felt no inclination to decline the invitation; her grief was still in its freshness, and she did not feel herself equal to the trial of plunging immediately into the cold-bath of advertisements and agency-offices. She returned a grateful acceptance to Mr. Wareham's invitation, took leave of her friends, and in due time arrived at the residence of her unknown relative.

Mr. Wareham was a tall, stern-looking man, about seventy, with a loud voice, and a manner that evinced a thorough determination to have his own way; he received Hester kindly, however; and as she had not imagined him to be a particularly courteous, urbane person, she was quite as well pleased with him as she expected to be.

Mr. Wareham was better pleased with Hester than he had expected to be. He had imbibed the idea, by no means un-

common to elderly gentlemen, that all the young women of the present day are helpless, unless, fine ladies; and when he found that Hester was not only a skillful needle-woman and a correct accountant, but that she knew the time when the dividends on Consols became due, and the exact amount of the Income Tax, he was disposed to think her a very desirable inmate; and whenever she made any allusion to the future governessship or companionship, he was always ready to remark: "There is time enough yet."

Mr. Wareham, although a wealthy man, evinced no signs of wealth in his way of living; neither on the other hand, was there any thing miserly in the appointments of his house. His table was comfortable, his servants well-trained and respectable, and his few visiting acquaintance partook of his hospitalities in precisely the same ratio in which he partook of theirs. None of Mr. Wareham's limited circle would be likely to possess any interest for my readers, with the exception of a widow lady and her son, who lived on a small estate belonging to the latter. To live on one's own estate would be considered a very slight distinction by many people, particularly when the estate is of moderate value, and an annuity has to be paid from it to the mother of the owner; but in a country village those things are thought much of, and Mrs. Hawdon anticipated a very eligible match for her dear Edward whenever he could make up his mind to part with his liberty. No one in the neighborhood, she said, was worthy of him. But the mothers of marriageable sons are generally found to wait for the tide of events much more patiently than the mothers of marriageable daughters. Mrs. Hawdon saw heiresses "looming in the distance," and did not take any active steps to bring them into conjunction with her son. Mrs. Hawdon treated Hester, when first introduced to her, with the coolness and distance which she invariably assumed towards every pretty, portionless young woman, especially when Edward (as had happened in the present case) had made any favorable remarks on her personal appearance; but in a short time she relaxed much of her frigidity, invited Hester to her house, and smiled complacently when Edward presented her with bouquets. Mrs. Hawdon was wont to say "she never did any thing without having a good reason for it;" and the reason of

her change of conduct towards Hester was one that was perfectly consistent with her character as a worldly-wise woman.

Mr. Wareham was getting decidedly fond of Hester's society; she fell into his ways; she did not, like the objects of his horror, "the young people of the present day," complain of dullness, or hint about carpet-dances, or say that a visit to a watering-place would be good for her health. In another way she proved to be a great acquisition to Mr. Wareham. His sight had latterly become somewhat impaired; not to a sufficient degree to be detected in society, but so much so as decidedly to interfere with his evening amusement of reading. Therefore did Mr. Wareham declare that "the new books were all trash, and that the time was much better employed in recalling to one's memory the contents of the old ones;" but when Hester came to live with him, and offered to read aloud to him, saying that it had been her custom to do so in the evening to her mother, Mr. Wareham's inclination for new publications immediately returned, and the paper-cutter was taken forth from the drawer to which he had unwillingly consigned it. Nor did Mr. Wareham acknowledge his defect of sight, even to Hester; he said to her and to every one else "that he indulged her in reading aloud to him because she had always been used to it, and he wished her to make herself quite at home."

Some months elapsed, and Mrs. Hawdon ascertained from her confidential friend, the village doctor, that Mr. Wareham's health was in a declining state; and from her confidential friend, the village solicitor, that Mr. Wareham had made his will a long time ago, leaving all his property to public institutions, but that he had latterly begun to talk of making a new one. Therefore did Mrs. Hawdon and Mr. Edward Hawdon pay decided attention to Hester, who could not feel otherwise than gratified by the notice which seemed to her to be so perfectly disinterested. Edward Hawdon was not particularly attractive either in person or manner, but Hester had been little accustomed to admiration or flattery; she saw that she was a favorite with both mother and son, and she took pleasure in their society. Mrs. Hawdon was sitting with Hester one morning, when Mr. Wareham entered in one of those angry moods which had become of very rare occurrence

since Hester's residence in his house. His gardener had prematurely removed some plants from the green-house, they had become frost-nipped, and he actually had the insolence to assert that his master had ordered their removal.

"The man was in the right," said Hester, calmly; and she mentioned the day on which the order had been given.

Mr. Wareham's irritability was much increased by finding himself thus proved to be in the wrong, and after the usual fashion of testy old gentlemen, he declared that every body was in a conspiracy to vex and contradict him, and left the room with unmistakable manifestations of being in a very bad humor.

"My dear young friend," said Mrs. Hawdon, "how very injudicious you are! What could possess you to contradict Mr. Wareham?"

"I set him right when he was mistaken," replied Hester; "I can not call it contradiction to do so."

"I am afraid you will find that he will call it so," said Mrs. Hawdon, "I have known codicils to wills revoked and rescinded on much slighter provocation than you have given to Mr. Wareham."

Hester fixed her grave, earnest, hazel eyes on Mrs. Hawdon's face, with an inquiring expression. She was, as I have shown, quite equal to entering into the mysteries of dividends and the income tax, but her experience had not qualified her to discourse on "revoked and rescinded codicils."

"The girl is ignorant of the common affairs of life," thought Mrs. Hawdon. "It appears to me, my love," she said, "that you do not fully estimate the advantages of your position. You have, like Atalanta, a golden apple thrown before you; but you do not, like her, stoop to pick it up: perhaps, however, you may not know the story of Atalanta."

"I remember it well," said Hester, "and I remember, also, that Atalanta, so far from gaining any advantage by picking up that golden apple and the two succeeding ones, lost her race by so doing, and discovered that they had been thrown in her way as an impediment."

Mrs. Hawdon, finding that she gained nothing by her legal and mythological illustrations, had just begun a new kind of appeal by saying, "In the name of common-sense, my sweet girl," when Mr. Wareham opened the door.

"You were quite right, Hester," he said; "I have been thinking over the circumstances, and remember well that I gave the order on the day you spoke of. I used to have a good memory; but memories, like other good things, can not be expected to last forever."

Mr. Wareham left the room as he spoke, and was seen from the window in amicable communication with the gardener.

Mrs. Hawdon was a close observer; she noted that Mr. Wareham had not come into the room to get a book or a paper; he had come into it for the express purpose of letting Hester know that he had discovered her to be in the right.

"I must acknowledge, dear Hester," she said, "that you know the proper way of managing Mr. Wareham; you have displayed great tact and address in this business."

"Dear Mrs. Hawdon," said Hester, "I am as undeserving of your present praise as I was of your recent blame; it seems to me that you are affixing unnecessary importance to a very trifling occurrence."

"Not at all, my love," replied Mrs. Hawdon; "I have so true a regard for you that I should be sincerely sorry if any want of due consideration on your part should interfere with the disposal of Mr. Wareham's property in your favor."

"I have no claim on Mr. Wareham's property," said Hester, "or the slightest expectation that he will bestow any of it upon me. He gives me his protection and the shelter of his roof, and I believe that my residence with him conduces to his comfort; I am desirous of remaining with him as long as he wishes for my society; but I have no interested views, and I am sorry to hear them ascribed to me."

Mrs. Hawdon responded by some phrases of unmeaning flattery, and the conversation did not make any deep impression on the mind of Hester. She had heard Mrs. Hawdon denominated "a woman of the world;" and although her experience of women of the world had been very limited, she justly thought that a somewhat overweening desire for the goods of fortune would be likely to form a portion of such a character. Hester and Mr. Wareham did not pass the whole of the evenings in reading. Hester was a good listener; and while she sat at work, Mr. Wareham would recount many anecdotes of his early years, especially those connected with his marriage—an event

which Hester had quite forgotten, even if she had never heard of it from her mother, and indeed had fancied that she detected in Mr. Wareham divers of the peculiarities generally ascribed to an old bachelor. Perhaps, however, Mr. Wareham might be considered justly entitled to the peculiarities of an old bachelor, for his wife had died a year after their marriage, and five-and-forty years had elapsed since her death. He described her as a paragon of perfection; and although a woman of the world, like Mrs. Hawdon, might have surmised that "distance lent enchantment to the view," and that the short period of wedded life might not have been sufficient to bring forth its shadows as well as its sunshine, Hester was quite content to believe that the late Mrs. Wareham had been all that woman ought to be, and to pity the widower for the loss of such a treasure.

About this time, Mr. Wareham had an attack of illness; it soon passed off, owing, he said, to Hester's good nursing; but he deemed it right to send for his solicitor, and gave instructions for a new will to be prepared. The solicitor dined with the Hawdons the same day, and certainly Edward Hawdon's attentions to Hester became decidedly marked about that period, and his mother was eloquent to every one whom she knew concerning the attractions and the excellence of "that sweet girl, Hester Beville."

Mr. Wareham seemed pleased with the attentions that Edward Hawdon paid to his young relative. "I may not be long spared to you, my love," he said, "and you will need some one to take care of you."

Innocent Hester! she thought the expression, "You will need some one to take care of you," clearly denoted that Mr. Wareham had bequeathed nothing to her in his will, and she made it a point of conscience to tell Mrs. Hawdon that she had reason to think that she would have no provision at Mr. Wareham's death.

"All I can say, my love, is that you well deserve to have it," replied the lady; and poor Hester blamed herself for ever having considered the Hawdons to be worldly people.

"If they were so," she thought, "would they wish me for a connection, when, according to their opinion of the declining health of Mr. Wareham, they must imagine me to be just hovering over the advertisement column of the *Times*?"

Edward Hawdon did not feel any preference for Hester Beville; like most shy, silent young men, he admired showy dashing women. But as he had a due regard for the main chance, and a high opinion of the diplomatic talents of his mother, he graciously gave her permission to call on Hester, and try to ascertain from her if he should be accepted, supposing he prevailed on himself to make proposals for her.

Mrs. Hawdon found Hester in the act of arranging in due order the contents of a small ebony cabinet at the desire of Mr. Wareham, who said that it had not been opened for many years. Hester had amused herself with the inspection of divers antique trinkets, scent-bottles, and bodkin-cases, and was just admiring the miniature of a very pretty woman, when Mrs. Hawdon was announced.

"Who could be the original of this charming miniature, I wonder?" said Hester. "It can not be the likeness of the late Mrs. Wareham, for I have heard Mr. Wareham regret that he possessed no resemblance of her."

"I never saw the original," said Mrs. Hawdon, carelessly glancing at it; "but I have no doubt that it is the likeness of Mr. Wareham's daughter."

"Is it possible that Mr. Wareham had a grown-up daughter?" exclaimed Hester. "I am indeed surprised; he told me that his wife had died in her confinement, and I never asked any questions about the child, because I concluded from his silence that it had not survived."

"It was evidently a distressing subject to him," said Mrs. Hawdon.

"And so he lost this charming creature in her early womanhood," said Hester, continuing to admire the miniature; "no wonder that he can not bear to talk about her."

"He lost her," said Mrs. Hawdon, "but not as you surmise, by death; the young lady was very clever, too clever to be satisfied with the frivolities of fancy-work, flower-painting, and French novels. She wished to study the classics; her father engaged a young and handsome tutor for her, and according to many an ancient and modern precedent, the tutor and pupil became enamored of each other; the attachment was discovered by the father, he was enraged, the lovers were rebellious, and the fair Elizabeth eloped."

"And did she live happily with her husband?" asked Hester.

"I believe so," said Mrs. Hawdon; "but in a few years she became a widow, and wrote to her father, imploring him to receive her to the home of her childhood."

"And he consented," said Hester; "and she returned home to die. I can not be surprised that he has never alluded to this painful subject."

"You come to premature conclusions, my love," said Mrs. Hawdon: "she is alive at the present moment, for any thing I know to the contrary. Her father resolutely refused to give her any sanction, either as a wife or as a widow, and she seems to have faded from the memory of every body. I only wonder that I remember so much concerning her, for I never saw her; she was married seven-and-twenty years ago, and it was not till two years afterwards that I came to this neighborhood as a bride."

"And she may yet be living?" said Hester, sorrowfully: "living in poverty, in sickness, and sorrow?"

"The fitting result of her disobedience," remarked Mrs. Hawdon sententiously.

"While I," pursued Hester, "am fostered and caressed in the home which she is prohibited to enter!"

"That can make no possible difference to her, even if she knew it," replied Mrs. Hawdon; "but depend upon it, she does not know it. I will come and see you again, my love, to-morrow, and hope that this little annoyance will then have passed away from your mind. I detest the sight of an old cabinet: people who open one after a long lapse of time are sure to find something in it to worry them." And Mrs. Hawdon took her departure; she felt that the present would not be a favorable period for interesting Hester in the impending proposals of her son.

Hester thought of nothing but the miniature and its unfortunate original during the day, and in the evening addressed herself on the subject to Mr. Wareham, without a particle of the tact and address formerly ascribed to her by Mrs. Hawdon.

"I found this very charming miniature in the ebony cabinet, dear Mr. Wareham," she said, "and I have been thinking about it ever since."

Mr. Wareham looked on the miniature first in surprise, and secondly with aversion: "I had thought it was destroyed

long ago," he said: "I suppose you are curious to know for whom it was intended."

"I am not curious," replied Hester, "because I heard the story soon after I discovered the miniature, and it gave me deep trouble and pain."

"Then, I conclude," said Mr. Wareham, knitting his brows, "that you heard a garbled account of the wrongs endured by one person, and the injuries inflicted by another."

"Far from it," said Hester: "I heard the account from Mrs. Hawdon, and she seemed disposed to blame your daughter's conduct rather than your own."

"Mrs. Hawdon is a sensible woman," said Mr. Wareham, relaxing his countenance; "and I would advise you, Hester, to forbear from meddling with matters that do not concern you. There is a Blue Chamber in every house."

"There need not be one in yours," said Hester: "it is never too late to forgive. Dear Mr. Wareham, your daughter has been sufficiently punished by her long exile from your house and heart; let me implore you to receive her again to them."

"And do you actually dare to make this request of me, Hester?" asked Mr. Wareham.

"I dare to do so," replied Hester, "because I am sure that you would be both a happier and a better man if you would have the kindness to comply with it."

"And has it never occurred to you," said Mr. Wareham, "that if I granted your presuming request, your own position in my family might be greatly changed by the entrance of Mrs. Atwood into my house?"

"I think it could only be changed for the better," replied Hester. "Judging of others by myself, I imagine that Mrs. Atwood would feel so much obliged to me for having exercised my poor services in her behalf, that I should have two kind friends in the family instead of one."

"If you judge of other people by yourself, Hester," said Mr. Wareham, slightly smiling, "you must conceive the world to be very full of simpletons."

"Perhaps I may be right in so conceiving," said Hester, returning his smile; "but mine is not now a question of wisdom and justice, but one of mercy and kindness. For your own sake, for mine, and for your daughter's sake, I conjure you to forgive her."

"Enough, Hester, and more than enough on this subject," said Mr. Wareham; "you are going too far, even for a privileged favorite."

"Let me ask you one question," said Hester; "am I the only person who has endeavored to persuade you to take compassion on your daughter?"

"I will answer your question," said Mr. Wareham, "because I hope my answer may serve as a lesson to you. My old, trusty, and esteemed friend, John Grayson, has repeatedly tried to bring about a reconciliation between Mrs. Atwood and myself, and was only induced to desist from his endeavors when I assured him that another word from him would terminate our long friendship, and compel me to consider him as a stranger."

Hester made no reply to this speech, wisely relinquishing the privilege of her sex to have the last word, and after a short pause, proposed to read aloud; but Mr. Wareham refused her offer, muttering, somewhat uncourtously, that "he much preferred reading to himself."

Hester remarked, however, that he never turned over a leaf of his book, and that he retired half an hour earlier than usual.

Many a speech works an effect quite different from that which was intended by the speaker. Mr. Wareham's brief account of his own spirited repudiation of John Grayson's interference was meant to serve as an awful warning to Hester of the danger that would accrue to herself from any obstinate perseverance in the cause which she had undertaken to plead; but it conveyed a piece of information to her which she had almost despaired of obtaining.

During the whole of the morning, Hester had been anxiously longing to get a letter conveyed to Mrs. Atwood, but had felt the impossibility of ascertaining her place of residence; doubtless it had been many times changed in the course of seven-and-twenty years. Hester's determination was now taken; she would write to Mrs. Atwood, and she would inclose her letter in one to Mr. Grayson; since he had befriended the poor deserted widow so perseveringly and kindly, it was not likely that he should subsequently lose sight of her.

Hester knew Mr. Grayson's address; she had gradually taken the office of Mr. Wareham's amanuensis, and had only recently written to him. She fulfilled her

intention that very evening: duties, she felt, were not to be delayed; and she was thoroughly aware that she was performing a duty. It seemed to her that she was usurping the place of poor Elizabeth Atwood: she felt as if she had no claim to be partaking of the comforts that surrounded her, while the daughter of the house was living far from the home of her youth, and living, perhaps, scantily provided even with the necessities of life. She briefly and kindly expressed to Mrs. Atwood her anxiety to be of use to her in any way she could point out; she offered to convey a letter or message to Mr. Wareham, or to bring about an interview should it appear desirable; and this letter she inclosed in one to Mr. Grayson, telling him how earnestly she wished that it might reach Mrs. Atwood, and that it might prove the means of reconciling her with her father.

Hester felt thus sanguine of success, because she could not be blind to the fact that she had obtained wonderful influence over the mind of Mr. Wareham. Since her residence with him he had gradually become more charitable to the poor, more kind to his servants, and more courteous to his equals; and although the ground on which she was now treading was almost as dangerous as a quicksand, she had faith in her own powers of peace-making; in fact, in her late place of residence, she had been the general peace-maker of the neighborhood, and had often succeeded in her benevolent ministrations when older and more experienced persons had given up the point in despair. Hester escaped the infliction of Mrs. Hawdon's threatened visit, that lady having on the preceding evening received an invitation from a titled dowager in the neighborhood to spend, accompanied by her son, a few days at her house. It is true that this invitation was couched in the most cold and curt terms; it is true that Mrs. Hawdon was perfectly sensible that she had only been invited because some other persons had sent refusals, and because her son could dance well and could take a second in a duet; but she had no more idea of refusing it than if it had been a royal command; and Edward was not so deeply enamored of Hester, that the prospect of being separated from her for a few days gave him any overwhelming anxiety.

Mr. Wareham soon fell into his former kind ways towards Hester, the evening

readings were resumed, and the passing storm seemed lulled into a calm; but, like many other calms, it was destined in a few days to be disturbed by the sound of the postman's knock. Hester received a letter from Mrs. Atwood, full of gratitude for her kind interest, but fearing that her father was too sternly resolute in his determination of casting her off, to render any hope of a reconciliation probable. She was happily raised above want, she said; Providence had been very kind to her. Mr. Grayson, the friend of her early childhood, had not only insisted on defraying the expenses of her son's education, but had, very soon after the death of her husband, obtained for her an asylum under the roof of an invalid relative of his own, whose declining days, she trusted, were rendered more easy by her attentions. Of that home she had recently been deprived by the death of the lady, but she was still comfortably supported by the liberal assistance of her son, who was now tutor in a family of distinction. To receive the forgiveness and blessing of her father would be the greatest of joys to her; she did not ask for any portion of the wealth which she had justly forfeited by her disobedience.

Hester's tears fell fast over poor Elizabeth's letter; she had not been aware that she had a son, and she felt more than ever grieved and hurt at the implacable cruelty of Mr. Wareham in allowing another to give the boon of education to the innocent boy who had never offended him. And how patiently, how calmly, did the poor widow endure her sorrow; speaking thankfully of her long residence as companion to an infirm invalid, and now living contentedly on the portion dutifully allotted to her from her son's stipend as a tutor!

"This can not, must not last," thought Hester. "I must make an appeal to the better feelings of Mr. Wareham this very evening."

Hester endeavored to dissipate her sadness by a long walk, and on her return found Mr. Wareham in excellent spirits; Mrs. Hawdon and her son had come home, and had paid him a long visit.

"Mrs. Hawdon," he said, "remarked that she had never seen me look so well; she has always something pleasant to say."

Hester wondered what he would think of Mrs. Hawdon's talent for pleasant sayings if he could know that, a few days ago, she had uttered a fearless, unequivocal prediction that "within a month he would be attacked by apoplexy!"

In the quiet evening hour, when the tea-tray had been removed, Hester was just summoning courage for her proposed communication to Mr. Wareham, when he forestalled her by saying, "Hester, I have something to tell you which I think you will be very much pleased to hear."

Hester merely replied by a look of inquiry, and Mr. Wareham continued.

"This morning I received a proposal of marriage for you. Now are you not eager to know the name of your suitor?"

"Not at all," said Hester, "because I am convinced that he can be no other but Mr. Hawdon, and as he has chosen to make his proposals through you, may I request that, in return, you will give him a courteous but decided refusal in my name?"

"Hester," said Mr. Wareham, "you are trifling with your own happiness. You do not know how earnestly I wish for your settlement in life. My kind friends may tell me that I appear to be in good health; but I feel that my life is very precarious; and when you are left alone in the world, many designing persons will immediately begin to hover round an heiress."

"An heiress!" repeated Hester, with genuine uncontrollable astonishment.

"Yes, dear Hester," said Mr. Wareham; "I have studied your character; I feel grateful for your kind attention to me; and, with the exception of a few legacies, I have bequeathed to you the whole of my property: I should be grieved to think that it made you the prey of a needy fortune-hunter; Edward Hawdon may not be a hero of romance; he may not be exactly calculated to win the affections of a warm-hearted girl, but he is a man of good family and fortune; his character is highly respectable, and I have known him from childhood. Think better of the matter, Hester, before you refuse your consent to a marriage which would give me so much gratification."

"My dear, kind friend," said Hester, "I have no words to express my gratitude for your munificent intentions in my favor; but I can not marry where I do not love; neither do I think that Mr.

Hawdon would continue to wish for my hand, if he could hear what I am now going to say to you."

"What are you going to say to me?" asked Mr. Wareham, with a darkened brow; "have you formed some foolish and disgraceful attachment in your late place of residence?"

"I have formed no attachment of any kind," replied Hester, "but, my dear Mr. Wareham, I can not accept of your generous bequest, because I feel that by so doing I should be injuring the rights of your daughter and of your grandson."

"I had hoped," said Mr. Wareham sternly, "that you would not again have alluded to Mrs. Atwood; and your information seems to have increased within the last few days; you mentioned nothing of Mrs. Atwood's son on a former occasion."

"Circumstances," said Hester, "have lately put me in possession of several particulars concerning your daughter. She is living in seclusion, and in confined circumstances; nay, she would even be in indigence did not her dutiful son share with her the stipend that he receives as a tutor. She is anxious, most anxious, for your pardon and for your kindness; she does not ask for more, but I feel that she alone should be the heiress of your wealth; I have done nothing to deserve it, and I do not wish to receive it."

"This to me, Hester?" said Mr. Wareham indignantly. "Is this your gratitude for my kindness? Do you conspire with my disobedient daughter to wound and outrage my feelings?"

"I am showing the best and truest gratitude to you," said Hester, "when I implore you for your own sake, as well as that of your daughter, to practice the divine precept of forgiveness of injuries."

"It is easy for you to extenuate the faults of Mrs. Atwood, Hester," said Mr. Wareham; "she has never transgressed against you."

"True," replied Hester; "but then, on the other hand, I am not drawn towards her by the ties of close kindred, and of early association. There is also another claim that she has upon you, if I may venture to allude to it."

"You have ventured to say so much," returned Mr. Wareham dryly, "that I beg you will not restrain yourself. Pray proceed; I am listening with attention."

"You have often," pursued Hester,

"spoken to me of your late beloved wife; you have even indulged the hope that her spirit may be permitted to watch over you till the time arrives when you may rejoin her. If so, would not that guardian spirit rejoice to behold your reconciliation with the daughter whom she left to be your companion and solace in this world of trouble?"

Mr. Wareham did not immediately reply; rapid changes passed over his countenance, and good and bad feelings seemed contending in his mind. Alas! the latter prevailed. "Hester," he replied, "you have addressed me with unwarrantable freedom; but I am willing to believe that you have been carried away by a temporary fit of romantic enthusiasm. I give you one more night to reflect on the line of conduct that you choose to pursue; either cease from any further allusions to Mrs. Atwood, and remain with me as my heiress, and the affianced bride of Edward Hawdon, or cease to remain with me at all, and let our paths of life hereafter be wide apart."

Mr. Wareham left the room before Hester could reply to this speech, even if she had wished to do so. She slept but little on that night; but she was not rendered wakeful by any doubt as to the course she should pursue: she could not act against the dictates of her conscience; she must therefore quit Mr. Wareham, visit London, and make her long-contemplated experiment in the advertising column of the *Times*. Hester met Mr. Wareham at breakfast, and gravely and gently thanked him for his past kindness to her, and announced her intention of taking her departure on the following day. He was too proud to remonstrate with her, and coldly and formally hoped that she would be successful in her new plan of life.

Hester employed herself during the morning in preparing for her departure, but found time to write a short, courteous note to Mrs. Hawdon, apologizing for not calling to take leave of her, as she and Mr. Wareham were about finally to separate, and she was going to London on the ensuing day. Hester made no allusion to Edward Hawdon's offer of marriage; she justly thought that the mere circumstance of her final separation from Mr. Wareham would convey to the worldly-wise mother and son intelligence which would effectually prevent them from wishing to have any nearer connection with her; and so it proved.

"Hester has evidently quarreled with Mr. Wareham," said Mrs. Hawdon handing the note to her son: "I always thought that she concealed an imperious temper beneath the vail of apparent meekness."

"She has shown herself completely blind to her own interest," replied Edward. "I must say that I am disappointed; it would have been very convenient to have found a rich wife without the trouble of leaving one's own village in search of her."

Before night, Mrs. Hawdon again heard news from Mr. Wareham's house that had rapidly spread through the village. Mrs. Hawdon had been right in her prediction—Mr. Wareham was stricken with apoplexy!

It is scarcely necessary to say that Hester immediately gave up all thoughts of her removal, and established herself by the side of the poor sufferer as his tender, skillful, and unwearied nurse: he had excellent medical attendants: his life was in danger for some days, but a favorable change in his complaint then took place, and Hester was told that she might hope for the best.

"And you actually have been devoting yourself to the care of me for eight days, dearest Hester?" said Mr. Wareham. "You will soon be ill yourself, if you do not take needful rest."

"Nay," said Hester cheerfully, "I have not been your sole nurse, nor have I debarred myself from rest. I am quite rewarded for all my cares by seeing you in the way of recovery."

"And will you give up your journey to London, Hester, and remain with me?" asked Mr. Wareham.

"Willingly," replied Hester, "as your nurse and friend, but not as your heiress."

"Stay with me on any terms, dear Hester," said Mr. Wareham; "and now I think I feel inclined to sleep, and shall cease for a little while to be troublesome to you."

In about an hour Hester was summoned from her own room by the violent ringing of Mr. Wareham's bell.

"Hester," he exclaimed, on her entrance, "I am convinced that my senses are failing me: I have seen a strange vision; I beheld my departed wife standing by my bed-side, and regarding me with a look of sorrowful tenderness."

"You are wrong in thinking you have

beheld a spirit," said Hester; "but yet your senses are not affected. Consider if there is not any one living who may be supposed to bear a resemblance to your late wife."

"My daughter, my poor banished daughter," exclaimed Mr. Wareham; "I see it. Hester, you have summoned her to my house to receive my blessing before I die."

"I summoned her," said Hester, "to receive your forgiveness, trusting that you would not withhold it from her in the season of sickness and sorrow. Her cares and my own have, by the blessing of Providence, been rewarded by your restoration to health; do not, my dear and kind friend—do not make use of this gift to banish from your house the devoted, affectionate daughter who has attended to you so dutifully in your time of need."

"Dear Hester," said Mr. Wareham, "I required a bitter lesson to lead me to the consciousness of my unrelenting severity of temper. I have come to the sense of my fault; I will see dear Elizabeth, not only to pronounce her forgiven, but to receive forgiveness from her."

Hester immediately summoned Mrs. Atwood from the adjoining room, and then withdrew; she felt that the meeting between the long-separated father and daughter ought to take place without a witness.

Six months elapsed. Mr. Wareham was restored to his usual state of health. Mrs. Atwood took her place as the mistress of his house, and Hester was still his loved, petted relative. Yet was there another individual of the party, who appeared to occupy a still larger share of Mr. Wareham's favor than either of the ladies aforesaid; and strange to say, instead of being jealous of this preference, they actually seemed quite delighted with it, and even jested on the subject of the minor degree of estimation in which they were held. This fortunate person was Mr. Wareham's grandson, the young tutor, whom he had summoned to his house immediately after his reconciliation to Mrs. Atwood, warmly commending his dutiful conduct to his mother, and entreating him to resign his situation without delay, and

to come and see whether he liked him well enough to take up his future abode with him.

"Well," said Mrs. Hawdon, as she welcomed Edward home again, who had just returned from an unsuccessful heiress-hunt at Harrowgate, "strange events have happened at Mr. Wareham's. Hester will possess the property after all."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Edward, with animation! "I suppose, then, he has quarreled with his daughter and grandson, and Hester has grown more wise than she was formerly, and is willing to accept of the honors of a residuary legatee. I shall make a point of paying my respects to her at an early hour to-morrow morning."

"Your attention would avail you nothing," said Mrs. Hawdon, "for at an early hour to-morrow morning Hester becomes the bride of young Atwood. I have no doubt that she foresaw from the very first how matters would turn out."

"Nay," said Edward, "we must acquit her of that instance of foresight, for she had never seen young Atwood when she declined the heiresship. After all, she is a noble girl, and deserves to be happy as well as rich."

A few friends were assembled at the breakfast-table of Mr. Wareham on the wedding morning. Many kind and affectionate speeches were made to Hester on the occasion, but I will only quote that of John Grayson, as being the most original of them all.

"Other people, my dear Mrs. Atwood," he said, "tell you of their gratitude and affection; I do much more; I assure you of my forgiveness! You have actually been guilty of doing well and quickly what I could never do at all. I labored ineffectually for years to bring about a reconciliation between my good old friend and his daughter; but you came to the rescue, and all was accomplished in the course of a few days. Mr. Jellyaby said to his daughter Caddy, on her wedding-day, 'Never have a mission!' But I am not quite inclined to agree with him, and I heartily congratulate Atwood that he has gained a wife who is so well able to carry out that admirable mission—the Mission of Peace-Making!"

From the Leisure Hour.

TERRIBLE PHENOMENA OF EARTHQUAKES.

To man, nature affords no symptoms of the approach of an earthquake, even of the most destructive description, in time to put him on his guard, and enable him beforehand to consult the means of safety. It is true that where there are active volcanoes, and they sulk for a season, or cease to smoke as usual, a convulsion in the vicinity may be predicted with tolerable certainty. But the day and hour of its occurrence is a profound secret; and the event is often warded off by the craters resuming their activity. Down to almost the latest moment prior to the dread event, which will slay its thousands, convert their houses into sepulchers, and demolish the marts of commerce, the halls of justice, and the temples of religion, both heaven and earth appear as on days destined to pass peacefully or gladsomely away. It was on Old Saints' Day, which broke with a serene sky and a fine easterly breeze in the early morning, when the churches were thronged with congregations, that Lisbon was smitten to the dust. On the afternoon of a similar festival, beneath a calm and cloudless sky, Caraccas perished, while the moon hung her brilliant lamp over the ruined city at eventide, and the night of the torrid zone set in with peculiar loveliness. If long calms, oppressive heats, and prevalent fogs have been the observed antecedents of many catastrophes, it is certain that the events are merely coincident, and not physically connected, since such states of the atmosphere often occur without being followed by terrible phenomena, while earthquakes have as frequently transpired during gales of wind, under the brightest skies, and when heavy rains have been pouring down.

As the solemn crisis approaches, human intelligence seems inferior to brute sagacity. Men buy and sell, eat and drink, marry and are given in marriage, on the eve of a change which will nullify contracts, and terminate the engagements of life to the busiest plotters for the future;

while many of the lower animals renounce their customary habits, and display unmistakable apprehension of some alarming though unknown incident being at hand. Rats, mice, moles, snakes, and lizards abandon the holes and cavities in the ground in which they dwell, and run about with evident trepidation. Some of the higher species also, especially goats, hogs, cats, and dogs, with horses and cattle in a lesser degree, seem to scent the coming earthquake, and exhibit remarkable restlessness.

Various interesting facts have been noted in relation to the demeanor of animals prior to a great convulsion. It was towards noon, beneath a clear and almost cloudless sky, with the sea-breeze freshly blowing, that the cities of Conception and Talcahuana, on the coast of South-America, were desolated in the year 1835. At ten o'clock, two hours before their ruin, the inhabitants remarked with surprise, as altogether unusual, large flights of sea-fowl passing from the coast towards the interior; and the dogs at Talcahuana abandoned the town before the shock which leveled its buildings was felt. Not an animal, it is believed, was in the place when the destruction came. In 1805, previous to an earthquake experienced at Naples, which took place in the night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and cows began to bellow; the sheep and goats bleated strangely; the dogs howled terribly; and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up, endeavoring to break their halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose as if scared from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in clear day-light their subterraneous retreats. Some faithful dogs, a few minutes before the first shock, awoke their sleeping masters by barking, and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves. On the recent

occasion, all the dogs in the neighborhood of Vallo howled before the people were sensible of their danger. To account for these circumstances, it is conjectured that, prior to actual disturbance, noxious gases and other exhalations are emitted from the interior of the earth through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell. This seems to be the true explanation, for it is undoubted that gases of various descriptions are thus set free, both while earthquakes are in process and antecedently. In 1827, when the valley of Rio Magdalená was shaken, large quantities of carbonic acid gas escaped from some crevices, which killed a considerable number of burrowing animals as well as reptiles. It has likewise been frequently observed that the surface of the sea or of a river, has exhibited the appearance of ebullition, owing probably to the disengagement of gas or air from the bottom. In a report from the Syndic of Salandro, one of the communes which suffered severely from the recent scourge, it is stated that for nearly a month, about two miles from the town, a gas was observed to issue from a water-course, which ceased altogether about a week after the first shock of the earthquake.

Though subterranean sounds are not invariably heard in connection with earthquakes, they usually form part of the phenomena attending the crisis, and sometimes antedating it by a few minutes or seconds. They vary greatly in tone, and are not always in accordance with the character of the event, for a slight tremor of the ground has sometimes been accompanied with a clamor far exceeding that of the disruptive death-dealing blow. The sounds may be grouped in two general classes. The one is a rushing or whizzing noise, as if occasioned by a strong wind, or the rapid flow of distant waters, or the conflagration of a large extent of heather. The other has an explosive note, and, according to its intensity, is variously compared to the rumble and rattle of carriages, the clank of iron chains violently shaken in underground caverns, the blast of a quarry, the discharge of small arms and parks of artillery, and the loudest thunder of tropical storms. The great shock at Comrie in Perthshire, on the night of the 23d of October, 1841, was accompanied, says the parish minister, "with a noise, in na-

ture and intensity indescribably terrific—that of water, wind, thunder, discharge of cannon, and the blasting of rocks, appeared combined. Giving a short warning by a distant murmur, it gradually increased in intensity for some seconds, when at length, becoming louder than thunder, and somewhat similar to the rush of the hurricane, it suddenly changed, and a noise, resembling that of a blasting rock thrice repeated, followed, which again died away like distant thunder." These notes of explosion have occasionally been heard over a vast extent of country, where no shock whatever has been perceived, and at the same instant as at the sites of catastrophe. In such cases, it is clear that the sound could not have been propagated by the air, since a proportionate time is required for its transmission by that medium to distant places. Neither could the sonorous waves have been conducted by the surface of the earth; for though solid bodies are much better conductors of sound than air, yet time is still demanded for the transport. It seems an inevitable conclusion, that the sounds must have originated at such an immense depth below the surface of the earth, as to be nearly equidistant from all the places where they were heard.

Earthquakes furnish the most striking examples with which we are acquainted of the production of stupendous effects in very brief intervals. The most fatal shocks are often the shortest, and are over almost in an instant. In less than six seconds the thriving city of Concepcion was in ruins, with the earth rapidly opening and shutting in all directions, and smothering clouds of dust rising from the prostrate buildings, which, when they cleared away, revealed the survivors of the calamity, pale and trembling, ghastly and sepulchral in aspect, as if the graves had given up their dead. Caraccas was leveled to the ground by three shocks, each of which did not last for more than three or four seconds, and all of them occurred within less than a minute. The utmost duration popularly assigned to the earthquakes of Jamaica, 1692, and Calabria, 1783, amounted to three and two minutes. Yet in this space of time the surface of a large extent of country was so completely altered, that hardly a tract could be found retaining its former appearance entire. But the length of the intervals in these cases has doubtless been

overrated, for moments appear as minutes when people are in an agony of terror and apprehension. The effects of these mighty operations of nature comprise the permanent displacement of land, either by elevation or subsidence; the dislodgment of masses of rock; the opening of extensive fissures in the ground, both horizontally disposed and radiating from a center, some of which close again, while others are stable; with the discharge of hot water, steam, mud, sand, flame, and columns of smoke from the surface. But the immediate destruction of human life is of course the most fearful item, and the distress of the survivors, owing to the desolation of their homes, the loss of kindred, the paralysis of daily labor, and their own wild panic. At Lisbon, in 1755, not less than 60,000 persons are supposed to have perished; in Calabria, in 1783, perhaps 100,000; and still more extensively fatal were the awful shocks which ravaged the crowded cities of Asia Minor and Syria, in the reigns of the emperors Justinian and Tiberius. It has, therefore, been justly remarked by Humboldt, that there is no force known to exist, not even the murderous inventions of our own race, contrived for each other's extirpation, by which, in the short period of a few seconds or minutes, such a number of persons can be killed as by an earthquake.

The impression made upon the mind by a violent shock is described by all who have experienced it as very peculiar, as well as inconceivably terrific. Accustomed from early life to contrast the mobility of water to the immobility of land, we regard these qualities as constant attributes, and grow up with the idea of having in the latter a firm foundation of a sure resting-place, whether going out or coming in, seated by the fireside, pacing the street, traveling on the road, or slumbering in the grave. All plans, engagements, journeys, and amusements are based upon the presumption of the soil keeping steadily in its place, whether piled in hills, scooped into valleys, or spread out in plains; and of the seas, the rivers, and the atmosphere being the only unstable elements around us. But these customary modes of thinking and acting are instantly shown to be delusive when the ground heaves, waves, and eddies, as if suddenly rendered fluid, and the earth reels "to and fro like a drunkard," while the most substantial works of man upon

its surface tremble, totter, and fall. The senses are completely bewildered by the strange awfulness of the scene. The power of thinking and acting at all is almost paralyzed by its suddenness, as well as by the apparent hopelessness of escape. A South-American once observed to Captain Basil Hall, that earthquakes must be felt to be understood, referring as much to their peculiarity as to their terribleness. "Before," said he, "we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; every thing seems to change color; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different to what it was wont to do; and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power beyond human control or comprehension. Then comes the terrible sound distinctly heard; and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, a severe earthquake is enough to shake the firmest mind. Custom enables us to restrain the expression of alarm; but no custom can teach any one to witness such earthquakes without the deepest emotions of terror." It is generally practicable, in volcanic eruptions, to retreat to a safe distance from the stones and ashes hurled from the crater, and easy to avoid personal danger from the crawling current of burning lava. Even when cultivated fields, vineyards, and homesteads are threatened by the fiery flood, it is often possible by artificial means to divert it into waste places and barren grounds. Rarely also are the greatest water-floods so sudden in their rise as to involve loss of life upon an extensive scale. But the probability of escape is incomparably less when the ground we trample on is in commotion, the sites of cities give way, and the arena of a kingdom is convulsed. In whatever direction flight is directed, the mind gathers no comforting hope of security, for the very earth may open and engulf those who escaped from the crash of their dwellings.

The night of the late earthquake was one of intense terror to the Neapolitans, and not unnaturally, for the action of the subterranean agency was felt to such a degree, as to justify the apprehension in the most sober minds of the city being doomed to destruction before the morning

dawned. Crowds rushed into all the open squares in every description of toilette, many in their night-dresses, others with a sheet over their shoulders, and some in gay attire, fresh from the concert or the ball. On one spot a mattress was seen with young children sleeping upon it. The wealthy had their carriages brought out, in which they found shelter. The middle classes walked up and down, or mingled with the lower orders around great fires of wood, which were kindled at intervals of fifty yards. Thousands signalized their superstition by loudly invoking the protection of the Madonna, and throngs followed the images of St. Ann and St. Antonio, singing litanies, as the priests carried them in procession. Strangers to the source of true peace, yet anxious to have their apprehensions calmed, an idle rumor that the blood of St. Januarius had boiled, was converted into an article of faith; and multitudes walked after the vial containing the cheat, trying to extract some comfort from the glass bottle, as it was paraded by knavish ecclesiastics. But in the midst of terror and ignorant devotion, the chances of this life were not neglected by the people, who flocked to the lottery-offices the next day, eager to secure favorable numbers; and audacious crime walked cheek by jowl with blind superstition through the streets of Naples, for bands of ruffians entered the abandoned homes of the rich to plunder them of property. The same contrasts were observed at the destruction of Lisbon and Carracaras. While many survivors assembled, and passed through the desolate streets singing funeral hymns, others took to robbing the persons of the dead, and stripping their habitations of the valuables in them. Alas! for human nature, apart

from enlightened and sacred influences, when revolution, pestilence, famine, the sword, or the earthquake is at work! Man, in such circumstances, exhibits himself either enslaved to false and absurd codes of thought, or thoroughly licentious with reference to all rule, and accordingly acts the part of a dolt or of a fiend.

We have said nothing as yet respecting the physical cause of these dreadful visitations. It has given rise to much vague and opposite speculation; and a deep cloud of mystery still hangs over it. But no reasonable doubt can be entertained that earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hot springs, and the greater development of heat as we penetrate below the surface, are closely related phenomena. Though falling far short of being demonstrative, they strongly indicate the existence of an abyss of combustion in the interior of our planet, nearer to the exterior at some points than others, as the shell is probably not of uniform thickness. In connection with this central heat, the elastic vapors may be supposed to originate, which, under accumulation, find vent through the volcanic craters, or, where no such natural safety-valves are at hand, force a passage for themselves to the atmosphere, through the overlying crust of the globe, convulsing and rending asunder the roof of their prison-house. One thing is at least certain, that the force is prepared, is not far off, and is often in sensible action, adapted to accomplish the foretold doom of the material universe with which we are connected, or the earth and its atmosphere. "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.—At fifteen days' journey beyond Bizenegalia, towards the north, there is a mountain called Albenigaras, surrounded by pools of water which swarm with venomous animals, and the mountain itself is infested with serpents. This mountain produces diamonds. The ingenuity of man, not having been able to find any mode of approaching the mountain, has, however, discovered a way of getting at the diamonds produced on it. There is another mountain near it, a little higher. Here, at a certain period of the year, men bring

oxen, which they drive to the top, and, having cut them into pieces, cast the warm and bleeding fragments upon the summit of the other mountain, by means of machines which they construct for that purpose. The diamonds stick to these pieces of flesh. Then come vultures and eagles flying to the spot, which, seizing the meat for their food, fly away with it to places where they may be safe from the serpents. To these places the men afterwards come, and collect the diamonds which have fallen from the flesh.—*Travels in India.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, whose name is so familiar to the ears of our readers as General in command of the British forces in India, is an officer of whose career the people of England have good reason to feel proud. He is not of aristocratic parentage; at least, it is generally believed that his father and mother, (though the former was doubtless a cadet of the Scottish clan of that name,) were living some half a century ago in narrow circumstances at Glasgow, where Sir Colin himself was born, in the year 1792. He entered the army in 1808, being gazetted on the 26th of May in that year to an Ensigncy in the 9th Foot, with which regiment he served in the expedition to Portugal, and in the unfortunate descent upon Walcheren.

Before the conclusion of the Peninsular campaigns, whilst serving in the 9th Foot, he had seen some hard fighting at Vimiera. He also took part in the advance and retreat of the army under Sir John Moore, and in the battle of Corunna, and also in the battle of Barossa and the defense of Tarifa. In the latter end of 1812 he was attached to the army of Ballasteros, and was present at several affairs. Amongst others, he took part in the expedition for relieving Tarragona, and in the affair for relieving the posts in the valley of Malaga; was present at Osmia and Vittoria; at the siege of San Sebastian, where he received two severe wounds whilst leading the column of attack; and at the passage of the Bidassoa, where he was again severely wounded by a musket-shot, which passed through his right thigh. It is not, however, in the Peninsula, or even in Europe alone, that Sir Colin Campbell has seen active service; on the contrary, there is not, perhaps, a single officer in the army whose gallantry has been more ubiquitously displayed, just as, from the first, there has been none whose reputation has stood higher as a soldier or as a disciplinarian.

In 1814-15 he saw some active service in America, whilst holding a commission

in the 60th Rifles; and in 1823 we find him acting as Brigade Major of the troops engaged in quelling the insurrection in Demerara. In the expedition to China, in 1842, Sir Colin Campbell commanded the 98th Regiment, and took an active part in the capture of Chin-kiang-fon, and the subsequent operations near Nankin. Nor is he without Indian experience. Throughout the Punjaub campaigns of 1848-49, he commanded the third division of the army under Lord Gough, and distinguished himself more particularly in the affair at Ramnuggur, the passage of the Chenab, the affair at Sadoolapore, and at the battle of Chillianwallah, (where he was wounded,) and at Goojerat, where the Sikhs were finally crushed. At Chillianwallah, his valor as a Brigadier-General was so conspicuous, that Lord Gough, in his dispatch, declares that "with his steady coolness and military precision, for which he is so remarkable, the Brigadier carried every thing before him." Nor is the commemoration of his services confined to Lord Gough's dispatch; it is placed on permanent record in the minutes sent home by the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge.

In 1851 and the following year, whilst Brigadier-General commanding the Peshawur districts, he was constantly engaged in operations against the hill tribes surrounding the valley, including the forcing of the Kohat Pass under the late Sir Charles J. Napier, and the repeated affairs with the Momunda, who finally made terms after their defeat at Punj Pao by a small detachment of cavalry and horse artillery under Sir Colin Campbell's immediate command, the combined tribes numbering upwards of 8000 men. In 1849 he was created a K.C.B., and received the thanks of Parliament and of the East-India Company for his conduct at Goojerat. In 1852 we find him engaged in the forcing of the Kohat Pass, under Sir Charles Napier, and also in command of 3000 men sent on an expedition against

the Ootmankbail and Ranazai tribes, whom he attacked in their valleys, destroying the fortified village of Pranghur, and finally routing the enemy with great slaughter at Isakote, where they mustered 8000 strong.

When he returned to England, in the summer of 1853, it was with his fame already established as a general of consummate ability; but, owing to the absence of aristocratic connections, his promotion had been but slow. He had become Lieutenant in 1809, just a year after receiving his first commission, and had risen to the rank of captain in 1813, before the close of the Peninsular war; but it was not till 1825 that he obtained his majority, (by purchase,) and in 1832 we find him having reached the lofty rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by the same means; his Colonelcy he obtained without purchase, just ten years later, namely, in 1842. His command as Brigadier in India being only temporary, the outbreak of the Russian war, in the early part of the year 1854, found him, at the age of sixty-two, a colonel still. It was high time, however, that he should become a field officer. So, too, appear to have thought the authorities at the Horse Guards, who could not, without great impropriety, wholly pass over or ignore his merits in favor of their cherished aristocrats—their Greys and Ponsonbys, and Pagets and Somersets. Accordingly, while his merits would have entitled him long ago to the command of a division, he consented to accept the command of the Highland Brigade, which, with the Brigade of the Guards, formed the Division of the Duke of Cambridge. His gallantry at the battle of the Alma at the head of his beloved Highlanders, and his zeal, ability, and cool intrepidity throughout the rest of the Crimean campaign, in which he was content to serve under officers as much his inferiors as they were his juniors, were faithfully recorded at the time, and do not need to be repeated here.

The testimony of Lord Gough to Sir Colin Campbell's character in India has already been stated; and those qualities which he singles out for special mention, his "steady coolness and military precision," added to a constant care for the troops under his command, have gained for him in the very highest degree the confidence, admiration, and affection of

the many corps with which he has served in the three quarters of the globe, with but little intermission, during the past fifty years. It was only in 1849 that he was made a K.C.B., for his Indian services, as we have said; and it was only in June, 1854, that he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. In the following October he was nominated to the Colonelcy of the 67th Foot, and in 1855 promoted to the honor of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. In 1856 he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and on his return to England was presented with the freedom of the City of London, and created an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, in recognition of his Crimean services. Sir Colin Campbell has also been recently appointed one of the military Aids-de-Camp to Her Majesty, and has exchanged the 67th for the Colonelcy of another and more lucrative regiment.

Our readers will not fail to remember, that at the commencement of the recent mutiny in India, Her Majesty's late Government were fatally slow to acknowledge and to believe the actual extent of the danger of that portion of our Empire, owing to the incapacity of the aristocrats, who were placed by the Horse Guards in the highest posts of command over the Company's able and experienced officers. As usual, an Anson and a Somerset were the fortunate holders of these high posts. The one had seen some active service, though only at reviews in Hyde Park, and as a "whipper-in" to the Whigs in the lobbies of St. Stephen's; the other had seen a little at the Cape, but resolved on sitting still at his ease at Poonah, whilst regiment after regiment was breaking forth into mutiny. The deaths of General Anson, and of his temporary successor, General Barnard, (a very different sort of man,) offered an opportunity for the Ministry to send out to India a man of Indian fame and experience; and for once they chose the person to whom public opinion pointed as "the right man for the right place." At twenty-four hours' notice Sir Colin Campbell left London for the East, caught up the Indian mail at Marseilles, and reached Calcutta, the herald of his own appointment. His readiness and activity surprised none who knew him, and it raised the hopes of our countrymen both here and in the East. Our readers, whilst perusing from week to week the details of Sir Colin Camp-

bell's successes in the neighborhood of Lucknow and Cawnpore, will not need, or require at our hands, a repetition of one half of the gallant deeds achieved by him up to the present time; to do so, would be simply to reprint the dispatches and letters of the special and chance correspondents who have related the events with a truthful simplicity and fidelity which has put the entire community *au courant* with the outline of the entire campaign. At the last date, Sir Colin Campbell was preparing for the formal invasion and reconquest of Oude, on a grand scale, and was adopting measures which, if well seconded and sustained by those on whom he has mainly to rely, will, no doubt, shortly be rewarded by the re-settlement of the province on a permanent footing. To use the words of a cotemporary: "When Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Calcutta he found a scene of confusion which was in many respects the unavoidable result of the outbreak. The records of the War Department were at Simla; the principal officers were scattered through the disturbed provinces or serving before Delhi. The desultory and isolated struggles which

were proceeding in different parts of the country had naturally relaxed the bond of military obedience, so that the army had to be organized as a whole from a number of disconnected fragments. The reinforcements as they arrived had to be fitted into their places; detached forces were to be brought into subordination to the general plan; and the different branches of the service required to learn the practice of harmonious coöperation. All these duties and many others of the same kind fell on the Commander-in-Chief when his attention might have been sufficiently engaged in the formation of his plans for the campaign, and when his own presence was soon to be urgently required at the seat of war. A vigorous purpose and a straightforward character have enabled him to meet these accumulated difficulties with considerable success. According to the most trustworthy accounts, the discipline of the army is daily becoming stricter, the subordinate officers are gradually learning their true position, and the troops have acquired that confidence in their leader which is necessary for the performance of all great military achievements."

From Colburn's New Monthly Magazine.

MOUNT HEKLA AND ITS EIGHTEEN ERUPTIONS,

FROM A VISIT TO ICELAND IN 1857.

ONLY a fourth part of Iceland is situated under 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and the uninhabited portion of the island, therefore, may be estimated at almost three fourths of its entire area. The great volcanic line of mountains extends, with Hekla nearly at one end, and Krabla at the other, across the country from the south-west to the north-east, and thus intersects the other principal mountain range which runs from the north-west to the south-east.

The whole of the south-easterly part of the island, in which the glaciers—*Skrid-Jökler*—descend down to the valleys, is composed of great ice and lava fields,

which in only a few places admit of narrow passages, so to speak, and the most part of which is unknown. In this wildest portion of Iceland are situated some of its highest mountains—namely, Oræfajökul,* Snæfell, Storhöfði, and Birnadal.

* Oræfajökul is said to be the southern portion of the great chain of mountains which has Skapta-jökul on its western side. A terrible eruption of Skapta-jökul took place in 1783. The lava which poured down the sides of the mountain is computed to have covered tracts of land to the extent of five hundred square miles, continuing as it did to flow for almost three months, accompanied by showers of ashes, volcanic sand, and sulphur, and also by terrific noises in the volcano. In general, this mountain is covered with glittering snow.

stindr. Throughout the northern part of the island the hills are lower, and, with the exception of two lofty mountains in the north-west peninsula, the whole of the northern half of the island presents but small glaciers, and not a great many of these.

The highest mountains in Iceland are :

Öraefajökul,* whose highest peak is 6241 feet above the sea-level.				
Snæfell,	5508	"	"	"
Eyjafljalla-jökul,	5433	"	"	"
Herdubreid,	5290	"	"	"
Hekla,	4964	"	"	"
Storhöfði,	4505	"	"	"
Hirudalsáttindr,	4300	"	"	"
Rímar,	4020	"	"	"

Of all these hills, only two of which, Herdubreid and Rímar, are situated in the north, the volcano named Hekla—by the lower orders called Hekkenfeld—has acquired the widest celebrity, because, amidst all the still active volcanoes of Iceland, it has had the most frequent eruptions. From this volcano, whose summit is almost always enveloped in a drapery of clouds, there have been altogether eighteen eruptions known in the history of Iceland.

The first eruption of Mount Hekla of which we have any authentic information, took place in the year A.D. 1104, and, on account of the immense shower of ashes which issued from the mountain, the following winter was called "the *Fall of Sand winter*."

The second eruption was in 1157, and was marked by great darkness, caused by the sand and ashes which were scattered over the most distant parts of the island.

The third eruption occurred in 1206, and was accompanied by an unusually severe winter and great scarcity of food.

The fourth eruption, in 1222, like the preceding one, was attended by dreadful cold and dearth; and, in addition, by an epidemic among man and beast. During this eruption a submarine volcano suddenly arose near Reykjavics, which, for the following eighteen years, continued to exhibit, from time to time, volcanic phenomena.

With the fifth outbreak, in 1294, there was a violent earthquake, during which many people perished, several houses were overthrown, and the ground was rent asunder in various places.

In the year 1300, Hekla's sixth eruption took place, and it was one of the most

fearful, both in violence and duration, that has ever been known. It went on for nearly twelve months, accompanied by earthquakes, extreme cold, and universal illness. At the moment of the outbreak, the mountain seemed to be almost rent in two, huge blocks of rock were ejected with the clouds of ashes, and glowing scorin set fire to the roofs of the solitary farm-houses in the vicinity, while the darkness of night enveloped the whole region around, so that for two days people could not find their way on shore, nor could the fishermen venture to put out their boats to sea.

The seventh eruption, in 1341, was marked by fearful rumbling noises, and such a heavy fall of ashes that many of the inhabitants of Skalholt, the nearest town or village, fled from their homes. Three other volcanoes, namely, Herdubreid, Hnappadals-jökul, and Raudukambar, broke out about the same time.

Hekla's eighth eruption took place in the winter of 1389, and its ninth in 1436. Its tenth eruption, in the month of July, 1510, was accompanied by an earthquake, and burning stones were ejected to a distance of several miles. The volcanoes of Herdubreid and Trölladyngja, in the north, were also in eruption at the same period.

In the year 1554 flames issued from the mountain ridge which runs north-east from Hekla; and there appeared three columns of fire, which stretched high up in the air, and evidently emanated from three different craters. This is reckoned as Hekla's eleventh outbreak.

The twelfth, in 1578, was one of its least important eruptions, but that of 1597, the thirteenth, had all the usual accompaniments of subterranean noises, showers of ashes, and an earthquake, during which a Geysir disappeared in one place, and a warm spring, which is still extant, sprang up in another.

During the fourteenth eruption, in 1619, there was a great deal of thunder; and in the fifteenth, which commenced in May, 1636, and lasted till the following winter, fire was observed to issue at the same time from thirteen different places in the mountain.

There was a frightful eruption, the sixteenth, in the winter of 1693; several places in the neighborhood were laid waste; the whole island was covered with ashes; and not only did much sickness prevail among human beings and the

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brute creation, but the very sea-birds died by thousands.

The seventeenth eruption happened in 1766. The streams of lava reached to a great distance; red-hot stones were ejected from the craters; an earthquake was felt in the adjacent Westmann Islands; and the ashes, which had fallen in thick masses on the coast south of Hekla, lay so deep on the ground that they came up to the knee of a tall man.

After seventy-nine years of repose—the longest ever known—this terrible volcano again became active, and on the 2d of September, 1845, its eighteenth and last state of eruption commenced, and continued, with more or less violence, until the April of 1846, when it gradually ceased its discharge of lava, scorim, flames, and vapor, and patches of snow once more rested on the cooled layers of lava that

surrounded the craters, for four craters were found on the summit of Hekla after its last eruption.*

Some authorities attribute a much greater number of eruptions to Hekla, but in these calculations, the outbreaks following each other closely, or consecutively, are included, though they should rather be looked on as acts in the same drama, to speak figuratively.

I was extremely anxious to explore Hekla and its immediate environs myself; but, greatly to my disappointment, I found that a visit to this far-famed volcano was altogether incompatible with my friend's arrangements, and therefore I had to forego this anticipated pleasurable toil, and to be contented with seeing some of the other wonders of this truly astonishing island.

From the Eclectic Review.

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.*

SINCE the revival of science in the fifteenth century, and in a still greater degree since the study of the internal structure of the earth and its organic remains in the nineteenth, it has often been asserted that scientific discoveries contradict Bible descriptions of natural phenomena. This assumed contrariety between the declarations of the material creation and the revealed truths of God, has been employed by the skeptic as an argument against the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and by a certain class of theologians as a proof of the folly of physical research, the insufficiency of the human reason, and the wickedness of the human heart. In our own day the dispute between the enemies and friends of the Bible, founded on this purely hypothetical assertion, has become the more violent

from the dogmatism of science in the enunciation of its deductions and doctrines, the freedom of interpretation demanded by critics, and the opposition of illiterate Christians to all novel readings and new interpretations of the Word. While a class of bold, reckless, irreverent minds, would throw away the Mosaic narrative of the creation, and the brief history of the antediluvian world, as an old wife's tale, or at best as a myth, another class of minds, dreading opposition, trembling for that which they believe to be sacred as well as true, resist investigation, and denounce all who acknowledge the just rights and authority of scientific research as enemies to the faith, and skeptics in disguise. This spirit of opposition to the Bible on the one hand, and to scientific research on the other, between the two extreme and antagonistic parties, some well-meaning persons of incompetent knowledge and defective judgment, have

* *Scripture and Science not at Variance: with Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of Genesis.* By John H. Pratt, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta. London: Hatchard. 1858.

* Hekla, og den Sidste Ugbrud. By J. C. Schythe.

ventured to become mediators between them, and by doubts, conjectures, and crude hypotheses, believe they have removed difficulties and reconciled reason and revelation. At such a time, when neither the acknowledged rashness of one class of competitors, nor the cowardice of the other, restrains inquiry, but doubts are encouraged by the fears of the believer and the boldness of the skeptical spirit, such a work as the one before us is not out of season.

The work to which we solicit the attention of our readers is written with elegance, talent, and, still better, with a competent knowledge of the subject, and excellent judgment. It recites facts, and arguments drawn from them, which should warn the skeptic against a hasty conclusion, and soften his prejudices. But the aim of the author is to inform the minds of those Christians who, though convinced of the authenticity of the Scriptures, are unable to meet those objections of the unbeliever which are founded on a presumed difference in the testimony of science and of the Bible, and to caution those men who, holding fast their faith in Christian revelation, are disposed to doubt the inspiration of the Mosaic history of the creation and the antediluvian world.

In the first part of the work the author reviews the history of former controversies, and shows, from their termination, how improbable it is that any contradiction will be discovered between science and Scripture. They have often supported and assisted each other, but have never come into antagonistic contact, though their attitude has been sometimes threatening. From this fact, Archdeacon Pratt deduces, and has a right to do so, that if an apparent discord should now, or at future time, be detected, there is no real want of harmony, and that perfect concord will be discovered when the science is better understood, or the Word more correctly explained.

In the prosecution of his object, the author first selects some instances of the correction of acknowledged interpretations of Scripture by scientific discovery. The history of astronomy supplies several instances of this. There was an apparent agreement between the false celestial mechanics of Ptolemy and a false translation in the Septuagint and Vulgate, but the science was corrected, and then there was a great outcry—the new astronomy con-

tradicts revelation and a dogma of the Church. Copernicus escaped the persecution he feared—for death claimed him as his victim—before bigotry could lay hands on him; but they fell heavily enough on some of his successors. Persecution did its best to destroy the scientific truth because it was opposed to the false translation; and then having failed in its object—as it must ever—the theologian turned to the Mosaic narrative in the original Scripture, and discovered that the word translated *firmament*, which conveys an image in harmony with the false scientific idea of a vault of transparent matter revolving round the earth, is a false translation, and that the word *expanse* is more appropriate. Thus did the discovery of a scientific truth correct a false conception of the meaning of Scripture, and a perfect harmony was established between the divine word and work, in place of a false agreement.

Science was again said to be in antagonism to Scripture when it taught the spherical form of the earth, and the consequent existence of antipodes; and its opposition was thought to be still more violent when the earth was proved to have a diurnal rotation on its axis, and an annual revolution in the heavens. It is true the Scriptures do not contradict the fact of the rotundity of the earth, but they do not affirm it; and the absence of such a statement was assumed to be a negative proof of the want of agreement. But it does speak of the motion of the sun, of his rising and setting, of his "coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," and of the world being "established that it can not be moved." The men of that day, who were so terrified by an apparent contradiction between the discoveries of the astronomer and the literal expressions of Scripture, did not understand that the writers described appearances—that it was not the vocation of the inspired writers to teach science and give scientific definitions—that they spoke of things as they are seen, as we do now. We perceive, though they did not, how violent was the strain they gave to the words of revelation when they called the expanse a firmament, fixed the earth at rest in the center of the universe, and gave an independent motion to the sun.

Much as geology is dreaded by some timid Christians, who does not clearly perceive the value of truth when it comes

to them through a different channel than that from which they are accustomed to receive it, we are indebted to that science for the correction of some false interpretations of Scripture, and the illustration of some important subjects of philosophical inquiry. No other science could have demonstrated the Scriptural account of the creation of the universe, the antiquity of the earth, the origin of animal and vegetable life, the existence of the sun antecedent to the fiat, "Let there be light," and the presence of death in the world before the fall of man; no other science could have suggested the important doctrine of specific centers of creation, or have so well met the difficulty of explaining a universal deluge.

Science was at fault in the discussion of the origin of nations and languages, but its conclusions came into agreement with Scripture when it discovered its own error. Sacred writers affirm positively that "Eve was the mother of all living," and that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." In opposition to this doctrine it was affirmed by science that "there were an indefinite number of separate creations." This assumption was founded on analogy, and the error was scientifically answered by Dr. Pritchard. "All the diversities which exist are variable," says that eminent writer, "and pass into each other by insensible gradations, and there is, moreover, scarcely an instance in which the actual transition can not be proved to have taken place." The controversy still exists among the ethnologists, and a difference of opinion will probably continue among them; but believing, as we do, that science has in this instance corrected its error, we acknowledge a perfect agreement between its conclusions and the teaching of Scripture.

Archdeacon Pratt satisfactorily meets an objection to the unity of the human race, founded on the representation of the specific forms and complexions of the Negro, Egyptian, and Asiatic, in certain Egyptian paintings, supposed to have been executed in the time of Moses, about 850 years after the Deluge. Such national diversities of form, could not, say the objectors, have been produced in the short interval of time which elapsed between the Deluge and the Exodus of the Israelites, if all the races had their origin from one man—Noah. To this conclusion our

author objects upon sufficient evidence. Color, he says, is an uncertain mark of origin and descent. The offspring of European and Hindoo parents may be either white or colored; and if the children be white the grand-children may be colored—a fact as unaccountable as the asserted appearance of gout in alternate generations. And although the world was re-peopled by the descendants of one man, there were three fathers of the race, and they, or their wives, may have possessed some of those marked features which distinguish their descendants—Ham of the African, Japhet of the European, Shem of the Asiatic. National characteristics of form and feature must, therefore, be traced to a period antecedent to the Deluge.

The origin of the diversity of language, is a question apparently connected with that of the origin of the races. The narrative of the confusion of tongues has been rudely attacked by some daring disputers, but many eminent philologists believe all languages to have had a common origin, and trace in them evidences of a violent separation. In the six thousand languages or dialects now spoken by man, there is said to be such a relation in structure and in their radicals, as can not be explained without assuming a common origin. We are not among those who believe the Bible narrative of the confusion of tongues to be much interested in the question whether all human languages are traceable to a common source. The language of Noah, which became the common tongue of all his children, was confounded that the people might not understand it, and that they might be "scattered abroad over the earth." Why a relic of the old should have remained in the new, and why that relic should now be discoverable by us in all, we do not understand. It is not necessary that we should find a common stock for all human tongues, as a proof of the unity of the human race.

The second part of Archdeacon Pratt's book is a short essay on "The Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis." The author maintains the credibility of the history they contain, by reference to the numerous instances in which the facts are re-stated, frequently in the same words, by our Lord and his disciples. The credibility of the

history being thus established, the inspiration follows of necessity, for in no other way could the facts have been communicated to the narrator. The importance of the history can not be over-estimated, for it is the only record of the creation of the world, and of the condition of the antediluvian people. It announces the institution of marriage, of sacrifice, and of the Sabbath; and it more overcontains two prophecies, both of which have been fulfilled—the coming of the seed of the woman to bruise the serpent's head, and a declaration of the future condition of the sons of Noah.

We do not claim for Archdeacon Pratt's book any marked originality of thought, but it is a clear and concise record of some former controversies between human research and Divine revelation; and as such, we recommend it to our readers.

are not literary discourses. They are plain, direct, and highly colloquial in style, and doubtless for this reason they have been far more attractive and useful, with whatever of faults and imperfections they may possess, than if they abounded with the erudition of the schools. That preaching and that sermon is the most truly eloquent which, by the power of the Spirit, most effectually secures the great end in view—the renovation and salvation of souls. It is a significant and an encouraging fact, if the enterprising publishers find an adequate demand for these continuous issues from the lips of this modern Whitefield.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW-YORK PULPIT IN THE REVIVAL OF 1858. A MEMORIAL VOLUME OF SERMONS. Pp. 394. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Richmond: Wortham & Cothell. 1858.

THIS volume, comprising twenty-five Discourses from twenty-five able ministers and pastors of twenty-five large and influential churches of New-York and Brooklyn, of seven different denominations, is an eloquent and fitting memorial of the great religious Revival, which will form a most important and interesting chapter in the history of the time. Talent, learning, long experience and tried fidelity in the ministerial office, are here collected and combined in one harmonious and brotherly volume, of different and differing denominations. How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in one volume of Unity!

SELECT DISCOURSES. By ADOLPHE MONOD, KRUM-MACHER, THOLUCK, AND JULIUS MÜLLER: Translated from the French and German. With Biographical Notices and Dr. Monod's celebrated Lecture on the Delivery of Sermons. By Rev. H. C. Fish and D. W. Poor, D.D. With a fine steel portrait of Dr. Monod. Pp. 408. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

It is enough to announce the publication of these eloquent discourses, from the pens of the eminent men who are their authors. Their reputation is world-wide. Their learning, piety, and wisdom commend their writings to all who can appreciate human excellence. The translators have done a good service to the cause of sacred literature in clothing these twenty Discourses in a neat English dress. The letter-press is very creditable to the enterprising publishers.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF LONDON. Fourth Series. Pp. 445. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Washington: William Ballantyne. 1858.

THIS volume comprises twenty-seven discourses, which were reported from the lips of their author and published. They are not learned sermons; they

are not literary discourses. They are plain, direct, and highly colloquial in style, and doubtless for this reason they have been far more attractive and useful, with whatever of faults and imperfections they may possess, than if they abounded with the erudition of the schools. That preaching and that sermon is the most truly eloquent which, by the power of the Spirit, most effectually secures the great end in view—the renovation and salvation of souls. It is a significant and an encouraging fact, if the enterprising publishers find an adequate demand for these continuous issues from the lips of this modern Whitefield.

GLIMPSES OF JESUS; OR, CHRIST EXALTED IN THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS PEOPLE. By W. P. BALFERN. "He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high." (Isaiah 53: 18.) From the Second London Edition. Pp. 259. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Richmond: Wortham & Cothell. 1858.

THE title of this choice volume in its obvious meaning breathes through all its pages and pervades all its language. It seems to have been written from the overflowings of a pious mind in love with its theme, more than with any ambition of literary excellence.

WOMAN: HER MISSION AND LIFE: By ADOLPHE MONOD, D.D., OF PARIS. Translated from the French: with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and a Portrait. "They who rock the cradle, rule the world." Pp. 82. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

It would naturally be expected that a man of so much mental and moral worth, and of talents so eminent, would utter thoughts in regard to Woman's Mission worthy of his theme, and so the reader of this little volume will find enough amply to repay perusal.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The cable at Keyham has now been stowed away on board the two vessels with which last year's attempt was made. The total length of cable with which the attempt was made last year was rather under than over 2400.

miles, which was so near the quantity actually required to span the distance that the first loss of 300 miles proved fatal to the whole attempt, for that time at least. Now, however, the length of cable on board both vessels is precisely 3012 miles, exclusive of the shore ends, of much greater weight and thickness, and which amount to about thirty miles more. There is therefore in round numbers 3050 miles of cable to submerge between two points only 1950 statute miles apart, so that 1100 miles, or about forty per cent, is allowed for accidents and slack in paying out. This immense cable, which weighs about one ton per mile, will be equally divided between the Agamemnon and Niagara. All the ships of the squadron will leave Plymouth about the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth of this month (May) on their experimental trip, which will occupy from six to ten days. The squadron then returns to Queenstown, and starts for the great attempt about the tenth June. Both ships, with the accompanying frigates, make all speed to the Atlantic, or rather to the center of the space to be traversed by the cable, which is about 32 degs. west of Greenwich. Here the splice between the two halves will be made without loss of time. There are 1500 fathoms water where this join must be made, and both vessels will remain stationary until the splice has well settled on the bottom, when the Niagara will at once steer for the New World, and the Agamemnon return to the Old. The depths to which the Niagara will have to sink her portion vary quickly and irregularly from 1500 to 2500 fathoms, or from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and this is the case also with the Agamemnon's portion of the distance. But on the American side the water shoals easily and gradually towards Newfoundland, whereas on the British portion of the ocean the Agamemnon will have to surmount a tremendous ridge, which may be called the Andes of those vast submarine plains of the Atlantic. It commences at about 5° west longitude, and in the course of a few miles the water suddenly shoals from 1750 fathoms to 550. Up this vast rocky precipice—almost as steep as the side of Mount Blanc—the cable must be laid with extreme care. This difficulty once overcome, the way thence to Valentia becomes comparatively of no account. In case of dangerous weather arising, the first consideration in all cases will be, of course, the safety of the cable. Each vessel is provided with reels of strong wire rope which can be attached to buoys made in the manner of ordinary fishing floats, though, of course, capable of sustaining a weight of several tons. Provided with this apparatus, the cable may be cut without reluctance, if ever the weather threatens, and the end of it (firmly secured to the rope and buoy) allowed to rest almost upon the bed of the ocean, to be hauled up directly the storm has passed.

—London paper, May 18.

THE Imperial Library at Paris has just obtained a copy of the "Geographical Dictionary" of Jakout, one of the most learned Oriental writers of the thirteenth century. It consists of six folio volumes, and has been taken partly from the portion of the original manuscript of Jakout, which is in the possession of Kupruly Pacha, at Constantinople—partly from a copy of the remainder of that manuscript which belongs to Achi Effendi, of the same city. Only four complete copies of Jakout's Dictionary have hitherto been made, and they are in the British Museum, in the University of Oxford, in the Lib-

rary of St. Petersburg, and in the Library of Copenhagen. Jakout's Dictionary was compiled with the greatest care, and forms a perfect summary of the state of geographical science in his country and age. Amongst other curious things it contains an account of an embassy sent to Boustara by the Emperor of China, as far back as 942, and one of a mission to the King of the Bulgarians, sent by the Caliph Mokhadin Billah, in 921.

We learn with regret from Paris three new instances of the extreme rigor of the present Government of France towards literature and the press. A work, in three large volumes, entitled, "*De la Justice dans la Revolution et dans l'Eglise*," by P. J. Proudhon, the well-known writer on politics and political economy, published within the last few days, has been seized by the police; and the author and publisher of it are to be prosecuted. The peculiar doctrines of M. Proudhon are far from obtaining general assent; but considering that he is universally allowed to be one of the most original thinkers and one of the most brilliant writers of his country in these days, it is hard that he should be rudely silenced. The second instance of rigor is the suppression of an old-established daily newspaper, by name the *Estafette*, for having been twice condemned on the prosecution of the Government; and the third is the exclusion from circulation in France of the Belgian daily newspaper, the *Independance*, for having published Paris letters of which the tone was displeasing to people in high places at Paris.

On Wednesday evening the sixty-ninth annual festival of the Royal Literary Fund was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern. Lord Palmerston presided, and proposed the toast of the evening. We observe that he took credit to her present Majesty for being the first sovereign of this country who had acknowledged literary attainments "as a claim to the distinctions which it was her peculiar prerogative to bestow." This is, of course, a fiction. "Her Majesty" means "Her Majesty's Prime Minister," Lord Palmerston himself, who advised the elevation of Lord Macaulay to the peerage. But the statement needs modification. Literary merit was certainly not Lord Macaulay's sole qualification. He was a politician before he was an historian; and even as an historian, the claims of party are obviously, in his mind, paramount to the claims of historical impartiality. We must be thankful for Lord Macaulay's liberality, such as it is; but his history is, after all, a gigantic Whig pamphlet. We much doubt whether the present reign is the first epoch in our history, when the claims of literature to high honor in the state were acknowledged. Putting our early sovereigns, Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., out of the question, surely, Addison and Steele owed their honors to literature rather than politics. At any rate, literature has always been a passport in the Church to preferments, which it is the peculiar prerogative of the Crown to bestow. However, Lord Palmerston's allusion answered the purpose of the moment. M. Van de Weyer, in returning thanks for the health of the "Foreign Ministers," dwelt upon the interest taken in English literature abroad, and stated that a congress of literary men was about shortly to be held in Belgium, to consult on matters relating to their common interests. The subscriptions and donations announced in the course of the evening, amounted to about 900*l.*, of which one hundred guineas were subscribed by the Queen.



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